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THE OLD LINE

OCTOBER
1933



"Just one more"

HAYDEN HAYDEN —

"It's toasted"





DEDICATION

For their pulchritude, acomia, amiability, witchery, vivacity, inertness, parsimony, righteousness, iniquity, companionability, eremitism, tergiversation, virtue and peccability, this little volume is somewhat hesitantly, libelously, and with no small degree of trepidation dedicated to the coeds of the University of Maryland. In other words fellows, they're great gals.

THE OLD LINE

FOUNDED 1930

VOL. 4

OCTOBER 23, 1933

No. 1

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THE NEW LINE

MAYBE we ought to say something, just in passing you understand, about the coeds, being that this is a coed issue—well, the cover says so anyhow. Perhaps you thought that a coed number should attempt to glorify the college girl or at least say something nice about her, but after all, this thing is supposedly devoted to light humor—not satire.

The whole thing had its inception on a very hot September afternoon just before you went up for your present nine months' sentence. "By the rood!" we exclaimed, "Since the campus has become inured to the quarterly bitter dose of *THE OLD LINE*, this is no time to weaken." So we began feverishly to pace the floor, casting malevolent glances first at one object, and then another, after the approved fashion of inspired editors. Then suddenly, by an eerie coincidence, our elusive business manager popped unexpectedly upon the scene, after the approved fashion of elusive business managers.

That was all that was necessary. We searched out Bill Hottel, faculty advisor for publications, and College Park *bon vivant*, who was then down at the football field watching the first practice. The temperature of the field more nearly approaching that of a real gridiron than the figure of speech would indicate, we adjourned to the empty Coliseum. And in its spacious solitude, like a Cuban revolution, or a local fraternity, the fiendish plot was hatched. After discussing the Senator's chances in the World Series, the respective advantages of women's attire over that of men for hot weather, and a few of the better places to wet one's whistle, we got around to the more minor matters concerning *THE OLD LINE*, which was what we came after in the first place. Having disposed of the comparatively insignificant financial problems, significant financial problems arising only when there are more finances, we were about to disband when another minor matter made us falter.

"By the way, Bill, what'll we put into this first number? We ought to have something timely, like a foot ball issue, or something—" we proposed rather hesitantly.

"Call it a coed number. That's good anytime," he shouted over his shoulder from far end of the foot ball field, to which he had meanwhile retreated.

So this is it.

* * * *

To get back to the coeds again, there isn't very much of interest that you can say about 'em outside of you can't get along without them and you can't get along with them.

One of our ideas for a feature was to go around the campus and ask each of the more prominent of the profs point-blank, "What do you *really think* of the coeds at Maryland?" But like a great many of our ideas, it didn't work. One of our suspicions of long standing was confirmed, however, when we found that about half of the faculty members didn't want to even try to think about coeds. The other half was evenly divided between those who were so downright derogatory and defamatory, and those who were so enthusiastic in their praise, that we feared to publish either, lest there be strife. George Fogg dismissed us with a bitter "I wish they weren't here!" while Dean Spence gave vent to such flowery and lengthy philosophical encomiums that we were convinced that the stately and erudite gentleman knows little of the coed of the present century. We'll bet Dr. White thought us up a good one too, but we got so discouraged at the lack of interest that we didn't even go back a second time.

So much for the coed survey . . . but what do *you* think?

* * * *

To write a column such as *The New Line*, it needs nothing more for materials than one or two yards of typewriter ribbon, a couple of quarts of black coffee, a like amount of midnight oil, about three packs of cigarettes, and an absolute dearth of anything interesting to write about. The procedure is simple. One simply sits down in front of his Sphinx-like typewriter, entombed in the lonely white pyramid formed by the droplight, and waits for the Sphinx to speak. If you can average a paragraph for each cigarette, you can probably rip the last sheet from the taciturn typewriter and grind the fire out of the last butt just as the sky begins to lighten down at the nether end of College Avenue.

Of course it helps a lot if you have some interesting form of diversion to tide you over the ebbs of inspiration. Ours is blowing smoke rings. There's really more art than you think to blowing a smoke ring. The facial expression is most important, being somewhat similar to that assumed by a goldfish when he gulps—or maybe it's belches—and sends a little bubble up to the top of his tank. If you're good you can blow one big one and then quick send a little one right through the center of it. We can't. By using a pipe you can get an increase in the density per ring, more nearly approaching the doughnut standard of perfection, and giving the same general effect as if your tonsils were back-firing; the only disadvantage to a pipe being that

after thirty or forty rings they will feel as if they *had* been back-firing.

* * * *

It's just occurred to us that THE OLD LINE is just four years old . . . this issue. Back in the days when we were a freshman, and MacAllister wrote the kind of New Lines we'd like to, you had to get your OLD LINE by waiting your turn in a long and impatient line which formed four times a year in the lobby of the Ag. Building, usually writhing serpent fashion clear out on to the portico and down the steps. But now your average student simply saunters nonchalantly up to his neat little bronze-ported mail box, squints through the glass, and growls—

"Hell. Nothing in there but last week's *Diamondback* and an OLD LINE. What's wrong with that girl anyhow?"
Ah, me! The old order changeth!

"I was in the middle of the jungle when suddenly I saw a tribe of black men charging down upon me."

"Good Heavens! What did you do?"

"I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they took me for one of the tribe."

"Doesn't your wife miss you when you stay out till three in the morning?"

"Occasionally—but usually her aim is pretty good."

A fire was licking through a swank apartment house. A frantic mother jammed her way through the crowd and fire fans.

"Fireman, fireman! she cried, wringing her bediamonded mitts. "Save my darling daughter!"

"Lady," answered the man from truck No. 6, "We are fireman, not evangelists!"

JOKE CONTEST

It gives THE OLD LINE great pleasure to make the breath-taking announcement that one full carton of Life Savers flavors goes to

BRYANT A. LONG, '34

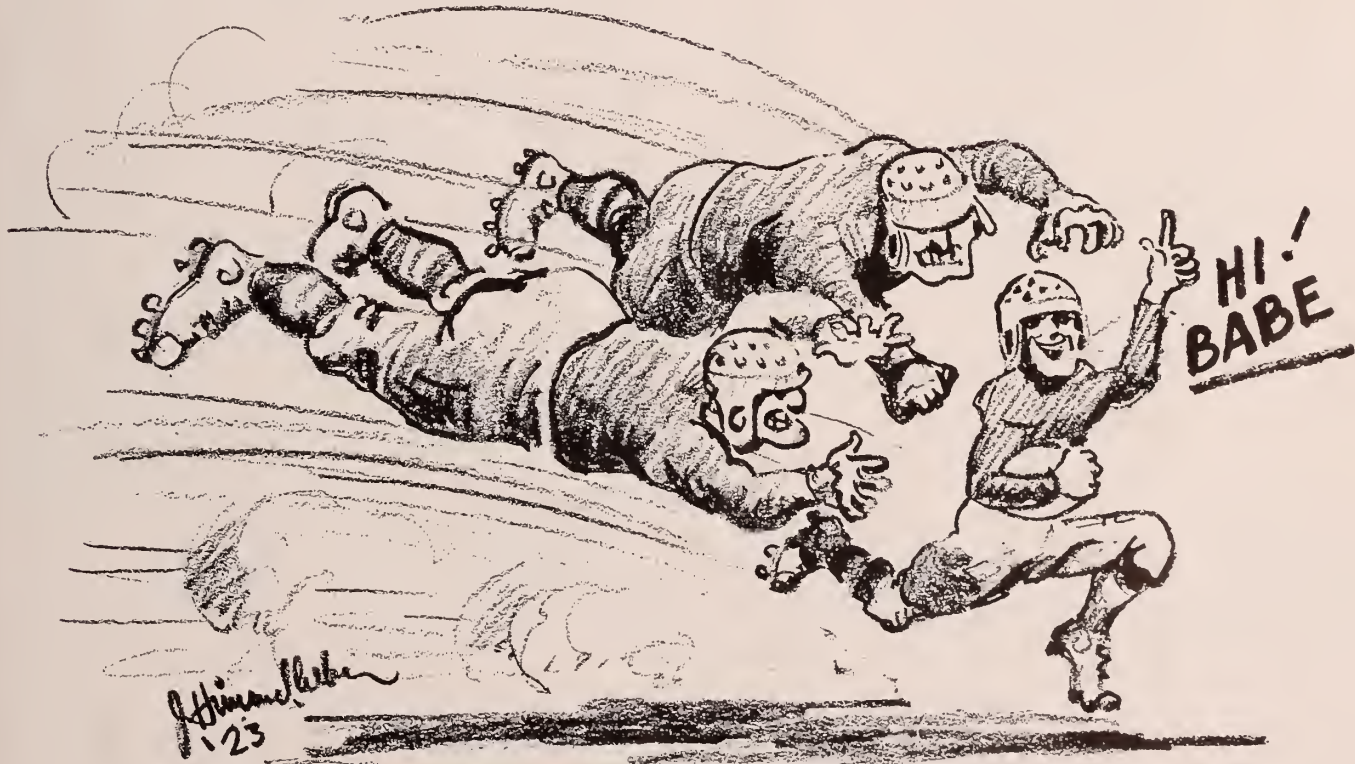
for his sadly true observation;

"Gosh, a really good joke these days *would* be a life saver!"

(Editor's note: It might be well to explain that there were plenty of good jokes, but which for various reasons we were unable to print.)

Horrible mention, but no Life Savers, goes to Esther Schwartz, who thinks that:

"The three of spades happens to be like a shirt bosom because it looks like the deuce with a spot in the middle of it."



Famous Final Phrases



THE UNAPPROACHABLE TYPE

The answer to a sorority average's prayer; makes all As, minds her Ps and Qs, and has more vetoes than a Republican president.



THE LIBRARY TYPE (READING ROOM)

The pensive type. For further details of description see Mr. Fogg.

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THE LIBRARY TYPE (FRONT STEPS)

Even Mr. Byrd goes out of his way for this young lady. He couldn't get into the Library if he didn't. Uses the steps as more or less of a bus terminal for transportation to and from the sorority house, the bld. places, and all points north and south.



THE HOTCHIA GIRL

Often seen in college movies, but seldom in captivity. Goes to few classes, and is on intimate speaking terms with the professors of those which she does attend. When she's not at a dance, rain checks are issued.

MISTS AND THE FLESH

By HARRY P. SIGELMAN

I STOOD one night with my foot on the rail of one of the better known wet goods emporiums in the lower fifties exchanging a bit of light talk with its bartender over a highball. It was then that someone clutched my arm and pulled me half around. As I turned I looked into a face strange to me at first, but then vaguely familiar. The face only smiled at me for a moment. It was handsome and rather young, but drawn and furrowed. The hair was black and slightly grey at the temples. I searched my memory, but I only knew that the man was no stranger. Then he said,

"Tommy! good Lord, don't you remember me?"

The voice completed the picture. "Of course I remember—Tony—Tony Marillo. I thought you were going to stay in France."

"No," he said, "I returned shortly after you did, but God, it's good to see you, Tommy. It's been fifteen years since that last party in Paris. Come over here and sit down." He led me to an obscure table at which he had been seated.

We ordered and began to talk, to reminisce laughingly about our little escapades in France. Tony had been a rather reckless young lieutenant in my company. We had shared a room, and had taken our leaves together.

"By the way," I asked at length, "What ever became of that sweet little dish you had yourself so gone on just before I left?"

Tony had been laughing. Now he looked away from me, and his eyes sought the floor. He set his glass down. I was sorry that I had asked the question. His manner made me suddenly uncomfortable. Then he said slowly, "You mean Andrée. She is gone."

I sought vainly for a graceful way to divert the conversation. A moment of silence followed. I was about to speak when he said, still without looking up.

"You remember when you left I got a 90-day furlough. I did that because I couldn't bear to leave her. Then we

were married and took a home in Paris. Never were two lives so complete as ours; for the next two months I lived as one does in a beautiful dream. We were gloriously happy, Andrée and I, with never a moment to mar the perfection. But before I could realize it my furlough was up, and I was ordered to embark with the 147th. I would rather have deserted than have left her. She followed me within the year, but now she is gone, gone, my little Andrée."

Then he raised his head, his face was ashen, and as he wet his lips he looked toward me, not at me, rather through me. He took a long gulp from his glass. I sat motionless yet nervous and wondering. He went on,

"You think I'm either drunk or crazy. I guess I'm half of each, but you might understand a little; you knew her. I've been through hell these thirteen years. It's been like living with a ghost. I go about half dreaming that I'm with her in Paris. At night I see her before me, in my sleep I feel her beside me, I speak to her and awake in a cold sweat. Her memory has become an awful obsession gnawing at me day and night like a cancer. Yes, it's like living with a ghost."

I looked up at him. My eyes met two mad hollows. Was this man crazy? I wished again that I had not asked him about the girl, but I said nothing as he continued.

"Thirteen years of this for a few weeks of happiness. I would have killed myself long ago but for my wife. She has been good and knows nothing of all this."

"Good God!" I thought, "Is he really mad? How could the man have married in such a frame of mind?" I was startled.

"Your wife?" I asked, "You married again? I don't understand. Who is your wife?"

His eyes dropped again, the taughtness left his body; he emptied his glass at one draught, then slowly answered,

"My wife, Andrée—the same woman."

Gwendolyn: I had a date with the General last night.

"Hula dancers have an easy time of it."

Madeline: Major General?

"Why?"

Gwen: Not yet.

"Oh, all they do is sit around and twiddle their tums."

Building insane asylums in Arabia would be a waste of time. There are nomad poeple there. —*Battalion.*

—*Battalion.*

—*Battalion.*

When the beer bill was passed, it was broadcast over a national hiccup. —*Exchange.*

TRANSMOGRIFICATION

By BOB LITSCHERT

GALE THORNTON flipped the ash from his newly lit cigarette. There was something clever and unusual in the manner Thornton removed the waste material from his ever-present fag.

It was neither the cigarette nor the soft beautiful strains of music at the far end of the dining room which held young Thornton's mind in its present state of dazzled excitement.

"She is beautiful," he said audibly.

"What's that sir?" questioned the waiter, who had been posing expectantly yet deferentially for the order.

Thornton smiled. He was too nonchalant to blush, for he was displaying the celebrated poise which had previously won him the favor of Baltimore's younger set.

"The regular dinner please," he answered.

"Soup or cocktail, sir?" was the waiter's next offering.

But Gale Thornton was too deeply interested in the display of feminine beauty across the room to hear this question.

"Soup or cocktail, sir?" repeated the waiter patiently.

"Use your own judgment," replied Gale. Then he added, "Please send in the manager."

The waiter delicately arched his grecian eyebrows, then glided away as silently as he had come.

Pedro Pancho's Atrocious Argentinians launched forth into an intriguing tango from their sheltered nook behind the artificial palms. Sombre clad men and beautifully gowned women weaved among the tables dancing to the tinkling melody, as the soft lights beamed gently upon them.

It was a lovely and inspiring picture but Gale Thornton's eye caught none of it. His entire vision was centered upon the dazzling creature seated in the far corner, of the room, toying daintily with a Blue Point cocktail.

Never in all his varied experience, he thought, had he visioned so gorgeous a person. Her hair was as yellow as the corn flower. Beneath her smooth white brow sparkled two eyes of sapphire blue. Her satiny cheeks glowed with the health of youth, and as her two lips parted to receive a dainty portion of a luckless Blue Point, she displayed two rows of pearly white teeth which would have been the envy of a princess. She was clad in a gown of simple black velvet, cut low enough to display her perfectly portioned arms and shoulders.

As Thornton's eyes eagerly drank in the picture, his line of vision was suddenly interrupted and the manager stood before him bowing expectantly.

"You weesh to see me, meester Thornton?" he inquired in his quaint Mediterranean accent.

"Yes Tony," Thornton replied. "I never wanted to see you so badly before in all my life. You know I have often fallen for a pretty face, but this time I am really in love, and I need your help to get me an introduction to the one woman in all the world."

"Who is eet, Meester Thornton," questioned Tony.

"There she is, sitting over there in all her glory," murmured Thornton.

Tony turned, gave one glance at Thornton's object of admiration and his form suddenly stiffened in surprise.

Turning to his patron he exclaimed, "Meester Thornton, you do not haf to have an introduction to thees lady."

Thornton's face flushed with anger. "Tony, you dog! Do you mean to insinuate that lovely creature can be picked up?"

"No, no, Meester Thornton. Look again. See? It ees your grandmother. Today in my brothair Angelo's place, she had her face lifted."

She: "Why did you buy that referee's whistle?"

Her: "I have a date with Joe Crecca."
—*Mugwump.*

She was a good little girl, as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

Q.: What's the difference between a snake and a flea?

A.: A snake crawls on its own tummy, but a flea's not so particular.

—*Purple Parrot.*

"How long can a man remain unconscious and still alive?"

"How old are you?"

Ely Culbertson's success in England caused no surprise, as it has been noised about for some years that London bridge is falling down.

At first he liked being pledged but he got sore in the end. —*Battalion.*



"But why do they call it that?"

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

Editor's note: Planned as a regular feature of THE OLD LINE, each issue we will publish a cartoon by one of our contemporary artists at another university. Neil Bogert, art editor of *The Punch Bowl*, magazine of The University of Pennsylvania, is responsible for the masterpiece shown at the left, and also for his autobiography printed below. Thanks, Neil!

PUNCH BOWL-- University of Pennsylvania

Fellow sufferer in the cause of Art:

Hasty but heartfelt appreciation for considering Punch Bowl in your selection of guest artist for your coming and, from all accounts, up-and-coming issue. We (editorial "we" and art staff) congratulate you on an original and clever feature idea which should be a step toward a more personal contact among the motley raft of collegiate japesters.

Your request caught us in the midst of considerable hurry and scurry over our own deadline which, by a series of arithmetical progressions, had been extended until yesterday.

First of all, I am trying to be an architectural student, a good citizen, and a credit at most of the campus shops. I brush my teeth twice a day and stand five feet and eleven inches in my stocking feet, a custom which crept into our family through the Polish Corridor. I am kind to children and art heelers, and like to draw in phone booths. I am rendered helpless by the Mason-Dixon line of the suthuhn misses and will come quietly,

officer. I collect old maps, and old dollar bills issued since 1900. I recognize the sanctity of the home, the U.S.S.R., most of Ed Wynn's jokes,



Ye Contemporarie

and friends and near relatives within a distance of fifty feet.

I like rainy days, Ravel, money, creme de cacao, "Private Lives," cheese omelettes, Guy Lombardo playing "To-morrow," John Riddell, Covarrubias, Prohibition beer, Lynd Ward, riding in elevators, Stoopnagle and

Budd, Swedish architecture, phoning people at three in the morning, James Thurber, very few movies, and right now I would like a hamburger with onion attached.

On the other hand, I don't like Aimee Semple McPherson, deadlines, Philadelphia on Sunday, puns, Will Rogers, H. L. Mencken (which makes us even), professor's jokes, Ted Lewis, ginger ale, women who shriek, roller-skating, sopranos, people who phone me at three in the morning, butter-milk, and the present one cent amusement tax on letter writing.

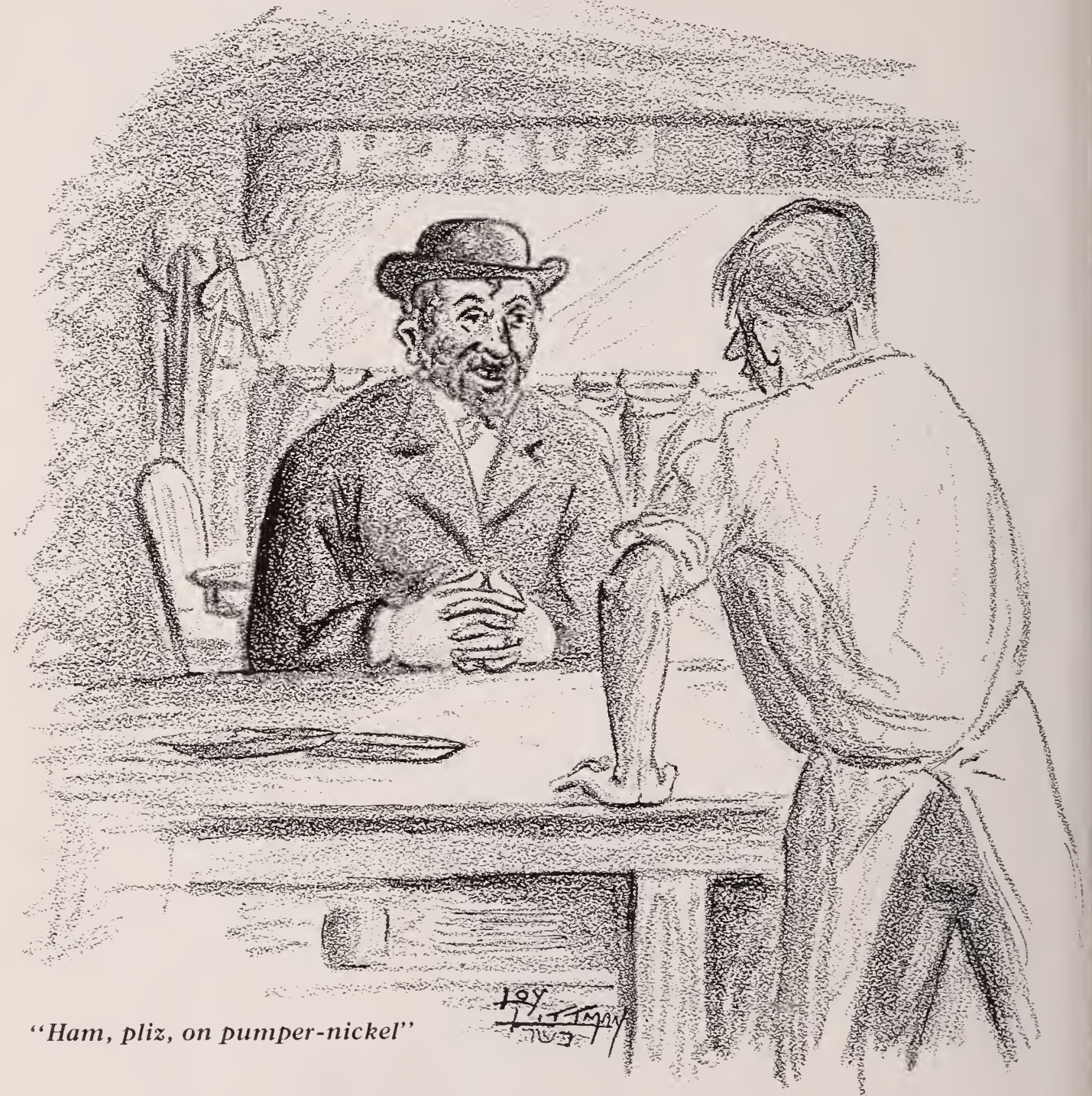
I hope that this will satisfactorily meet your requirements and that it will occasion you no delay. Lotsa luck and great good wishes for the ensuing year.

Writing in haste, repenting at leisure,

NEIL BOGERT,
OT EDITAH.

PUNCH BOWL,
University of Pennsylvania.

P.S. My character, scholastic record, and sex life are above reproach, suh!



“Ham, pliz, on pumper-nickel”

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—but it is suspicious.

Nic: How did you come out in the pie-eating contest?

Mic: Oh, Joe came in first and I came in sickened.

Keen: I suppose a lot of girls will be made miserable when I wed.

Alice: One certainly will.

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but it usually takes more of them to do it.

Nudism is a back-to-form movement, according to Ed Wynn.

Sue: I'm a mind reader.

Hi: Can you read my mind?

Sue: No, I left my magnifying glass at home.

AROUND THE HILL

By BILL NEEDHAM

AS this goes to press, Jeanne Mitchell (we're uncertain of those two "n's" in your first name, lady) is recovering from one of those nasty sniffing colds . . . and we remark on it only because we suggested a couple of patent remedies to her during a class period. . . she thanked us very nicely with the remark that, although her father *was* a doctor, she was always glad to hear of something new! . . . and the day after that, *we* had the cold—but if you mugs are thinking just now what I *think* you're thinking—forget it!

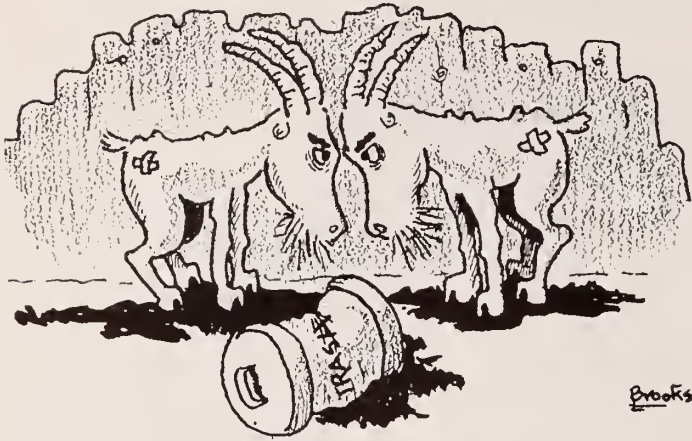
This is Senior Cheerleader Carter's first year as "Nick" . . . Eleanor Quinn, according to the keen-eyed ferrets at the Grill, has a "knowing" look, although we fail to understand just exactly what *that* indicates . . . speaking of the Grill, what of "Ambassador" Ricketts and his woodshed? . . . we can't quite grasp the logic of certain representatives of the women's section of the M.C.A.—trying to pick fights with student publications on matters of "principle" . . . and the M.C.A. would probably be in sad shape were it not for the publicity given its budget drives and other little tricks . . . incidentally, it's hard to get back to scandal-mongering after you've set your mind to nothing but editorial bickering . . . it's even harder, when you're fighting a deadline as we're doing now, to keep from printing a few of the many things you've been told in confidence by your friends . . . a couple of investigative fellas jolted John Bowie's nerves a fortnight ago when he parked in the wrong place with the right girl . . . John told 'em he had "permission" to park where he did, and, at last report, the lads were holding off, awaiting news which would establish the status of Bro. Bowie's veracity . . . if he was just doing some fast thinking, he may be due for a flare-back on his romancing . . . Joe Crecca, fair-haired Romeo of the gridiron, invariably gets a verbal barrage from his team-mates after every date. . . Widmyer resents being referred to as the "Hagerstown Flier."

I hope no one breaks this in the local press before THE OLD LINE come out, but it appears fairly certain that Mary Cannon, beautiful off-campus sponsor of the R.O. T.C. regiment last year will choose between a battalion or the regimental staff this year—with the battalion getting first consideration . . . both Bob Slye and Fred Brueckner pick their women carefully . . . one of the outstanding freshman dynamos is Gene Thurston, of Long Island, who owns a sailing sloop and a flair for poetry . . . Bill Johnson, a Baltimore Poly transfer, bids fair to occupy many a

sorority bull session before he drags down a sheepskin . . . Kitty Wells looks slim and chic in riding breeches . . . here's a line for a friend of yours, Kitty—"Good luck, Gib., we miss you!" . . . as this is written, another irate coed has been added to the growing list of the local women who would gladly ventilate the Needham gullet—Kathleen Hamigau. . . Peggy Burdette gets smaller day by day, and 'tis with anxiety that we await the fall winds which must surely blow her away . . . which transfer sophomore recently asked Gretchen Van Slyke the meaning of the term "big deal" . . . and why did she ask? . . . one of the nastiest jobs assigned the new Assistant in Student Activities, Ralph Williams, is that of getting your Diamondback editor out of bed on these nippy mornings—what with your editor rising at the first stroke of the alarm and resetting same for an extra fifteen minutes' sleep . . . a well-known campus swain called a well-known campus dame for a date t'other eve, and, upon learning that the damsel preferred to study her geology that evening, wise-cracked sarcastically, "Oh, so you're going to rock yourself to sleep, eh?" and hung up the receiver with the proverbial disillusioned-lover crash . . .

"Little Thad" should do well in Germany these days; they're going to allow "dulin" again . . . which is pretty far-fetched and shows you just how hard a distraught columnist will work for a laugh . . . a whole fistful of orchids to Miss Preinkert and her office force (you too, Blonde!) for the very best cooperation on telephone requests for info . . . George Robertie, new assistant in the History Department, has the wildest New England accent in the world, likes to ride, always drives a car with his gloves on, can fix anything that's broken and, if it's not broken, tell you what to do when it breaks, once taught chemistry at Georgetown, and was business manager of his year-book in Boston College . . . an item in one of the press services is interesting: "A student almost invariably has more money in his pocket than does a professor, but it's an established fact that the professor's secretary usually has more than both of them put together!"

Ortenzio, who has the dog-watch in the Grill, sees a lot of things he doesn't talk about . . . the athletic ladies who climb in Brent Hall windows at odd hours are at it again. . . Peggy Jones has settled down to an ex-cadet captain here, Siddall by name . . . and, to top it off with a "juicy" one, which local sorority girl will make certain that the *next* man she slaps isn't chewing tobacco?



"Listen, you can't kid me!!"

What a stenog can't understand is why, when she is such a treat for the boss's eyes, he should get so nasty about a few misspelled words and balled-up letters.

IN PERFECT ACCORD

There was a certain actress whose charms and vivacity had long been proverbial.

"Father," said a young man with enthusiasm, "she is an angel, and I love her! Stop! Not a word! I believe her to be an angel—I adore her—and I won't allow you to breathe a syllable against her."

"Certainly not," said the father, "certainly not. Why I adored her myself—when I was your age."

Soph: I suppose my roommate is studying as usual?

Frosh: Yeh.

Soph: Then wake him up, will you?

Father plays the radio,
Mother plays the lyre;
Brother plays the piccolo,
But sister plays with fire.

At the show:

Do you recognize the third girl from the front?

No, but I can tell the fifth one from the rear.

At the grill:

Man: I can't eat this duck. Send for the manager.

Waiter: It's no use, he can't eat it either.

Landlady: Do you like that crazy quilt?

Boarder: No, nor the dau' mat-tress, neither.
—Red Cat.

"I haven't had any money to buy food for a month and if things get any worse I'll have to quit buying gas and oil!"
—Pitt Panther.

A LADY STILL

(From 1912 American Motorist)

Lady with disheveled hair
Over mouth and cheeks and eyes,
You to me are no less fair,
You are still a lovely prize.

Though in tousled state like this
Dame Convention you've defied,
I can see what she may miss—
You have had an auto ride.

A college graduate who had piled up quite a bit of dough wanted to do something for his alma mater, so he wrote back to one of his professors asking for a suggestion.

The professor replied, "You were asleep most of the time you were in my class."

So he gave his old school a dormitory.

Lady Customer: (after buying pair silk hose) "I think these are just too sweet, I'm going to wear them to the dance tonight."

Clerk (absently): "Yes, ma'am, will that be all?"

"A woman is as young as she looks and a man is young as long as he looks," said the late internationally famous chemist, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

This story was told to one of the veteran clan among the professors at Maryland and his reply was: "I'm still a boy."

Then there was the absent-minded professor, who threw himself out of the thirty-seventh story window while testing his lifetime pen.

He: "Are you fond of moving pictures, Jennie?"

She: (hopefully) "Aye Sandy."

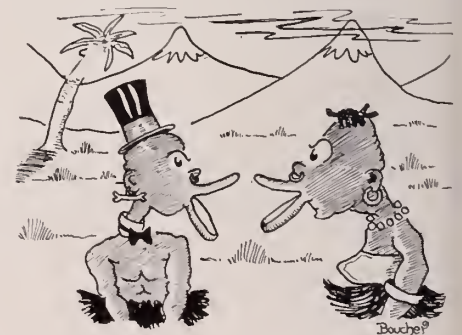
"Then, maybe, lass, ye'll help me git half-a-dozen doon out of the attic."

A freshman coe-ed wanted to know the other day if a foot ball coach was what you rode to the game in.

College Graduate (applying for a job): "I would like a position with your concern, Sir!"

Business Man: "I do most of the work myself."

College Gradmate: "That suits me."



"Aw, don't hand me any lip!"

A VEST POCKET ESSAY ON TAXES

One of the European countries is now taxing bachelors—both male and female—for their single blessedness or cussedness, as the case may be, and giving the money as a bonus to young couples starting on the troubled sea of matrimony. "Two can live as cheaply as one." Adam, after paying the first month's bills, probably called this flapdoodle, bunk, baloney, or something that meant the same as phooey. If two can't live as cheaply as one, logically three or four or more can't. Perhaps instead of reducing our crops and killing our surplus pigs we should have an open season on bachelors and reduce their number by half. The 1932 Leap Year Marriage Market was a complete flop and probably didn't pay Cupid's

expenses for arrows. Inasmuch as the running of homes is the biggest industry in the country, we should start a "Marry Now" campaign to increase the consumption of marriage licenses. Make it as patriotic a duty to save the country by joining the N.R.A. Benedict Army as it was to join the A.E.F. Think of the home land appeal and slogans—"Eat our crops and have 'em too;" "Buy a home—promote prosperity;" "Marriage makes men;" "A marriage a day keeps depression away;" "Solomon the wisest of men had 500 wives—what does that make you?" The ancient cradle song of "Bye, Bye Baby" could be changed to a national anthem of "Buy, Buy Lady," if encouragement were necessary. Then, with proper backing of the Marriage Market, the drafting of

surplus bachelors, and by putting the "Marry Now" campaign in the hands of women, in no time we would have prosperity—or something.

A young daughter of a radio announcer who was called upon to say grace at a family dinner, bowed her head and said in loud clear tones,

"This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God."

She: "You're the nicest boy that I have ever met."

He: "Tell it to the Marines."

She: "I have—to dozens of them."

Of father, dear,
We are bereft—
It said "Turn Right"
But he turned left.



Absent-minded surgeon: "Please pass the salt."



Bristle number one in our series of brush man jokes.

"I'm tellin' you, mine fraan—I'm no communist, I'm a brush salesman."

Lawyer: "I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything?"

Prisoner: "Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself."

"These Kappas may be outspoken, but not by anyone I ever knew!"

The hand that rocks the cradle is the one that used to turn out the parlor light.

The Gob was worrying. "Tell me about it," said his pal. "Get it off your chest."

"I wish I could," groaned the gob. "I've got 'Marguerite' tattooed there, and the girl I'm engaged to marry is named 'Helen'."

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): "Having wonderful time. Marion is great."

Wife (telegraphing back immediately): "Same here. George is not so bad."
—*Cornell Widow.*

Bride (on honeymoon): "Why do you look so unhappy, Jim? You know that we are one now."

Groom: "Yes, dear, but judging from the hotel bill I've just received, the manager seems to think we're about half a dozen."

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs?"

Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

If nothing were not something, then I could not write about it. But if nothing is something, then it cannot at the same time be nothing. Therefore there is no nothing.

What are you thinking about? Nothing? But there is no nothing.

It may be true that man is more courageous than woman, but he doesn't get half as much chance to show his backbone.—*Bison.*

"It was terrible, Mrs. Murphy. There were seventeen Swedes and an Irishman killed in the wreck."

"Indade. The poor man!"

What The Well-Dressed Young Roommate Is Borrowing

A Style Forecast For Men—A Feature Carried Exclusively
By The Old Line

By SLOUCH ALLISON

IT needs but a casual glance at that exclusive coterie, the *hoi aristoi* of the campus, to show that as usual, suits composed of trousers, vest, and coat are being worn again this Fall. In general, the same suits in evidence last year again predominate, the only change in lines being that they are protruding slightly more at the elbows and knees, and the knap carries a higher polish.

A definite Havre de Grace atmosphere pervades the stadium, with checks a bit more infrequent this Fall.

As to hats, another inch has been taken from the brim of last season's chapeau, and the dark spot in the crown of the lining is a bit more well defined.

Pockets are a degree flatter in the autumn attire, and the peak lapel which was so popular in 1929 is definitely out. Smart lines are in evidence but the loose-fitting garment is favored in most circles. In fact, a great number of campus fratres are wearing their paters' clothes this Fall. In short, masculine lines are the vogue in clothes for men this season (which is a ghastly intimation of what last season's vogue was).

Color is the keynote among the Maryland men this year, the shades covering the whole extent of the spectrum—bold oranges and watermelons predominating.

Tab collars are being featured by those who can keep tab on their shirts, and among the distinctive trends observed in the class room is the celluloid cuff, with the current recitation inscribed neatly thereon. Another aid to smartness in class is the roomy vest,



We illustrate a smartly tailored sport outfit designed by Vermouth and Spaghetti. Note the snug-fitting waist line and the draped fullness at the top of the sleeves. This model is being offered exclusively at all second-hand stores, but maybe your frat house has one in stock.

affording ample protection and freedom in crib manipulation.

As for evening attire, that really depends on what can be found for hire, or what may be obtained from the pledge's trunk. The tendency is toward the swallowtail, but if you have a tuxedo, hide it.

Cravats are being tied with a knot about the neck, with yellow as the favored color, although a great many shops are showing a new shade known as *ledger red*. All indications point to

the fact that ties will be worn out this season.

Now as regards overcoats, to be ulster-modern, we suggest a salt-and-pepper mixture raglan with ketchup lining. The bearskin is considered quite *hors de saison* except in certain communities where League For Larger Life cults have been established.

And So It Goes!

If you have not studied the assignment there are two possibilities: the professor will not show up for class, or the professor will show up for class. If the professor does not show up for class there is nothing to worry about. If the professor does show up for class there are two possibilities: the professor will lecture, or the professor will quiz on the assignment. If the professor lectures there is nothing to worry about. If the professor quizzes on the assignment there are two possibilities: you will be called on or you will not be called on. If you are not called on there is nothing to worry about. If you are called on there are two possibilities: someone will coach you or you will bluff. If someone coaches you there is nothing to worry about. If you bluff there are two possibilities: the bluff will work or the bluff will not work. If the bluff works there is nothing to worry about, and if you spent your time studying instead of reading inane stuff like this there would have been nothing to worry about in the first place.

A psychologist says Nudists are egotists. Just wrapt up in themselves, as it were.

"Name?"

"Gerald Rostlethwait."

"Address?"

"Johns Hopkins University."

"Guilty. Five hundred dollars or six months!"

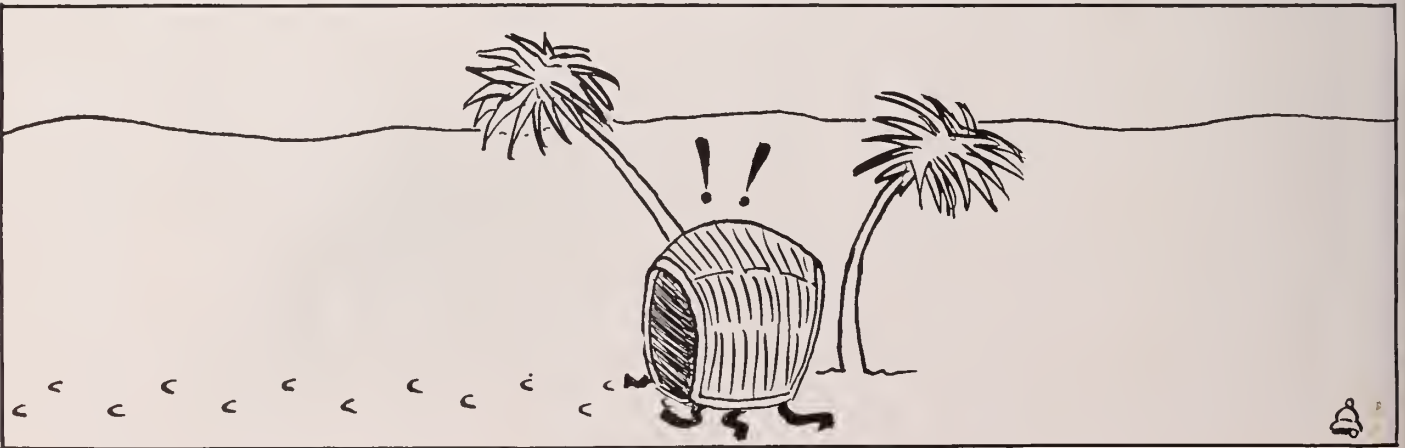
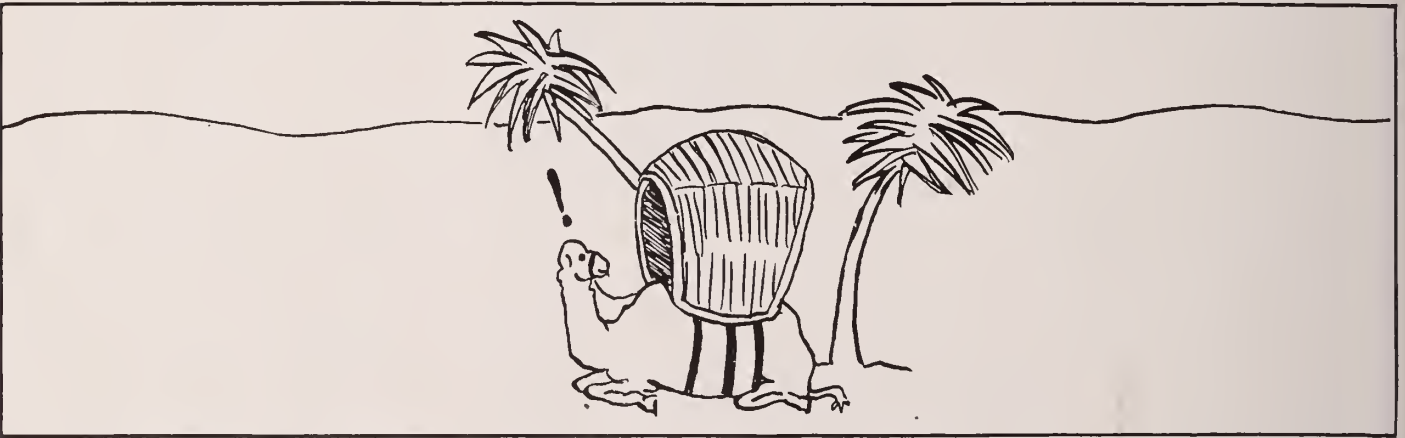
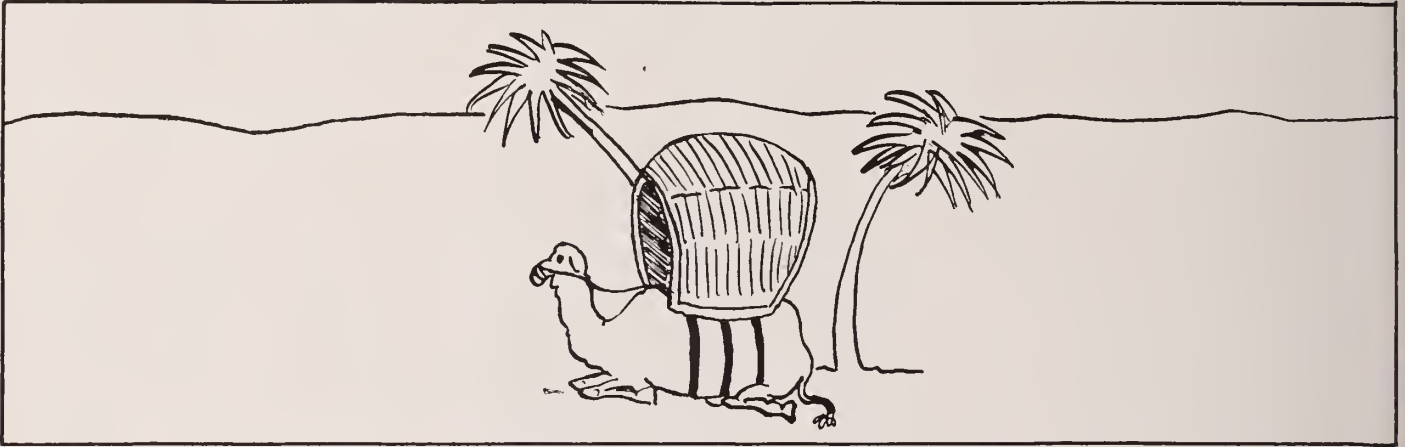
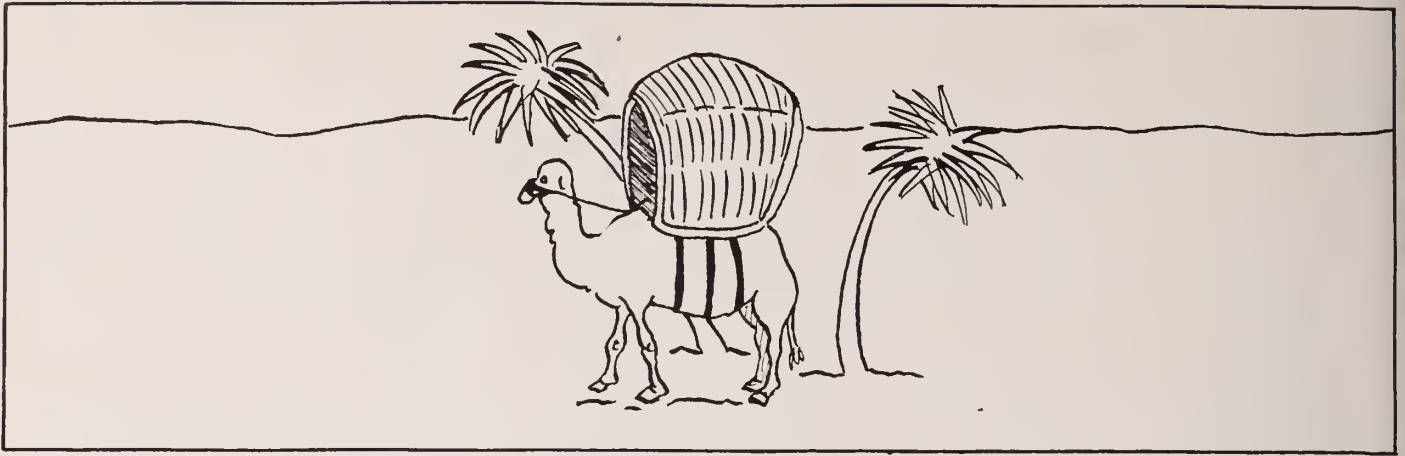
"Name?"

"James Jitters."

"Address?"

"University of Maryland."

"Case dismissed. No funds."



A: Powder my back.
 B: How far down?
 A: Where my evening gown begins.
 B: I thought you said your back.
 —*Chanticleer*

Y: "I heard the kid bawling last night."
 Z: "And after four bawls he got his base warmed."
 —*Yellow Jacket*

Lecturer: "Potts was a very great man. At his death three Pennsylvania towns were named after him: Pottsville, Pottstown and Chambersburg."

Did you make the debating team?
 N-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough.
 —*Widow*

Hale: "Why, Shakespeare's work is immortal!"
 Tax: "Gwan, I don't see anything dirty in it."
 —*Froth*

Lackey: Sire, Lady Godiva rides without.
 Sire (after looking without): Very tactfully put, my man.—*Aggriever*

"Do you think that the radio will ever take the place of the newspaper?"
 "No, you can't swat flies with a radio."
 —*Wampus*

One Scotchman we know don't even give a damn.

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"
 Little Boy: "I think she's married."

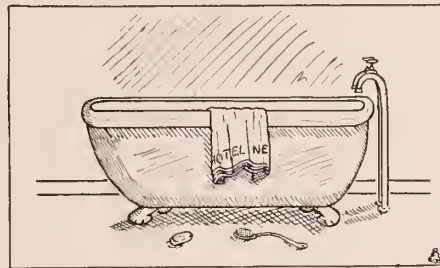
Inflationists' theme song—"Buy, baby, buy."

An historian says that women used cosmetics in the middle ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages—and most all other ages, too.

THE OLD LINE'S SELF-EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

"LEARN AT HOME"

ALWAYS eager to please and help its readers, THE OLD LINE offers herewith the first in a series of self-improvement lessons primarily designed to aid the rat in making a fraternity, and the rabbit a sorority, or the coed almost anything—whatever it is coeds make.



Study the accompanying illustration. Fix its details plainly in your mind, if any, and then attempt to answer the following questions:

1. What is it?
2. What of it?
3. Do you notice anything strange or unusual about the picture?
4. If so, what?
5. What is the significance of whatever is strange or unusual?

(For answers to the above questions, see page 16.)

Professor: "Are you using crib notes on this examination, Mr. Pip?"

Pip: "No sir. I'm copying out of the text."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Drawing Professor: "Your construction lines are perfect, Miss."

Irritated or Flattered Coed: "How dare you, Sir? I'll see the Dean at once."

"Er-r: I want a present for a young lady.

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er-r: Why she hasn't said yet which she'll be."

Sweet Thing: "I didn't accept Jack the first time he proposed.

Catty Thing: "No, dear; you weren't there."

"Now laugh these off," said the wife as she wired some buttons on her husband's vest.

Prof: Name six wild animals found in Africa."

Frosh: "Two lions and four tigers."

'36: Hey rat, what time is it?

'37: A quarter after.

'36: A quarter after what?

'37: Dunno. Times got so hard I had to lay off a hand.

"I believe this school is haunted."

"Why?"

"They are always talking about school spirit."

"Your sister's spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she uses."

"Say, Bill, if you had five bucks in your pocket, what would you think?"

"I'd think I had somebody else's pants."

"I'm Suzette, the oriental dancer."

"Shake."

Frosh: "May I have an ROTC uniform?"

Sergeant: "How do you want it—too large or too small?"

Rooster: "Heavens, Mrs. Hen, what are you eating those tacks for?"

Mrs. Hen: "Why, I'm going to lay a carpet."



THE OLD LINE'S SELF-EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 15, column 2)

Here are the answers to the questions listed under the O. L.'s Self-education Department. Glance furtively at the correct answers and then hastily erase your own answers, substituting the correct ones. You may not learn anything, but it's darn good practice for your regular examinations.

1. A bathtub. For further proof come around Saturday night.
2. We think so too, but see No. 5.
3. Yes.
4. There is no one in the bathtub.
5. This is of very great significance.

THE OLD LINE claims to be absolutely the first comic magazine ever to publish a picture of any kind of genuine, installed, ready-to-use bathtub, showing it unoccupied. This is considered a great forward step by those possessing a sense of humor, being held a direct advance over the ancient device still used by most other comic magazines of printing pages and pages of bathtub jokes showing plumbers, electricians, delivery boys, carpenters, and others barging into the bathroom at inopportune moments when the bathtub is occupied.

So appreciative of THE OLD LINE's progressive move was Sir Pinchbuck Giltedge that he is making plans to purchase the original drawing from us outright, with a view to adding it to his renowned collection of Bathtubiana. One of the specified conditions of the sale is that under no circumstances will the drawing be sold to, or allowed to come into the possession of, Earl Carroll.

Me: A famous restaurant has named a sandwich after me.

He: What kind of a ham sandwich is it?

SIMILE

As happy as a shoe merchant on a moonlit night. —Ollapod.

Why are you hiding this bottle of liniment just before initiation?

We freshmen are going to use it for our own ends.

Soprano: This song will haunt me forever.

Accompanist: It ought to, you murdered it.

Kibitzer is the unmarried Siamese twin. —Lafayette Lyre.

Sally: Men are all alike.

Buddy: Yes, men are all I like.

DIPLOMAT; when he stepped on a woman's foot he told her it was so small that he couldn't see it.

Then there's the friend of ours who calls his College Park bungalow "The Lien-To."

A LABORATORY MANUAL

For Use in Sharpening an Unwind-the-Tape Type Wax Pencil

By Prof. INATIUS Z. PRETZEL-BENDER, S.P.C.A., W.C.T.U.

THE laminated cylinder type wax pencil is a diabolical device of unknown origin, and even more obscure purpose, containing a thick wax core which is as unaccessible to the use of its owner as though it were in a steel vault whose time-clock spring is broken.

But to proceed with the operation. On the mid-ventral line of the pencil, extending its entire length, will be found a row of some twenty or thirty uniform, and slightly concave, dots. An inscription recently discovered on the wall of an ancient Bessarabian beach club shows a primitive man savagely biting these dots off of his pencil, and muttering curses in hieroglyphics, proving that this type of instrument is aeons older than was previously thought, and also that it never was any good. But as I started to explain, the dots are believed by the best authorities to be remotely connected with preparing the pencil for use, or in other words, sharpening it.

The operation is carried out in several steps. First seize the subject suddenly and firmly with the left hand. Then with the thumb-nail of the right hand scrape gently at the little dot nearest the other end of the pencil. This should be continued unabatingly for at least five minutes. The next step depends on whether your thumb-nail or the pencil gives way first. If the former, simply change hands and shred the left thumb-nail. If the latter, rest a moment and compose yourself, for this next one will get you! Grab the little portion of paper tape which you succeeded in raising with either or both thumb-nails, and gently pull on it. It will, in all probability, tear off. If so, start with the right great toe-nail and try to raise enough of it to get a grip on. Experiment has shown that it always tears off this time, so don't fret unnecessarily. However, if you succeed

in raising the end of the tape a third time, and it tears off, cease operations and try the old dodge of counting ten. At the end of ten seconds say what you would have said anyhow. It always helps.

Repeat the above procedure until ten (10) of the dots, or one-third ($\frac{1}{3}$) of the pencil has been consumed. You will then be ready for the next step. Place the mangled end of the instrument in a pencil sharpener, hold it as firmly as possible, and turn the crank. The pencil will be twisted out of your grasp and the sharpener hopelessly and permanently jammed. Don't bother to count ten this time.

Now seize a sharp knife and try to sharpen the thing as you would an ordinary pencil. Above all, don't get discouraged. The probable result of this procedure will be that little bits of the tape, not unlike confetti, will fall upon the floor, along with good sized chunks of the waxen core. At this stage of the game a common rubber bath sponge held firmly between the teeth of the operator will be found a great aid in retaining emotional equilibrium. As soon as the bulk of the pencil is too short to hold firmly, start over again, using the first method. By using extreme care and three or four razor blades you will, if you are a good technician, be able to denude the remaining one-half inch of wax of its superficial layers. This little bit of the core, held between the still sore thumb and forefinger of either hand, will serve almost as well to do whatever writing you started out to do in the first place as a conventional wooden sheathed wax pencil would have done.

(You may be able to reclaim that pencil sharpener by winding it backwards, but I doubt it.)

Farmer: "No, I couldn't think of charging you for the cider. That would be bootlegging and I haven't come to that yet. That peck of potatoes will be five dollars."

— *Battalion.*

Hale: (in exasperation): "And whatever on earth made you write a paragraph like that?"

Student: "I quoted it, sir, from Dickens."

Hale: "Beautiful lines, aren't they?"

Professor: "Young man, I understand you are courting the college widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

Student: "I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."

She had no principle; but oh, how she drew interest.

— *Rice Owl.*

BOOKS



THE Judas Tree, whatever that is, has been contributing a good deal to Maryland's literary prominence lately. An historical romance and a first class detective story are the means of this; the first concerns some Marylanders who have temporarily wandered off into Pennsylvania, and the second concerns some blood-thirsty New Yorkers who have wandered into Maryland.

Life in America in 1760 as Neil Swanson describes it in *The Judas Tree* was wild, bloody, and treacherous. Major Arnett Leslie, son of the third wealthiest plantation owner in Maryland, is on the last day of a forty-day passage from England to Maryland when this story takes him up. His ship carries also a group of girls whose contracts provide that they must work free for five years for anyone who will pay the ship company the cost of their transportation. Major Leslie, happy and sentimental, full of dreams of the limestone manor house he intends to build for himself and the girl to whom he has been engaged for more than a year, buys the contract of one of these girls, Diantha Gail, to save her from a particularly disagreeable person who seems to be intending to acquire her company for the next five years.

When Major Leslie arrives home on the Patuxent he finds that his sweetheart has married his father. Full of anger at his father and the girl, he packs up early in the morning to go west. As he is leaving the plantation he finds under a Judas tree, his former sweetheart, now his stepmother, who gives him a Mae West invitation.

He goes west as a sort of peddler and eventually reaches Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, at the time of the conspiracy of Pontiac. Here he finds Diantha Gail very nearly in possession of the man from whom he thought he had saved her. Now in love with her, he rescues her from some blood-thirsty Indians, suffers under the machinations of some of the white men at the fort, and finally takes the chance of slipping through the Indians to get help for the fort. Shortly before he marries Diantha he discovers that she is a very wealthy English duchess who ran away from home to avoid the attentions of an old Duke who offered to make her brother an Admiral in return for her hand.

It is a book full of the life of the times both in Maryland and in the Pennsylvania frontier, with a great deal of emphasis upon the dangers of pioneering. For instance, Leslie saves Diantha from five or six Indians who have stripped her, painted her black, and are about to impale her on a pointed stake. Another time he lay hidden under a bush helpless to interfere while the Indians tortured some white men for two whole nights. All in all 'tis a merry book.

* * * *

The Clue of the Judas Tree concerns a family of wealthy New Yorkers living near Annapolis. The members of the family and the domestic staff are killed off at intervals under circumstances indicating that practically any one of the survivors could have done it and probably wanted to. It is a closely written story the solution of which is not easily discoverable until the end, and the detective is neither a moron nor a genius, but merely a member of the Baltimore City police. But he gets there.

The current best seller is *Anthony Adverse*, by Harvey Allen, but I can't imagine anyone having time to read this 1400 page opus unless he were about to start a circumnavigation of the world in a submarine.

This winter promises plenty of first and second class reading matter. There is already a new Walpole book, *Vanessa*, another of those pleasing Jalna books, and Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*.

There will soon be another John Galsworthy story, *One More River*, another volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, another Ernest Hemmingway book, another Van Dine mystery, and on January 24 will appear Sinclair Lewis's latest, *Work of Art*.

Caustic commentators say that no reviewer calls Lewis's books works of art so he had to give one that title himself.

GEORGE FOGG

Let's hear you say
"They're Milder, Mate"



© 1933, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

*—the cigarette that's Milder
—the cigarette that Tastes Better*

Chesterfield

The Gentle Muse

THE OLD, OLD LINE

Five sororities sitting in a row
 Trying to tell the Freshmen
 Which way to go;
 Five sororities—you should know the sign—
 They're waiting to give the Freshmen
 The Old, Old Line:
 "You'll love our girls"—"You'll love our house—"
 I hear their mingled cries;
 We'll meet you and we'll treat you
 And we'll show you through the town;
 We'll date you and we'll fete you
 And we'll ride you up and down;
 We'll walk with you and talk with you
 And bring you lots of fun;
 We'll show you—when we know you—
 That your joy is just begun.
 I'm sure you won't regret it, if
 You take our pledging ties.
 My rhyme is ending—excuse me for I know
 There is a Freshman wond'ring
 Which way to go;
 Five sororities—they all know the sign:
 Be ready to give the Freshmen
 The Old, Old Line!

JANE HOLST.

EGO

We mortals are inclined to be
 Cruel and full of vanity.
 We do not always seek to find
 The good that is in all Mankind.
 We seldom squarely take the blame,
 Yet swiftly snatch at seeming fame.
 We worship Ore and Steel too much,
 And lose that needed Human Touch.

OLGA LOFGREN.

VALHALLA

A myriad of eyes made manifold,
 The silver sheen of sea and gleam of sand,
 Your blowing hair so dark with flecks of gold,
 And soft the sea gull's garrulous demand;
 These are my guards for loneliness and cold.

EUGENE THURSTON.

ECHOES FROM A VOID

And when I told you that you brought me peace
 You laughed and thought I did but speak in jest,
 You could not know, as death, you bring release,
 That spent with hopelessness my soul finds rest.
 These things and more you could not understand;
 How could you know I prayed my heart would break,
 And freed of striving at its dream's command
 Would silent sleep at last, and cease to ache.

EUGENE THURSTON.

Our school days
 Form a lovely necklace:
 Each bead a precious joy,
 A shared experience,
 Strung on the
 Golden Thread of Life.

O. C. L.

THESE THINGS WILL PASS

No matter what you dream,
 Or plan, or hope, or scheme,
 These things will pass.
 No matter where you climb,
 Howe'er you spend your time,
 How great your joy or pain,
 How vast your loss or gain,
 These things will pass.

O. C. L.

More Musings

JUSTIFICATION

Ah, no, 'tis not that I am fickle
 Or that love is dead.
 Love, remains, immortal.
 'Tis only that my love, in you,
 Finds nothing more to cherish.
 Love lives on, and I love.
 My heart, that once beat quicker at
 your smile,
 Now pulsates on in rhythmic monotone
 As I behold your lips and eyes.
 And when you bent your graceful head
 to mine—
 Ah, God, the beauty of it! Your lips
 to mine!
 And now, I thrill no longer.
 I watch you passively and say—
 And was it thus?

C. DE M.

TO M—

It's you I want,
 It's you I love,
 It's always you
 I'm thinking of.

Whatever comes,
 You'll find me true;
 No one could ever
 Replace you.

My love for you
 Will e'er live on,
 When beauty fades,
 And youth has gone.

Whate'er you are,
 Where'er you be,
 I belong to you,
 And you, to me.

O. C. L.



I WONDER

I wonder if there'll ever be
 A world of Truth and Honesty.
 Where Justice reigns instead of Gold,
 And Life and Love cannot be sold,
 I wonder.

I wonder if a time will come
 When all the world will strive as one,
 When men will call each other "brother,"
 And share all things with one another,
 I wonder.

O. C. L.



SEX

You can't escape it,
 It's everywhere;
 In the ground,
 In the air—Sex.
 In every nook,
 In every song,
 In every book,
 Right or wrong—Sex.
 In death and birth,
 In night and day,
 In woe and mirth,
 It's there always—Sex.

OLGA CHRISTINA LOFGREN.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Studee
 Workee
 Learnee
 Passee

Shirkee
 Workee
 Flunkee
 Sunkee

"SANDY"

TO BUNNY CO-ED

O damsel vivacious,
 Pert, somewhat audacious;
 To you belongs eternal youth,
 Mock ardent swains, naive, uncouth.
 Soprano trebles, hilarity,
 Nonchalance, daring, sincerity;
 In short, real sparkling "joie de vivre"—
 Darn it! I, too, once had "rabbit
 fever!"

ELIZABETH BINSWANGER.



"Guan, what do you know about a man's love for a good woman?"

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ORATION

(Excerpt from *The Golden Book*, August, 1933)

Address to an employer upon demanding a raise.

AS PLANNED

I think you will admit, sir, that the quality of my work during the last two years has been such that my services could not easily be replaced. I speak more in pain than in anger when I say that it has been a matter of profound surprise to me to note that you have not seen fit to acknowledge my value to the firm in some substantial way. I think I may say that I have been patient. I have continued my efforts with unremitting zeal, and I think I may flatter myself that my endeavors have not been without result. I have here, carefully tabulated, a memorandum of the increased profits in my department during the last twelve months, due in great part to my careful management. I am sorry to have to force you into a decision, but I think I owe it to myself to say candidly that unless you see the matter in the same way that I do I shall feel obliged to deprive the firm of my services.

AS DELIVERED

If you are not too busy, sir, there is one other matter—in fact, the truth of the matter in fact is exactly—well, sir, I was precisely wondering whether—of course I know this is a bad time—indeed I have been very pleased to see business picking up a bit lately, and I am sure my own department has been—but to tell you the truth, sir, I have been wondering—of course it is just as you think best and I wouldn't think of insisting, but after all, perhaps I have made a mistake in mentioning it, but I was thinking that possibly you might bear in mind the idea of a possible future raise in salary at some future time.

FINDS AMERICAN TRAVELERS "NARROW"

The art of traveling is lost on the American public, according to Dr. W. Béran Wolfe, psychiatrist, who recently returned from a 13,000-mile cruise covering twelve countries. "Our group was composed of representative people from cities of all sizes, and men in all fields of endeavor," Dr. Wolfe said. "Almost exclusively, each passenger carried into Europe his own home town environment. It never left them. Few of them were elastic enough to get anything out of our journey. They went into sacred places, into cities of rare historical interest, and came out complaining that the coffee was not as good as American coffee, that the taxicabs were out of date and the hotels shabby. In the venerated buildings of the Mediterranean cities, instead of drinking in the beauty and lore of early civilizations, they were beefing about this and that and comparing it to the bank building on Main Street.

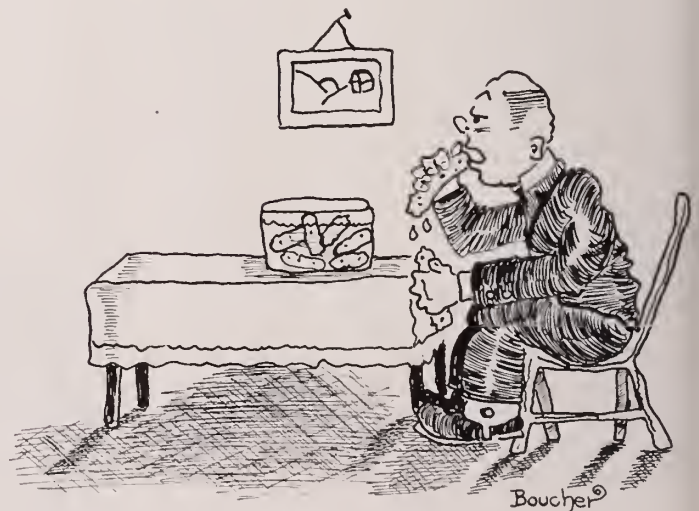
"The average American makes no attempt to see the other fellow's point of view, nor to get any real educational value out of his travels. He considers the United States the whole of the world and does not realize that there is something else worth while besides his own back yard. His great need is to become more worldly, in the intelligent sense of the word."

SOME MAXIMS OF 1933

Cash is the jack of all trades.

The way of the transgressor is interesting.

Be good and you will be admired; don't and you will be envied.



"Boy, am I pickled!"



Hristle number two

Girls oughta have cleaner minds than men, look how often they change them.

Editor Bill Needham says he has a fixed income—he can't budget.

Many a husband who knows nothing about music has learned to play second fiddle in his home.

Dr. Taylor, announcing a special service: "Come early if you wish a back seat."



Hristle number three

SOME SNAPPY SAYINGS

As commonplace as garters to a bus conductor.
She's so homely she looks like seven miles of bad road.
Many a chorus girl who cares little for a man lives on his account.

A thing of beauty is a great expense.
Many a man has got the Golden Gate from a blonde.

She: "Jack has asked me to the hop."
Her: "Well, I'd say that was an opportunity to be embraced."

First coed: "If you were me, would you accept Jack?"
Second coed: "If I were you, dear, I'd accept anyone."

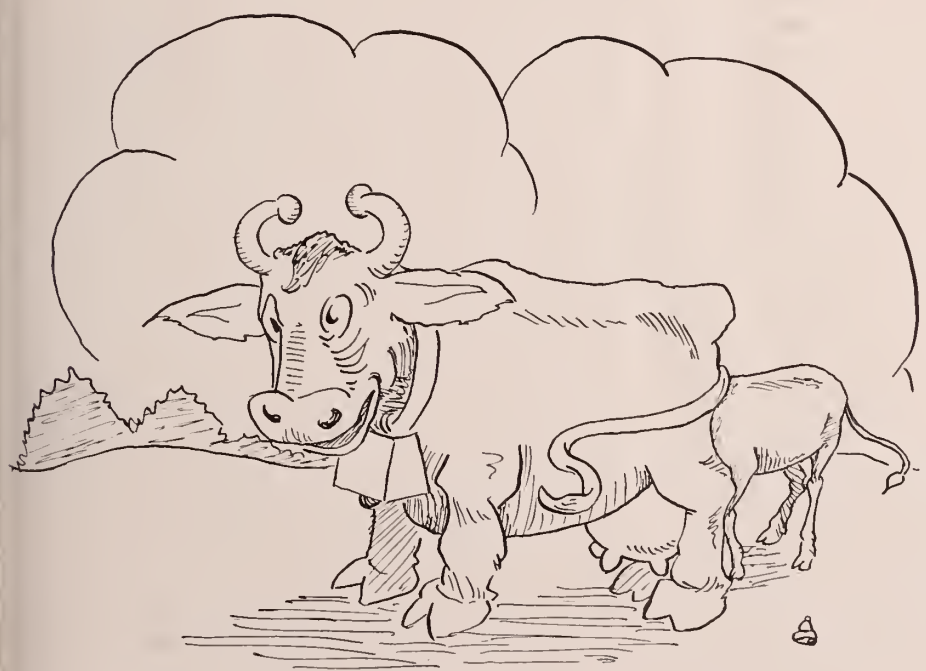
COLLEGE PARK SOCIAL NOTE

"Husband leaves in midst of wife's bridge party; disappears."
(Just a fugitive from the chin gang.)

According to medicos, blonde bathers blister very easily.
So it appears that blisters as well as misters prefer blondes.

In the dictionary "invest" comes before "investigate"—
but in practice it is best to reverse the order.

A college man's idea of getting a new wardrobe is to
have his felt hat cleaned.



Life is just one thing after an udder.

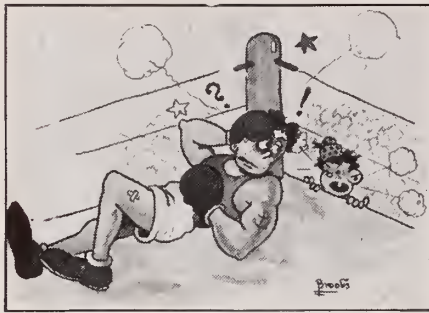
Definition of a bachelor: A man who couldn't take "yes" for an answer.

Stupid: "What's a conflict?"
Stupider: "One of those guys that wear striped suits."

Hee: What is that bump on your head?
Haw: Oh, that's where a thought struck me.

English Prof: Gibson, name the five vowels.
Gibson: Hens, turkey, geese, etc.

What's a reverie?
The guy that blows the whistle in a foot ball game.



“———S'matter Pop—Ya yellor?”

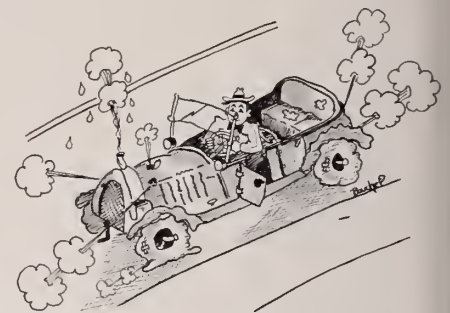
4/c: “Jim will be in the hospital a long time.”

Ditto: “Why, have you seen the doctor?”

4/c: “No, the nurse.”

“Do you believe that the Flaming Youth type of college student is passing?”

“Nope, flunking.”



Driving a bargain.

SOME BOOKS THAT WILL SURVIVE

“I am not a prophet,” says William Lyon Phelps, writing in *Delineator*, “but if at the point of a pistol I had to guess what authors of our time will be read and known in 2033, I should name the poet and novelist Kipling, Joseph Conrad, Barrie’s *Peter Pan*, Bernard Shaw’s *Saint Joan*, Galsworthy’s *The Forsyte Saga*, Bennett’s *The Old Wives’ Tale*, George Moore’s *Esther Waters*, the verse and prose of Thomas Hardy, the poetry of Housman and Yeats, the novels of Mark Twain, some of the works of Meredith, Henry James, and George Santayana.”

A High Brow says: “Please possess yourself with patience.”

A Low Brow says: “Aw, keep your shirt on.”

The man who invented near beer was a poor judge of distance.

A Maryland student with whom one of the professors remonstrated became angry and said: “Sir, do you think I am a fool?”

“Why, no,” returned the professor. Then with a smile he added, “Of course, I might be mistaken.”

And the professor wasn’t Dean Tolley, either.

Old Grad: “Shay orfisher, isn’t thish the way to go to the foot ball game?”

Cop: “You bet. And if I wasn’t on duty, I’d go that way, too.”

—Widow.

Judge: “How many bottles of beer did you say you accused the defendant of stealing?”

Plaintiff: “23, your honor.”

Judge: “Defendant dismissed, I can’t get a case out of 23 bottles.”

Clerk: “See, that hat fits perfectly. How does it feel?”

Student: “Fine, unless my ears get tired.”

—Bean.



“So I says to him—‘Listen, big boy, I may look like Mae West, but that don’t give you no privileges.’”

He: “I have killed five flies, two masculine and three feminine.”

She: “How do you know that?”

He: “Two were on the table and three on the looking-glass.”

Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married ducky, was approached one day by an insurance agent.

“Better let me write you a policy, Rastus,” suggested the agent diplomatically.

“No sah,” declared Rastus emphatically. “Ah ain’t any too safe at home as it am.”



“None of your damn spinach, either.”

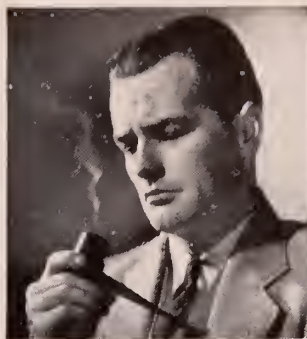
THE QUARTER-BACK'S SOLILOQUY

By BOB (All-American) LITSCHERT

Time: 4th quarter, one minute to play.
Score: 7-6 against him.

To kick, or not to kick, that is the question:
Whether it is safer in the end to suffer
The slings and fumbles of outrageous passing,
Or to clasp arms against a sea of huddles,
And by plunging end them? To kick, to rush
No more; and by kicking say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
Our line is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To kick, to punt;
To punt: perchance to flop: ay, there's the rub;
For in that kick of chance what fate may come
When we have punted off this mortal ball,
Must give us pause. There's the fumble
That makes calamity of so long strife;
For who would bear through passing of the time,
The referee's wrong, the coach's contumely,
The pangs of penalties, the end's delay,
The insolence of umpires, and the razz
That patient players from the rooters take,
When he himself might his reputation make
With a place kick? Who would straight-arms bear,
To grunt and sweat behind a weary line,
But that the dread of blocking after kick,
With unexpected touchdown from whose bourn
No player returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those bumps we get
Than kick to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
Soft you now! There goes the whistle—
The game is over and we've lost!

A crash of glass and a thunderclap
As a door slammed and the house quivered;
A clatter of hoofs, a loud "giddap"—
Our bottle of milk has been delivered.



Mildness alone
Is Not Enough



A pipe tobacco must have
FLAVOR

LET US get straight on this matter of tobacco mildness. Of course you want a *mild* pipe tobacco. But mildness alone is not enough. What you really want is mildness *plus* flavor.

In Edgeworth you will find that rare combination—*mildness plus flavor*. Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do for Edgeworth. Not only do these leaves have the choicest flavor but, more than that, we have learned in our over half a century of experience that in them is found the *mildest pipe tobacco that grows*.

FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe. To get the real satisfaction pipe smoking can give you, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth About Pipes." It contains much practical and useful information for pipe smokers. Address: Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.



EDGEWORTH
MADE FROM THE
Mildest pipe tobacco
THAT GROWS



CREATIVE PRINTERS

for more than thirty years

• • • •

THOMSEN-ELLIS COMPANY



WATER AND GAY STREETS
BALTIMORE • MARYLAND



NEW YORK OFFICE—WOOLWORTH BUILDING

THE ELEMENTS OF HITCH-HIKING

By Professor HOWE U. CHIZZLE

1. After first gaining boulevard, raise one arm at a ninety degree angle and gently rotate thumb.
2. When car fails to stop, turn head until nose contacts thumb.
3. If man stops, never run to catch up to the slowing down vehicle, but act as though you're doing him a favor to ride.
4. If a woman stops and asks you if you want a ride tell her no, that you're just standing there to see the cars go by.
5. After once obtaining ride, get in back seat and act as though you're being chauffeured.
6. Never start a conversation. If the driver starts to talk to you, just grumble.
7. Be sure to light a cigarette and knock your ashes on the floor.
8. When asked where you're going, tell him that it's none of his business.
9. After reaching your destination never thank the driver, but jump quickly out of the car, slam the door so that the window glass will shatter, and make quickly off.

"Molly tells me that she is greatly in love with her new motor car!"

"Yes! Another place where man is displaced by machinery."

Judge: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

Foreman: "We have your honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane."

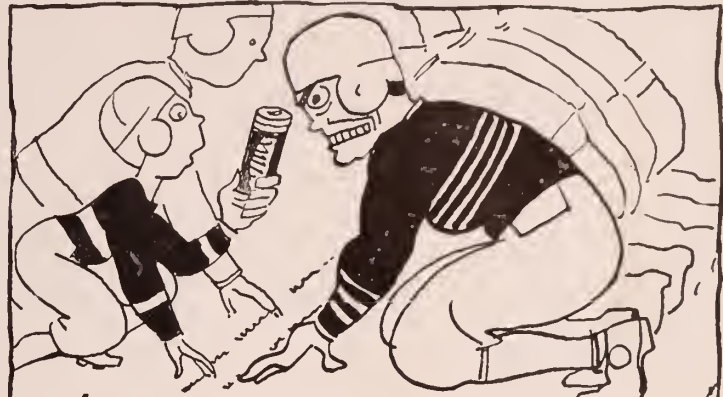
Old: "What's a censor?"

Line: "A censor is a person that can see three meanings to a joke that has only two meanings." —*Red Cat.*

"Dear Sir—I am engaged to a girl, and I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my frat house at 11 o'clock Friday night and make an explanation. Leo Line."

"Dear Leo—I have received a copy of your circular letter, and will be present at the meeting. Ed."

—*Whirlwind.*



**\$10. for a title
to this picture**

Life Savers, Inc., will pay \$10 for the most humorous title to this picture. \$5 second prize. And for the next 25 most humorous titles, 25 prizes of a box of Life Savers will be given. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Write your title on the inside of the Life Savers wrapper or on a hand drawn facsimile and mail to Contest Dept., Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. This contest is open to college students everywhere. Entries must be postmarked on or before December 1st.

THE LIFE SAVERS
CANDY WITH THE HOLE

"What do you mean by coming in so late?" demanded the angry parent.

A sudden thought came to the college youth.

"Oh, dad," he said, "I forgot to tell you—I knew you wouldn't mind—I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mother you sat up with."

A party of tourists were enjoying the wonders of the Grand Canyon. A native passing by was asked by the driver of the car:

"I say, neighbor, can you tell us what caused this terrible gorge?"

"Well, they say a Scotchman once owned a ranch near here, and one day he lost a golf ball down a gopher hole."

THE DEPRESSION

"I've got to close out all my stock at auction," complained a College Park merchant the other day. "Otherwise I may be compelled to stay in business."

"He's so stylish he wears his riding habit to pitch horse-shoes."

Four years old . . .

THIS ISSUE

- • **T**HE Class of 1933 has seen THE OLD LINE progress from its inauspicious start in 1930 to its place as an integral part of the University—all in four short years.
- The Class of 1937 will see it move in even greater strides, along with the University of which it is a part.
- We are interested in your contributions. Send them in so that each issue is not only for, but of the University. Only in this way can the magazine be kept on a plane commensurate with the Class A rating your University holds.

THE EDITORS

Your Account is Solicited
—either checking or savings—

by the

Prince Georges Bank and Trust Co.

where

complete Banking Service is maintained
for all your needs.

Banking Houses conveniently located in
both Mt. Ranier, Maryland, and Hyatts-
ville, Maryland.

J. ENOS RAY, President
Class of 1892

• If EPICUREUS

were a student
at Maryland
he would live at



The Varsity Grill

OWNER, E. F. ZALESK, Class of '25

Visitor: "Your son is making good progress with his violin. He is beginning to play quite nice tunes."

Host: "Do you really think so? We were afraid we'd merely gotten used to it."

Son: "Ma, what's the idea makin' me sleep on the mantelpiece every night?"

Mother: "Hush, sonny, you only have to sleep there two more weeks and then your picture will be in 'Believe it or Not'."

She: "You hardly speak to me any more, and you used to call me your heart's desire."

He: "Yeah, delight that failed."

"I understand you've got your divorce Mandy. Did you get alimony?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, but my husband done give me a first class reference."

An Irishman was strolling through a cemetery, amusing himself reading the inscriptions on the headstones, when he came upon one which was carved thus: "Not Dead But Sleeping."

"Begorra," said Mike, "that guy ain't foolin' nobody but himself."

A decorative advertisement for Maurice Joyce Engraving Company. The text is centered within an ornate, Art Deco-style border. The border features geometric patterns and circular motifs. The text reads:

maurice
JOYCE
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
| W.W. WARFEL |
MANAGER

Since 1877
a complete
photo-engraving
service for
publications

STAR BLDG.
DI - 3452

IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
 FOR FRANK BUCK TO
 "BRING-EM-BACK ALIVE!"



● ABOVE — FRANK BUCK has lugged tons of rhinos, tigers, and gorillas across the Pacific. He has to keep his nerves healthy to follow his strange occupation of capturing wild animals alive!

● WHETHER YOU'RE ON A HOLIDAY, or hard at work, you'll find that Camels are better for steady smoking.

● FRANK BUCK HAS SMOKED his way around the globe with Camels. He says, "I am a steady Camel smoker. Camels are milder, and they don't upset my nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"Bringing 'em back alive is a job packed with thrills, excitement, and real danger," says Frank Buck. "I am a heavy smoker, as you noticed if you saw my picture, 'Bring 'em Back Alive,' but I can smoke all I want because I smoke Camels. They do not upset my nerves. I prefer their mild, rich flavor, too."

* * *

Turn to Camels and find out for yourself how true it is that Camel's costlier tobaccos taste better...and do not jangle the nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You'll appreciate the mildness ... the flavor... the added pleasure in costlier tobaccos.



Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

Copyright, 1933,
 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

**NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
 NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

The Old Line

December, 1933



LITTMAN

• Christmas Issue •

\$10. for a title to this picture

Life Savers, Inc., will pay \$10 for the most humorous title to this picture. \$5 second prize. And for the next 25 most humorous titles, 25 prizes of a box of Life Savers will be given. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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The LIFE SAVERS
CANDY WITH THE SWEET HOLE

How Hollywood Would Write Our Catalogue

At Last The Perfect Class!
ECONOMICS!

Starring PROFESSOR BREADLINE.
He Thrilled You in Money and Credit—
You Wept With Him in Banking—
But You'll Adore Him in
Economics—

Driven to Despair, The Hero Throws Aside
All Rules of Convention
In A Startling Exposition of
Diminishing Returns!
This Class Had A Nine-Month Run Last Year!
Sign Up For It!

Critics Acclaim It!
Everyone's Wild Over It!
It Will Take Your Breath Away!
Let the Inimitable PROFESSOR PSYCHO—
The Professor Who Knows All—
Unfold To You The Elements Of
PSYCHOLOGY!

A Special Feature!
An Extra Super Attraction!
Hypnotism!

See With Your Own Eyes
A Student, Under This Man's Power
Pet An Eraser For A Cat!
It's Stupendous!
He's Got Dracula Beat!
Don't Let Yourself Miss It!
It's Colossal!

The Associated Corporation Of Maryland Magistri

Present

As It's Never Been Presented Before—

HISTORY!

With That Extra Something!

Featuring

DOCTOR JABLE!

He'll Make You Blush—
And Love It!

Get A New Concept of Medieval Life!
Everybody's Taking It In—
Join The Crowd!

Producer's note: Due to the character of this class, only adults will be admitted.

BARBARA LEE

Any guy who calls his sweetheart his treasure generally appoints himself bank examiner. —*Yellow Jacket.*

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once. —*Chicago Phoenix.*

The bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the room. When asked what was the matter, she replied: "I certainly thought we would get a room to ourselves." —*Skipper.*



DINNERS
SANDWICHES AND BEER
DANCING EVERY NITE
5 P.M. TILL 1 A.M.

The

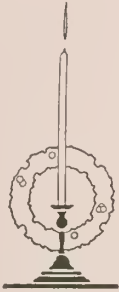
TIP TOE INN

NO COVER
CHARGE

Manager
T. J. SLOSS

4211 RHODE ISLAND AVENUE
BRENTWOOD, M.D.

... Greetings ...



God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!
You've earned your rest, now take it;
And sleep till close of day.

For Christmas comes but once a year,
And New Year's follows soon.
And though the breezes may be cold--
That don't affect the moon.

So we wish you a Christmas "Eve"--
Be sure to treat her swell.
And as for seminars and books,
Consign them all to ----.

A Merry Christmas! Raise the sign--
The wassail bowl o'erflowing!
It may sound like the same "Old Line"
But our hearts are truly glowing!

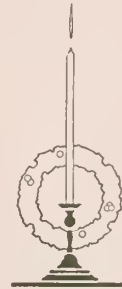


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THE OLD LINE

FOUNDED 1930

VOL. 4

DECEMBER 18, 1933

No. 2

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Copyright applied for

... The New Line ...

"The Line of least resistance."

Worshipping from afar

FROM the room in the top of Morrill Hall in which we tri-weekly flaunt a golden opportunity to learn a bit of French, we can, by straining a pair of sleep-fogged eyes just a trifle, barely make out on the hazy horizon a tiny dot, which is the lofty spires and flying buttresses of the Washington Cathedral, a good ten miles away. As the short wintry afternoon begins to wane, the little dot, though almost microscopic in size, becomes imposing in black relief against a background of deepening orange. In a couple of hours, as soon as it gets dark, they will turn on the brilliant star over Bethlehem Chapel, just as they do every year at Christmas time, and the daytime clatter of traffic below it will give way to the low, steady hum of a city settling to rest.

We'll wager that could we remain at our post until darkness enveloped everything but that star, we'd probably lose about ninety-eight per cent of our vaunted collegiate hardness and sophistication somewhere out in that ten miles, and that we'd begin to wish that Christmas weren't so much of tinsel, and ribbon, and price tags

But we can't—we haven't the time. And then we hear you scoffing, "But this is supposed to be a *humorous* magazine."

And so we, as best we may, acquiesce.

"Harvard indifference"

UP Cambridge way, the local gentry is annoyed to the point of dipsomania by an old tradition—an institution if you please—known far and wide as "Harvard Indifference." As nearly as can be ascertained, this quality of "Harvard Indifference" is somewhat akin to dementia praecox as purveyed in Southern Maryland, political pettifoggery in Washington, or the gentle art of apple polishing in the environs of College Park. But this thing of indifference is something more than a mere abstract quality to John Harvard. Not satisfied with covering himself with it as a cloak, he practices it as an avocation.

Just as soon as you are sufficiently entangled in the above as to have a genuine desire to find out just what this "Harvard Indifference" is all about, without further browsing about this department, flip the pages over to a full page concrete illustration of the subject in hand,

lined by the ingenious pen of Stephen M. Burnett, Art Editor of the *Harvard Lampoon*.

But like a modernistic painting or a pair of trim ankles, this drawing must be stared at to be appreciated. A little observation, however, will reveal that not only has Mr. Burnett caught the elusive and abstract quality in all its glory, but that he has mixed in a fair amount of humor in the doing thereof.

For those who have never seen the *Lampoon*, we might add that this style of drawing (of which "Burny's" is an outstanding example) is characteristic of that magazine and is used exclusively throughout. Looks something like an illustration from an old volume of Dickens, doesn't it?

Don't let the drawing take all your attention, though, for the accompanying letter on the opposite page is an astounding and daring exposé of just how the wheels go 'round in Cambridge. It's mutiny, that's what it is!

But soft you now! Already I hear a coed say, "Well, if that's what the men at Harvard look like, I"

Ah me!

December curb market

CHRISTMAS shopping being the jocular form of assault and battery that it is, as far as we are concerned, Grandpa will just have to do without his reinforced-toe-and-heel woolen socks until the comparative peace of the riotous January sales. And that goes for Aunt Mathilde and that volume of *Mickey Mouse* she was wanting too. Of course we made a couple of half-hearted trips downtown to try to buy 'em, but to no avail. Our first taste of the protruding elbows and trampling feet of the department store mobs usually sends us dazed and dispirited for the sidewalks, where the surge of humanity runs in swifter and more orderly channels. But we admit that we are easily discouraged, for once upon the pavements we can take up our favorite form of Christmas shopping, which is even more effortless and economical than window shopping, almost unopposed. You might perhaps call it one of our idiosyncrasies, but to us it's more or less of a pastime. It simply consists in flitting from corner to corner, observing the men who, by a sort of squatter sovereignty, preempt the vantage points at the busier intersections, and exploit the more gullible element of a mad populace with totally useless and superfluous knick-knacks. The

wares of the exploiters hold no allurements for us; the attraction lies solely in watching to discover whether the raucous spiels of the vendors or the intelligence of the milling, jostling crowds will gain the upper hand.

The fellow we saw at 13th and F had surrounded himself with a very attractive display of those little toy ducks, constructed from balloons and standing on their own flat feet, waddling realistically in the December breezes. Another of the hawkers had his stand in a little *cul-de-sac* between two stores up on 9th Street from which he was unloading toy saxophones on that portion of the people, which, according to P. T. Barnum, can be fooled *all* of the time. His customers just couldn't seem to understand why he could play the things and they couldn't. There is always practically the same run of hawkers, but the stock in trade varies with the season, razor-blade sharpeners, metal polish, fountain pens, and artificial flowers varying the market in turn, and keeping the eye of the sucker from straying away from the bait.

A little survey into business conditions with the fellow selling the little balloon ducks was somewhat disheartening, disclosing that, to quote him as nearly as possible, "Well, bein' out in the open air this way, I don't have no overhead, and bein' that these cardboard feet o' me ducks is weighted, I don't have no turnover, neither—heh, heh. But if it wasn't for this, now, inflation, I just wouldn't have no business at all. Heh, heh." That was quite suffi-

cient to send us hurrying, nettled and annoyed, to the next corner, where a war vet had pulled a good crowd by means of his dexterity in changing pennies into dimes, blue dots into red ones, and three dots into two with the aid of little wooden paddles (price two bits) and no little sleight of hand. The unoffending public was taking a beating on this one too.

But it all looks encouraging to us. Two or three years ago those same corners were occupied by haggard men vending big red apples and now, . . . Yes, things are picking up; the public is spending its money foolishly again.

Neckwear noose . . .

IF we may take the word of W. E. Farbstein in *Life*, sixty-five per cent of all the men's neckwear sold in the United States is purchased by women. Accordingly, we might draw the conclusion that sixty-five per cent of all the men's collars sold in this country are of size 12½, or thereabouts—but that's beside the point. Despite the seeming irrelevancy of all this, having taken note of the season of the year, we thought it only just to warn you. As for us, we're specifying bows, if it must be ties, as the small area exposed to view could hardly offend anyone, no matter what we get. But if it's all the same to the relatives, we'll take just plain money, thank you, and best wishes to you all!

No cat has nine tails;
One cat has one more tail than no cat
Therefore, One cat has ten tails.

A FRESHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY

No fraternity is all bad;
One fraternity is better than—
another
Therefore, My fraternity is quite all
right. —*The Intercollegian.*

Officer (to couple in parked auto):
Don't you see that sign—Fine for
parking?

Sure, officer, I see it and heartily
agree with it.

You tell 'em graduate, you've senior
days.



"Say, Ikey, isn't dot Heetler down dere?"

"Vell, vell, so eet ees."

"Vell, vot ve vaiting for?"

Young: "My girl's a brick."
Youngster: "Mine's a hard baby,
too." —*Log.*

Soph: Will you give us ten cents to
help the Old Ladies' Home?

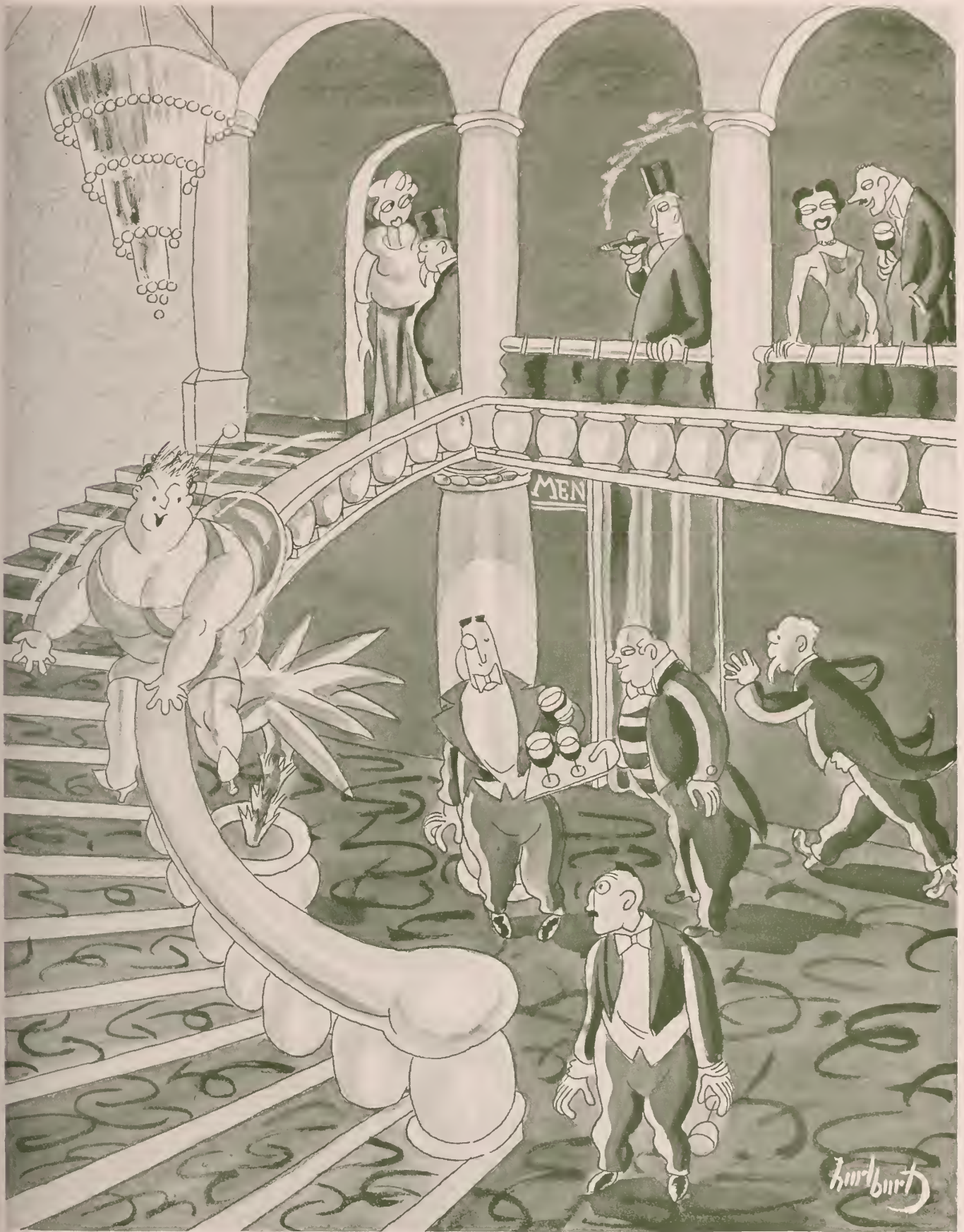
Frosh: What, are they out again?
—*Indiana Bored Walk.*

The nurse entered the professor's
room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up from his
desk. "Well," he said, "What does he
want?" —*Exchange.*

Famous Surgeon: I have been treat-
ing men for ten years and have never
heard a complaint. What does that
prove?

Voice from the rear: Dead men tell
no tales. —*Blue Gator.*



"Catch me, Henry, or I'll leave you flat."

Courtesy Pennsylvania Punch Bow

Hamlet's Holiday

An Unusual Christmas Short Story

By HARRY P. SIGELMAN

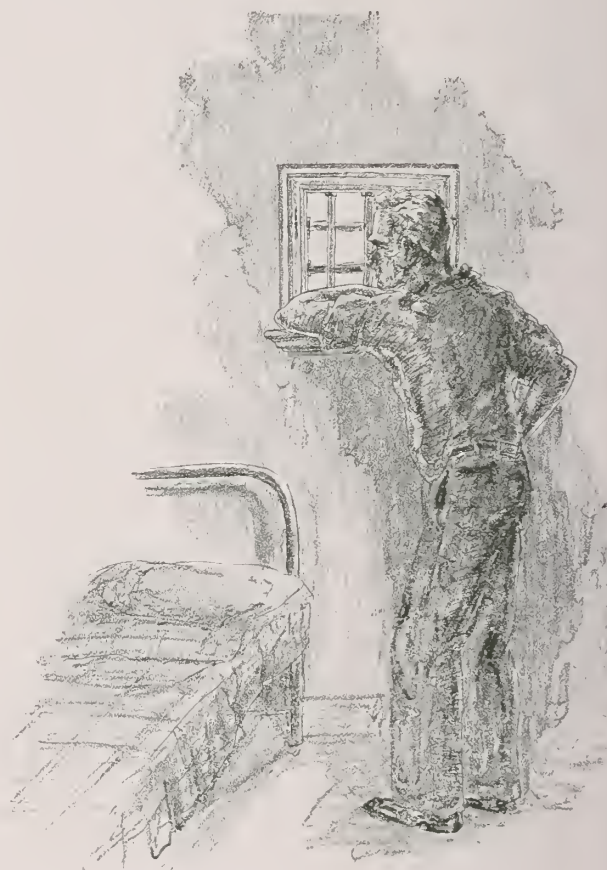
IT was Christmas morning, Dr. Felix Jordan sat at his desk, his eyes fixed intently on a pink check which he held out before him. He was seated body bent forward, with arms resting on his desk. He was motionless, thinking, thinking hard: "A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, anytime. Well, the insurance company had finally settled after an eternity of investigations, endless correspondence, and irritating personal interviews with exasperating little adjusters. They had paid reluctantly, but there it was at last—one hundred thousand dollars." He lifted his head and gazed absently through the window.

"Funny," he thought, "how it had all happened so suddenly. My borrowing those state funds and losing them; then asking the old man for help knowing he didn't have any money. Next thing I knew he was killed in a hotel fire. It was a shock at first, then the incomplete identification, the red tape with the insurance company, and now a check for more than I need. I wonder, did he really try to kill himself? The only casualty in a small fire. He hadn't been very happy—a charge of unethical practice against him and the disgrace of the revocation of his license so long ago had almost broken him. He loved this profession so he pinned his hopes on me. Then, when he learned what I did—maybe he meant to burn—plenty of nerve alright, but he had it. Well, now I can square my accounts, mourn him respectfully for a bit longer, and thank heaven and the old man that I didn't get caught. Then the chief retires next spring. I suppose the old man thought of all that too. Well, he lived his seventy years, now I'll live mine. Thanks, dad, and Merry Christmas."

Dr. Jordan folded the check carefully and placed it in his pocket. As he sat looking out over the snow-covered grounds while his fingers tapped the desk, a white-coated interne entered, leading an old man. Dr. Jordan did not turn or look up as the two came in. The old man was haggard and dirty, a grizzly grey beard covered his peaked features. His clothes were torn and muddy, and his thin frame was bent forward. He mumbled incoherently, looking about him and gesticulating nervously with bony hands, between words.

"Dr. Jordan," began the interne, "here's a case that the police picked up last night. He seems entirely confused; doesn't know who he is in fact. Strange thing, Doctor, he was seen prowling about your house when he was taken in."

Jordan started suddenly, as if awakened by a loud crash. He stood up and whirled about, facing the pair.



At the sight of the elder man, his eyes opened wide, his body swayed slightly, and he grasped the back of his chair before he could fully recover his composure. He was about to rush toward the old fellow who was then wandering aimlessly about the room, obviously insensible to his surroundings, when he remembered the presence of the interne. As Jordan stood following the patient about with his eyes, his mind went back to the check in his pocket, his only salvation from disgrace. He thought of the shameful exposure for embezzlement, of his practice, his family. Then he wished that his father had remained dead. "Why," he asked himself, "must this living ghost come to torment me? But wait, there is a way, a dangerous one, but a chance. Chances had to be taken now. If it would only work—but there was no time to lose." He turned to his assistant in his usual professional manner.

"You say, Blair, that he can't be identified?"

"No sir," replied the interne, "There's not a scrap of identification on his person; the police examined him. The old boy can't answer a question, so it looks like another John Doe."

Dr. Jordan rubbed his chin, then he walked to his father's side and held his arm lightly as he questioned him. The old man only stared blankly at his son and said nothing—only grinned and drew away.

"He's pretty old, I guess. It's no doubt senile dementia. Alright, take these notes for his chart, there's nothing more we can do now." Jordan's hand trembled perceptibly as he helped his father off with his clothing preparatory to an examination. He glanced furtively behind him, and could not but smile at his own cunning when he saw that Blair was seated with back turned ready to record the notes. Jordan looked at his father, a huge lump formed in his throat, for a moment he despised himself. "I'm digging my father a grave for Christmas, but there's no other way. He's insane, isn't he? It's better to have him here under my eye. He'd want it this way if he could know, poor dad, I wish you were really dead rather than like this, but you'll save us all. I'll look out for you, but your name must remain dead."

"Alright, Blair, case number 6462. Name, John Doe the fourth. Age, about 65. Height—get on the scale Mr. Doe." He adjusted the measuring bar. It registered five feet and eight inches. "Height," he repeated, "five feet, ten inches. Condition of body—undernourished. Color of eyes"—he looked into a pair of dazed blue eyes, then said quickly—"brown." Then Jordan's eyes fell on a familiar pear-shaped birthmark on the right forearm. He quickly placed a hand over it. He turned again to see if Blair had noticed—no, he was still writing. "No marks, scars or bruises apparent. Psychosis, probably senile dementia."

Blair wrote obediently and read what he had written as the patient fumblingly replaced his clothing.

"That will be all, Blair. Just send in an attendant and have this man taken to the receiving building. Give him a private room for the time being. You may as well leave if you've made your rounds."

"Thank you, and Merry Christmas, Doctor," said Blair as he hurried out, leaving Jordan staring mutely at his father.

The heavy oak door of a dimly-lighted room in the receiving building closed behind John Doe the fourth. The new occupant looked toward the closed door, then he slowly turned to survey his surroundings. His gaze fell on the barred windows, and as he stood looking out, his body straightened up for the first time. His eyes glistened with tears which trickled slowly down through the mat of hair on his cheeks. He looked to the closed door and back again to the grated window. Then from the inner folds of his clothing he brought out two wads of paper which he unfolded with trembling hands. He looked down at the last few lines of the first paper; it was a letter:

"I know now that I should never have done it, and if I am found out I shall be disgraced forever. You must help me, dad, I have no alternative.

Your son,
Felix."

The second was a short newspaper clipping announcing the death in a fire of Martin Jordan, age sixty-one.

Martin Jordan began slowly to tear the paper into tiny bits which fluttered to his feet. When the last scrap lay on the floor, he lifted his head again to the window. A low sob came from his throat, his head drooped forward, and he uttered one word, "Hamlet."

Chuck: Why so blue?

Bud: Oh, I just drank a can of radiator paint.

Chuck: Well you should feel blue, its a wonder you haven't dyed and I know you feel guilty inside.

Judge (to prisoner): "How big was the brick that hit you? Was it as big as my head?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, but not so thick."

Mind is superior to matter when there is nothing the matter.



John Held Jr.

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxy' in it?"

Little Willie (age six): "No."

—*Columbia Jester.*

We always did say that a queen in the lap was better than an ace up your sleeve.

WHEN MAY WEST STYLES ARRIVE

Husband (house-hunting): Do you think, dear, we can get our piano through this door?

Wife: I wasn't thinking so much of the piano as I was of my new hat.



Three wise men following a star.

Just think, Don tried to put his arm around me four times last night.

What an arm! _____ —*Mercury.*

First Stewd: Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?

Second Stewd: He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon. —*Malteaser.*

He: Gee, that punch tastes good—but them dam fish get in your way. _____ —*Punch Bowl.*

Customer: How does it happen that the potatoes on the top of that last sackful that I bought from you were so much larger than the ones on the bottom?

Grocer: Oh, that's simple. That kind of potatoes grow so fast that by the time they've dug a sackful, the last ones are twice as big as the first ones.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

*I can't understand why other guys say
That a fratney key on li'l gal's breast
Looks better by far than on the guy's rest.*

*Erotic play is a pleasant pastime
For those who ignore bells at classtime.*

*A kiss in the dark may bring delight,
But not half the scandal as one in the light.*

The little girl came running to her mother, breathless. "What are you so excited about, dear?" asked her mother, smiling.

"I just saw June kissing Albert."

"That's all right," answered her mother, "they are announcing their engagement this Sunday."

"Oh." Then thoughtfully, "Mother, when will papa and our cook announce their engagement?"

Moons, Pilgrims and Deadlines

An ex-columnist writes on nothing and covers his subject thoroughly

By BILL NEEDHAM

(As dictated to his secretary)

(Editor's Note: As we dope it out, the italic indentations in the following article were inserted by Mr. Needham's secretary. Figure it out for yourself.)

Mr. Herbert Allison,
Editor, THE OLD LINE.

Dear Drain of the Sink of Iniquity:

I have at hand yours of the 4th, 5th, and 6th instants requesting observance of deadline of the 3rd. Beg to note that you have stated in *three separate letters* that your magazine has already gone to press.

Under those circumstances, I feel compelled to decline your invitation to submit an article for publication.

However, firmly convinced that you lie in your teeth on all points, and being of the profound conviction that your magazine has *not* gone to press, I proffer the following comma to wit colon

Evening approaches. Evening approaches somewhat faster. This must be mailed by special delivery. Hours pass It is now night. This is being dictated to a stenographer who writes furiously, her eyes on the clock.

(The liar!)

There is no clock There might be a clock if we had money to buy one, but there is none. There is no stenographer.

(The man's mad!)

It's all a dream. Did you ever see a dream walking? I must mail this by special delivery. It is still night. Brother Williams lieth abed. Time passes.

(This is the worst he's ever been!)

He snores, albeit softly and with due regard to the proprieties. No fuss and feathers. It is still night. It approaches 3. "Good evening," says one of the three. The other two pass on. It is still night.

(Omgosh!)

Were we inclined to poesy we would consider at length the fact that, off in the West, like a yellow balloon suspended before a back-drop of smoky black velvet, hangs a cold December moon.

(Encouraging. The man has a spark of intelligence!)

But we're not inclined to poesy. We grant you the

moon and we grant you December, but combining the two makes an *unusual* moon . . . some sort of a special moon, reserved for December and no other month. And that's wrong.

(Sometimes I wonder about this man!)

But we've nothing against December. . . . Christmas comes near the end of it, and relatives send you Uncle Henry's new necktie that he's never worn. . . . But just to set aside a special moon for it, for no reason at all, is unfair to the industry.

(My Gosh! What industry?)

Moons in other months, now, are different. Take June. . . . Without June moons, song writers would starve, and, what with unemployment and all, the country would be in a terrible state if a couple of thousand song writers, all starving, were dumped in its lap.

And August. . . . August moons are a sort of anti-climax to June moons. If she believed you in June, the chances are 100-1 she'll doubt you in August, and it takes at *least* one good moon to convince her.

November moons, too. . . . We've got to work one in somewhere for Thanksgiving, if only out of courtesy to the Pilgrims. It may mean cutting down on things here and there, if the market is tight, and economizing. But a full moon has made Pilgrims out of a lot of people.

But, to our way of thinking, there's nothing about December that merits a moon. It may not have been cold for the Pilgrims but it's a little bit uncomfortable for this younger generation.

(Sblood! I wish he'd stop his pacing!)

No. . . . It's decided! No moons for December.

It approaches 4. Brother Williams still lieth abed. The tempo of his snore has increased noticeably. Brother Williams and Morpheus are rounding the home stretch. He's a little out of condition since he gave up working. Morpheus, we should say, is about a nightmare ahead. Dawn is breaking in the East.

(He is crazy! Dawn breaking at 4 a.m. in December!)

Our moon is looking a trifle dissatisfied with things. We doubt if he approves of the noise Brother Williams is making.

(I'd like to get to bed sometime tonight. Maybe if I can get him to work in the sun in the next paragraph, I can go home.)

Our moon isn't looking like a yellow balloon, either. A bit pale around the gills. And the smoky black velvet

back-drop has turned to gun-metal blue. Perhaps the world is waking up.

Maybe we'll go to bed.

And mail this special delivery . . . a little later on.
G'day, Moon!

How can you possibly cross the street when the cars keep coming along like this?
—Answers.

“Where do the flies go in the winter time?”
“Search me.”
“No thanks, I just wanted to know.”

A O Pi: “I don't like her attitude on life.”
Sister: “How come?”
A O Pi: “If the shoe fits, she borrows it.”

AT THE COLISEUM

Foist: “That forward reminds me of my nose.”
Second: “How come?”
Foist: “Always dribblin'.”

1st: “Say, mister, what happened to the girl in the cotton stockings?”
2nd: “Nothing, sir.”

“I'm the cream of the country.”
“Yes, you are a little thick.”

The woman who carved a niche for herself in the hall of fame, now has a daughter who chisels anywhere she can.

Drunk at the door: Will you tell me where the other side of the street is?
Woman: Across the street of course.
Sot: That's what they told me over there.
—Battalion



“Does Isadore Fishbaum live here?”

Generally speaking, the women are generally speaking.

“I don't mind washing dishes for you,” wailed the hen-pecked husband. “I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floor, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby.”
—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

First Angel: How did you get here?
Second Angel: Flu.

Of course, you've heard of the nervous carpenter who bit his nails.

ECHO

I lored a maid,
And fair was she.
Yet, I knew not
If she lored me.

I kissed her once,
She ran away.
I gare her chase,
And bade her stay.

She stopped and turned,
And looked at me.
I was surprised
Her tears to see.

In humble tone
I asked, “Forgive?
Thou art my lore,
For thee I live.

“For what I stole
I do despair,
I had no right
That deed to dare.”

She touched my hand
And trembling spake,
“There's more for thee
If thou wouldst take.”

And so I did.
And then I knew—
As I lored her,
She lored me, too.

"Are you acquainted with the 'Barber of Seville'?"

"No, my dear boy, I'm not. But, then, as a rule I shave myself."

—*Detroit News.*

Drowning soul: "Don't rescue me. I want to die."

Rescuer: "Well you'll have to postpone it. I want a life-saving medal."

—*Pathfinder.*

He: "I hope you'll dance with me tonight?"

She: "Oh, rather! I hope you don't think I came here merely for pleasure."

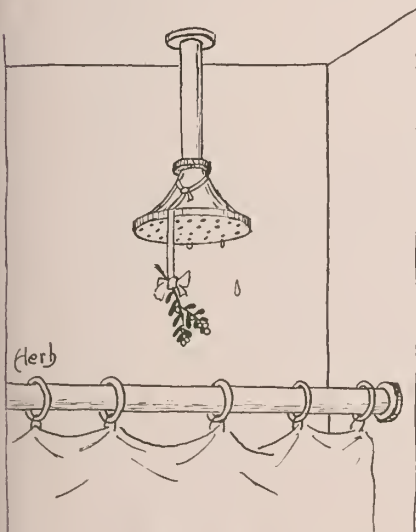
—*Tid Bits.*

Conductor: "Can't you see that sign, 'No Smoking?'"

Sailor: Sure, mate, that's plain enough, but there are so many dippy signs here. One says, "Wear Nemo Corsets." So I ain't paying attention to any of them. —*Annapolis Log.*

Voice Over Telephone: Hello, hello—this is Judge Babington Peterson McFeatherson the third. Will you please tell my son, Cravenwood Rutherford McFeatherson the fourth, that his father would like to speak to him?

Frosh: Hey, Mac, your old man wants to talk to you. —*Exchange.*



"Egad, Lady Whiffenpoop, a most unusual place to hang the mistletoe, don't y' know?"



"Oh, don't mind us, we're just looking around."

He: "You've a faculty for making love."

She: "Oh—no—only a student body."
—*The Satyr.*

Then there's the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank was asked to endorse his check, and wrote, "I heartily endorse this check."
—*Purple Cow.*

"Abner," said the farmer to his son, "go out to the barn and hitch up the horse to the old buggy."

"Why not the new one?" asked Abner.

"'Cause I always believe in using up the old first," answered the father.

"In that case," replied Abner, "why don't you go out yourself and hitch up the buggy?"
—*Punch Bowl.*

1st Coed: Did you pass that exam honestly?

2nd Coed: Sure. When I kissed the professor I meant it. —*Punch Bowl.*

Commoner: "Let's start a new religion."

George Bernard Shaw: "All right, I'll be God." —*Tusculum Tuscum.*

Oh: "I found out Garbo doesn't love me."

Yeah: "Oh, do you know her?"

Oh: "No, I just tried it on a daisy."
—*Dirge.*

MORE BRIDGE WORK

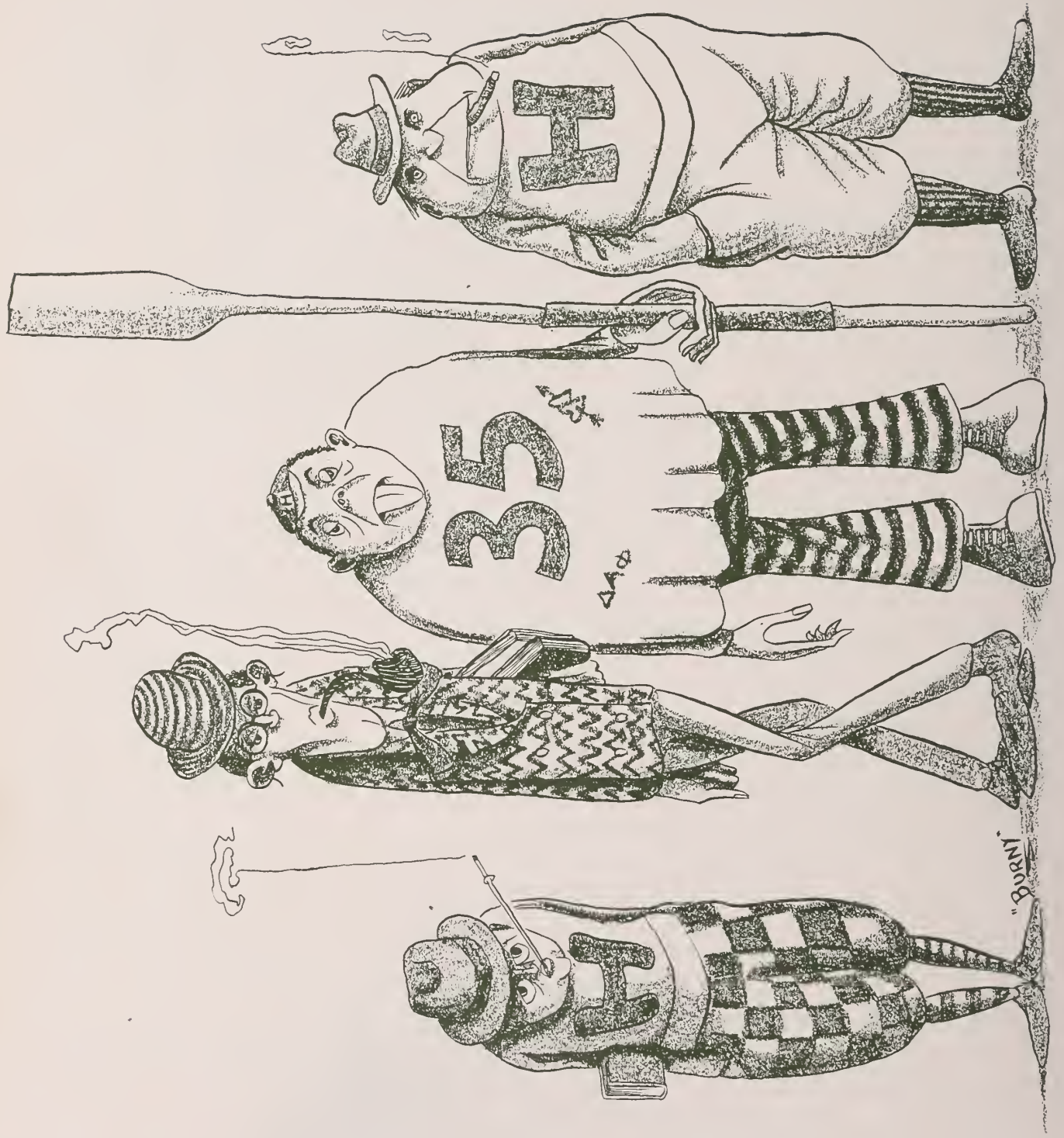
Hello! Is this the city bridge department?

Yes. What can we do for you?

How many points do you get for a little slam?
—*Pelican.*

*She refused to kiss,
She refused to pet,
So this little miss
Ain't a missus yet.*

*Early to bed
Early to rise
Would spoil the fun
Of a lot of guys.*



“Havahd Indifference”

Drawn for the Old Line by Stephen M. Burnett

With Our Contemporary Artists



"Burny" as seen by himself.

STEPHEN M. BURNETT, *Art Editor of the Harvard LAMPOON*, graciously consents to act as "Guest Artist" for this issue, giving an unusual interpretation of "HARVARD INDIFFERENCE" on the opposite page, a caricature of himself to the left, and a very enlightening epistle containing what every Harvard man should know.

The Harvard LAMPOON

Burnett's Letter

Dear Littman:

Last Thursday night, just after my election as Art Editor of the *Lampoon*, Sidney Carroll told me about your idea of running drawings by the art editors of other magazines, and gave me your letter. I congratulate you on the swell idea, and hope my contribution will be of use to you. I'm especially glad to get this chance to do something for you, since I've been cramped down by the *Lampoon's* exaggerated conservatism ever since I began to work for it. I haven't been able yet to express a single opinion of my own.

Now that I'm a senior I feel that it's about time to let off steam. Here goes!

All the undergraduate activities around here are run by dirty fraternity politics, and the leaders are all figure-heads like Carroll, shoved into offices by their fraternities. Carroll is the President of the *Lampoon* because he is popular with the Alpha Phi boys and because he came from Boston Latin School, which is the *ne plus ultra* of Harvard preps; the student council is run by the Alpha Deltas; and Sigma Nu monopolizes the *Crimson*, the Harvard

daily. I'm supposed to consider myself lucky to be Art Editor of the *Lampoon* without belonging to the fraternity that controls it, Alpha Phi, but the job actually amounts to doing all the dirty work for Carroll, who loafs around and looks important. (Incidentally, "Windy" Carroll has seen and approved this complete article. You can reprint verbatim, because it's really about time that *some* suppressed Lampooner spilled the dirt. I'm the first Middle-Westerner ever to make an office around here, as far as I know, and I'm starting the revolution right now!)

Well, so much for the sordid politics. I notice that you also want the low-down on the sex situation around here. Now that the Junior Prom is in the offing, we're all beginning to shine our shoes (for once) and save the pennies. Most of the fellows here date Radcliffe girls or debs from Boston, but I'll take the women from Wellesley any time! Whether they're blondes, brunettes, or redheads doesn't make much difference to me. (Notice, suh, that I'm being a trifle more outspoken than the *Punch Bowl's* Mr. Bogert!)

The supposed tradition about the well-dressed Harvard man is so much

bunk. The latest fad to hit the campus is green plus-fours, usually worn with white sweaters and pea-jackets. Wow! The varsity men wear their letters on their sweaters. One remarkable thing about Harvard is the way a fad sweeps the campus, or "camp." Last year everyone was wearing corduroy pants, and now it's green plus-fours. HOTCHA!

The Harvard reputation for scholarship is completely unjustified. (While I'm on the rampage, I might as well do things up brown!) The grinds around here are few and far between, and they usually come from the hick places like Groton and Andover. It is they who keep the library going by taking out books overtime. Those of us who really keep things going, the high-schoolers and a very few fellows from the West ("furriners," as we're called in fun) gather our rosebuds while we may. (And let me tell you that we sure may!) Our favorite hangout is famous Holyoke Lane, best spot for an evening *walk* and *talk* with Radcliffe or Wellesley girls.

Well, that's a picture of Harvard for you. It's got plenty of faults, but I like the old joint. I'll be seein' ya sometime!

STEPHEN M. BURNETT, '34.



Artist: "Quit staring at me like that, you make me nervous."

A girl is sometimes like money in a closed bank—the figure looks like a million dollars but you can't get your hands on it. —Exchange.

Teacher: "Tell me the truth now, Eric. Who did your home exercise?"
 "Father."
 "Quite Alone?"
 "No, I helped him with it."
 —Muskete.

A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.
 —Mugwump.

She's so dumb, she thinks a quarter-back is a 25c refund.

*A Freshman from the Amazon
 Put nightie of his Gramazon:
 The reason's that
 He was too fat
 To get his own Pajamazon.*

—Washington Columns.

According to a typographical error in an economic text, a blond is a claim on wealth.
 —Punch Bowl.

DEAD BEAT

I thought you said you was going to send us a chicken for dinner Sunday? So I was, but it got better.

—Pelican.

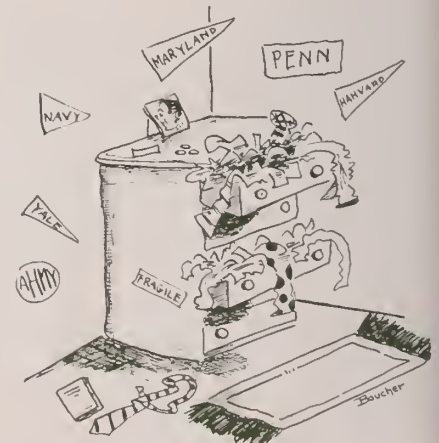
Somy, when you grow up I want you to be a gentleman.

But I don't want to be a gentleman, Pop, I wanna be like you.

We heard the Library was raided last week. They found liquor in the dictionary.

The following humor has been suggested for the 1933 Hall of Fame for Jokes (not because it was born in 1933, but because it was popular during the year).

1. "Vas you dere, Charlie?"
2. I . . . in this coffee. (That is a horrid word.)
3. SoooOOOooOOoh.
4. Full-page cartoons in the Old Line about camels.
5. Freshmen signing things saying that Sophomores must obey Rat Rules (Freshman Regulations to Dr. Pearson).
6. All jokes about the "big bad wolf" being dragged in to starve with the rest of the family.
7. All other meanings of the letters—N.R.A.
8. All professors' jokes.
9. All jokes about professors' jokes.
10. Eleven percent of the jokes about procrastination.
11. This stuff.



The Community Chest

—about Cigarettes



Of all the ways
in which tobacco is used
the cigarette is the
mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is
*the cigarette that's milder
the cigarette that tastes better*

Chesterfield

They Satisfy.. just try them



104
LITMAN
COURTESY OF
SIBBY COHN

HEY! This — pent house idea has gone far enough!"

Books



FOR the first time since this department was established we received the other day a book marked "For Review." The package, on which this message was marked, was a little one, but we felt sure that the OLD LINE must be really arriving. It turned out to be a small book entitled *Fifty-six Ways to Prepare Meat*. We are debating whether to present it to the Grill or to the dining hall.

Looking around for something more appropriate to the OLD LINE, even though somewhat less available, we landed on two that will be read quite a lot in the next few months. Walpole's *Vanessa*, is the latest, and I think last, book of a series centering about the Herries family. This novel, like the others in the series, is complete in itself. *Vanessa*, as you may have guessed, is the name of the principal character.

The story opens in 1874 on the one hundredth birthday of Judith Herries, who also dies on this day. *Vanessa* is fifteen at this time and at Judith's birthday celebration she meets Benje. Benje is the black sheep of another branch of the Herries family, but *Vanessa* falls in love with him. Before they can get married, however, Benje is forced to marry another woman, and *Vanessa* turns to marriage with Sir Ellis Herries for consolation. However, Sir Ellis goes insane and *Vanessa* runs away to Cumberland with Benje. Here she bears him a daughter, Sally, who holds the center of the stage for the last two hundred pages of the book. One of the most brilliant pieces of writing in the book is the description of a storm which caught *Vanessa* and her half brother Tom in the hills of Cumberland. High wind and storm converts a pleasant hillside into a dangerous, cold, and treacherous enemy. Tom finds shelter for *Vanessa* but not for himself. He gives her his coat and sweater to keep her warm, and in the gale, he himself is blown off a precipice to his death.

If you have ever wondered what it would be like to take part in one of the numerous South American revolutions, *The Scarlet Flower* by Thomas Rourke will give you a chance to find out. Philip Barnes is an American engineer in charge of some oil field explorations and road building in what is called Puerto Santos. The country is under the

control of a dictator, who, while occasionally torturing some of his subjects for disagreeing with his politics, has generally managed to keep order and permit normal business operations. Such a person naturally stirred up some opposition, and by chance Philip fell in with some members of the secret revolutionary society. Through the influence of a Spanish girl, Raquel Ryan, he "enlists" as a member of the revolutionary party, which is composed of a temporary union of the Church party and the Anti-clerical party. By occasional bribes, much flattery, and diplomacy, he is able to smuggle in some high power guns marked as "drilling machinery."

The girl Raquel has been living with him for some time, helping in the Cause, to which she seems to be inspired by the memory of one Emilio Salazar, who had started several of the preceding revolutions. The military operations are successful. The dictator skips out on his yacht with all the gold he can get. The provisional government is set up with the General of the combined revolutionary movements as President. A few days later he is killed by the Anti-clerical party, which proceeds to sack and destroy the churches. A week or so later the Church party comes into power and proceeds to reduce the Anti-clericals to very small pieces indeed. By the end of all these events Raquel has been sentenced to a concentration camp for five years and Philip has been deported.

The story, wild and adventurous as it is, is made more interesting by the close and careful description of the methods of the revolutionaries and of the life of an American engineer stationed in the tropics.

The dialog, incidents, and character are much like Hemingway's, but the general tone is not quite so morbid.

If Christmas books are in your mind, you might look at *The Sixth New Yorker Album*, to be presented to carefully selected recipients. There is also a book of cartoons of *The Little King*, by Soglow, which almost any light-hearted person would be glad to receive.

More serious Christmas books are the monumental *Anthony Adverse*, which is safe, because nobody ever finishes it in time to lend it to anybody else; Galsworthy's last, *One More River*; Dorothy Parker's *After Such Pleas-*

ures, which has been a Washington best seller; and Maurice Hindus's *The Great Offensive*, which is the least offensive of the books now coming out about Russia.

The December Book-of-the-Month club selection is a lively historical novel about Savonarola called *The Man of the Renaissance*, which covers the life of that vigorous priest from the first time he learned to speak by getting mad with the soldiers, to the last dying spark of his immolation.

GEORGE FOGG

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

*If it's scandal or gossip or escapade,
Adventures of elder, or roue, or jade,
If it's on a steamer, in auto or train,
In the apartment, bank, or plane,
Or behind locked door; be it naughty or nice,
A tale of seduction or sacrifice—
Whatever the news, it's bound to please
The readers of papers who feature these.*

*Gangsters and vets, and people queer,
Rotten contracts, and speakeasy beer,
Whatever the secret, the vice, the deed,
Inspired by want, mania, or greed,
Tips on sports, or the latest in slang,
Amusement calender, who's to hang—
Whatever the news, its bound to please
The readers of papers who relish these.*

*In the middle of day, or after dark,
In the parlor, bedroom, or in the park,
About the Madam, or Nora the cook,
Rich man, poor man, ice man, crook,
It makes no difference When, How, or Who,
As long as it's said to be practically true—
Whatever the news, it's bound to please
The unfortunate readers who yearn for these.*

OLGA CHRISTINA LOFGREN.

Clarice (motoring): I said that you could kiss me, but I didn't say you could hug me.

Wilbur: Oh, that's all right, I just threw in the clutch.
—Penn Punch Bowl.

"Would you marry a stupid man if he had money?"
"How much have you?"

"Who says nothing, when he is in the wrong?"

"A clever man."

"And who says nothing, even when he is right?"

"A married man."

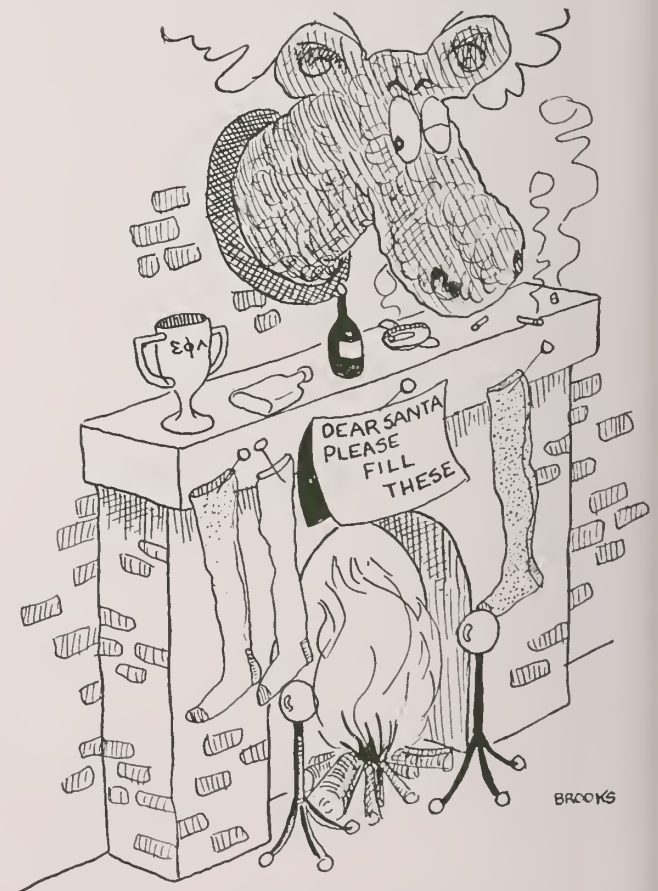
The pale young fellow entered the doctor's office.
"I feel terrible, doctor. I feel as tho I were going to die any minute now."

"Just a moment and I'll help you."

The man with the suitcase chased the train to the end of the platform but failed to catch it. As he slowly walked back, mopping his brow, an interested onlooker volunteered:

"Miss the train?"

"Oh, not much," was the disarming reply, "You see, I never got to know it very well."
—American Boy.



"P.S.—Blondes preferred." And if you still don't get it, drop around to the Old Line office and we'll do our best to clueidate.



Little glimpses around the campus --- THE EXPERIMENT STATION

He: "Unmarried?"
 She: "Yes, twice."

Joe (to vain roommate): Have you got a picture of yourself?"
 V.R.M.: "Yes."
 Joe: "Then let me use your mirror, I wanta shave."

THE FOUR AGES OF COLLEGE

Freshman: "I don't know."
 Sophomore: "I'm not prepared."
 Junior: "I don't remember."
 Senior: "I don't believe I could add anything to what has already been said."

Sigma Nu: "I'm going to speak my mind."
 Pledge (to himself): Ah, silence at last!"

"She said if any man kissed her without warning, she would scream for her father."
 "What did you do?"
 "I warned her." —Rice Owl.

"Alice could have married anybody she pleased."
 "Then why is she still single?"
 "She never pleased anybody."
 —Tid Bits.

LITTLE THINGS

Little notes well hidden,
 Scraps held fast in hand,
 Make a pupil brighter,
 Help him understand.

Thus examinations,
 Trying though they be,
 Hold no fright for wise ones,
 Who shun catastrophe.
 —Octopus.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean;
 My Bonnie lies over the sea.
 But alas, alack! I know it's a fact—
 My Bonnie lies even to me.
 —Octopus.

Frosh: "How's your new girl friend?"
 Senior: "Not so good."
 Frosh: "You always were a lucky guy."

A VEST POCKET ESSAY ON TIPS

Weird facts, startling suggestions, strange observations, and occasionally a darn good idea comes from the quiet toil of college professors. Recently, one of these gents with a high forehead and a far-away look, gave out free of charge—probably worth what it costs—a tip on a popular card game called poker, penny ante, 5 and 10, and various other terms used by the wives of dawn-returning addicts. "Watch the elbows," he says, "not the face. If the player's elbows move outward, even slightly, throw in your hand. He has you licked. If he pulls in his elbows, throw in some blue chips—he's bluffing." An unemployed mathematician has just figured out that there are some 2,598,960 different five-card combinations possible in this curious nocturnal game. Also, that a lowly pair of deuces is better than 1,302,540 other hands. Obviously, to play such a complicated game successfully, one should have a paper and pencil handy to figure the relative value of hands; a card index, showing facial expressions and elbow positions of a man expressing faith, hope, or charity, depending on his draw; a potent charm to lure the smiles of Lady Luck—and a few odd jobs on the side to make up for his losses. Regardless of the complicated mathematics of the standard game, someone always wants to pep it up by making the "deuces," "one-eyed jacks," or "men with whiskers" wild. In their calmer moments these birds can be found arguing with traffic cops, telling their wives how to cook, teasing strange dogs, buying stock on margin, and chasing the bull out of the pasture, while wearing exposed red flannels. If, as reported, this game gives practice in higher mathematics, promotes the study of psychology, and trains in close observation, it may be taken up as a college study, without credit, of course.

It is hard to tell these days when a man is a gambler, and when he is using good judgment.



“So! You’d try to run in here on me, would you?”

She was born in the hill country and hasn’t been on the level since.

—Phoenix.

TO SIX WEEKS EXAMS

Here I sit to take a test,
I pray the Lord I’ll do my best;
If I should flunk before I rise,
I pray the Lord this D— prof dies.
—Rammer Jammer.

It’s all your fault I flunked that quiz. You remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?

Sure, I remember.

Well, a helluva lot isn’t the answer.
—Exchange.

Football Aspirant: Yes, it’s my ambition to be a judge some day.

She: You’re fortunate. Your experience on the bench ought to be very useful then.
—Siren.

Breathes there a man
With soul so dead,
Who never to his wife hath said,
“When do we eat?” —Buccaneer.

Why do you look so pained?
I’m lazy.
What’s that got to do with it?
I’m sittin’ on a cigarette. —Siren.

Little Freshman: “May I break?”
Disdainful Coed: “You break—can’t you see I am dancing with the captain of the football team.”

Freshman: “Sure, I thought he was stuck.”

And another thing—the man in the moon is not half so interesting as the lady in the sun.

Brevity is the very essence of modern journalism. A rising young journalist was told never to use a word more than was necessary. He carried out this advice in reporting a fatal incident.

“John Smith struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in the tank. There was. Age 23.”

Tourist: “What precaution do you take against water pollution?”

Old Resident: “First we boils it.”

Tourist: “Good.”

Old Resident: “Then we filters it.”

Tourist: “Splendid.”

Old Resident: “Then we drinks beer.”

A Marylander and a Virginian were discussing the merits of their respective liquors. The Marylander poured the Virginian two drinks. On inbibing one of them, the Virginian passed out, and when he came to, he admitted defeat.

“But,” remarked the Marylander, “you drank the chaser.”

Tourist Booking Agent: “Naples, Naples, surely you’ve heard of Naples, the famous Italian port?”

Tired Business Man: “No, how much does it cost?”

—From Eat, Drink and be Merry in Md.

Is there a factory on that road?
No—That’s lover’s lane.
Then why did that girl remark, “I’ve been through the mill?”

—Temple Owl.

"Campus Leaders" . . . heh, heh, heh!

Wherein the Writer of the Dbk's Ego Column Goes the Whole Hog

By JERRY TAX

MUCH smirking and rubbing of the palms attends this, our debut into the satirical world. For two months we've been tossing bouquets at campus celebs, and now we have our revenge . . . and attack it with a vengeance.

To begin with, we beg to correct any impression we may have created with you that Harry Carroll is young and foolish. We don't deny that he's been holding hands with girls for a great part of his life at Collge Park . . . Estelle Renley will bear us out . . . but, in all fairness to Mister Carroll, he's shown good taste. And that glassy stare . . . don't attribute it to boxing . . . does not evidence placidity of temperament, but merely serves to effectively hide the monster beneath. That Phi Delt pin has been playing havoc with the hearts of local sorores ever since Virginia Hester, last year, decided that it bleuded rather well with her natural complexion. Topping all of "Puny's" numerous vices, is the cold, heart-rending fact that he lives with Ted Erbe. Think of spending what are supposed to be the four happiest years of your life as Erbe's roommate. Perhaps we can't blame Harry tho,' when psychologists tell us all that about environment influenceing man so greatly. . . .

It's with many inward blushes and deep repentance that we recall all the nice things we said about Fred Cutting . . . yet, he seemed such a sweet, cute li'l slaver at the beginning of the year, with his neat, curly, blonde hair. His jokes, his wit, his jollity . . . all of which made us admire him—now make us turn cold and slink from him. "Just a twentieth-century Dorian Grey," we say to ourselves, "living a different life beneath a charming exterior."

And Gretchen Van Slyke, the little gal who treats men's hearts as you or I would never dream of treating our dog. Titian-haired ruler of A.O.Pi late-leaves . . . fomentor of much talk anent the W.S.G.A. . . . doing an A.B. on the Dbk. . . . Some day "Van" will find herself in a jam. . . . And will Johnny's face be red?

Clara Dixon, our especial grudge-mate, who nightly sits, and sees that naught goes wrong in the Rec Hall . . . (don't ask how we know) . . . Stern-visaged Dixon . . . deals out two and three-week campuses. . . . We wonder, does she ever: "Mind her of her youth and sigh: Alas, alas, for youth gone by?"

And Dorrance Kelly, who leaves his editors with eight pages of ad-copy and six pages to put it in . . . And down to Charley Rittenhouse, against whom nothing can be said.

If this gets by Allison's blue-pencil, it'll be the second time an editor's been scathed in his own habitat . . . even tho' we don't pretend to being another Zim. We like to call him "Twerp," 'cause it's so beautifully descriptive of his sweet personality. He's the kind of a fellow who likes to rub in his rotten jokes. He works so hard to get his stuff across that when it does get there, it just lies and pants, it's so tired. He sits around reading exchanges while his staff slaves on the OLD LINE. He loves gushy, sentimental poetry, and fills the columns of what might otherwise be a humorous magazine with rhyming drivel. You always can locate him at Brent Hall, with his chin to the threshold. Bums cigarettes from the staffs of all three publications, and blows stupid smoke-rings with 'em. . . . And wakes up Friday mornings a "eider and a wiser man" . . . Ugh!

FAMOUS WORDS

What do the women in the harem say when the Sultan leaves?

Oh, Shah! —*Frivol.*

There's something dove-like about you.

What's that?
You're pigeon-toed. —*Red Cat.*

Daughter, your hair is all messed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?

He thinks he did, mother. —*Phoenix.*

Have you heard the old refrain?
No.

That's right. —*Rice Owl.*

Hic.

Hic.

Don't talk back to me!

—*Punch Bowl.*

Stoby: Do you ever cheat on examinations?

Roth: No, I don't, but the fellow who sits next to me does and I copy from him. —*Malteaser.*



"Not now, darling, you'll have to wait till we get home."

The junior, on a stroll, was accosted by a beggar.

"Say, buddy," said the panhandler, in a wheezy whine, "kin ya help a poor ole feller who ain't worked for three years now?"

The young fellow sorrowfully shook his head and with a heart-breaking sigh responded:

"Mister, you should consider yourself lucky . . . I . . . I haven't worked twenty years now."

"Oh," she sighed tragically, "I am most unhappy. I am convinced that my husband married me only for my money."

"Well, my dear," answered her friend, "at least you have the consolation of knowing that he is not as stupid as you used to think him."

Definition—Professor Bailey says that Dean Johnson is amphibious because he can write with either hand.

In the near future, everybody is going to heaven, because the engineers get so much of the other place every day that in two more months, they will own it, and then they are going to put up "No Trespassing" signs.

Sagacious Sallies of Our Loving Professors

Dearest Santa (Blessums itie bitie heart),

Please send me gobs and gobs of pretty purple and green paper, as my pupils and I are tired of using the same old tablets—*n'est-ce pas, chères eolières?* And, while you're at it, you might as well send me a new set of classes—*n'est-ce pas, m'sieur Santa?*

Lots of love, (*n'est-ce pas?*)

Miss W.

Dear Santa,

Please send me a *real* man this Xmas. I'm bored with these Marylanders. And send me an evening gown, a diamond ring, Hispano-Suiza roadster, a snooty new fur coat (sable or eastern mink), a few brooches, and a sapphire bracelet.

Really, Santa, I can't think of a thing to ask for; but if *you* do, just surprise me.

Virginia R.

Dear Santa,

They're driving me mad down here . . . Books, books, books. . . That's all I see, read, write, arrange, handle, tabulate, and catalog; all day, every day. At night, I count books before I can get some sleep. . .

So, dear Santa, please send me a typewriter, a complete five-foot Dr. Eliot series, reams of paper . . . and an "admit one" to St. Elizabeth's.

George F.

Dear Santa,

Christmas time is the time for good cheer; but if you can't make it good, anything will do. You understand, Santa, and, I hope Yule tide me over.

And don't forget the tomato juice. . .

Cheerily,

Jesse W. S.

Dear Santa,

What m'fren' Jesse wrote goes f'me too, only don' f'get m'B'cardy chasers.

Charlie R.

Dear Santa,

It being such an a-a-ah great pleasure to e-er instruct young men and women in the intricacies of Organic Chemistry . . . that is, I a-ah enjoy evolving for my students those formulae which may aid them in the furtherance of their chemical studies here, and in doing so, create within them an e-er personal desire to continue in their a-a-ah . . . that is, to enable them to conceive . . . ah, er . . . Oops, there goes the bell Santa, and I have to see about that split infinitive in the fourth line of the second third of that lecture coming up. . .

Nat D.

Doctor: To be quite candid with you, your trouble is laziness.

Student: Yes, Doctor, I know, but what is a scientific name for it? I've got to report to the teacher.

Wife: I can't afford an operation now.

Hubby: No, you'll just have to talk about the old one for another year.

PADDLED THEIR OWN

Pa: So the brothers initiated you into Lambda Whacka Ouch?

Sonnyboy: Yes, and is my—er—face red!

"Waiter, two orders of Supmoni Vermicelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

Princeton Tiger.

And when one begins to seriously consider the question, "Why can't a man marry his widow's sister?" one has proof one should never have started the darned course.

Show a bit of ambition! Reach a little higher on the towel!

"I wonder what's wrong with Bill. Something seems to be holding him down lately."

"Dunno. I suppose it's the gravity of his situation."

Recoil: He's always talking about his safe and all the money he always keeps in it. It's a bore!

Counter recoil: Yes. It should be rifled.

The math paper came back with the notation, "must eliminate constant C." The mark was 2-.

"Ah," he sighed, "another of the horrors of faulty elimination."

And if anyone wants a good ghost, I'm about ready to give it up.

Captain: Now suppose you are on duty one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What would you say?

Cadet: Let go, honey.

—Humorist.

When her new fur coat was delivered she fondled it ecstatically for a time and then looked sad.

"What's the matter, aren't you satisfied with it?" inquired her husband.

"Yes, but I feel so sorry for the poor thing that was skinned."

"Thanks."



BUT WHAT ABOUT

flavor?

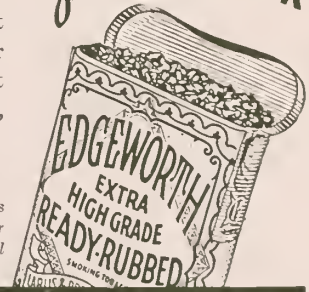
THE MOST used (and abused!) word in tobacco advertising today is—mildness. "Mild!" "Milder!!" "Mildest!!!" everybody is shouting. We agree—mildness is important in a pipe tobacco. But have we lost trace of an even more precious virtue—*flavor*?

Mildness alone is not enough in a pipe tobacco. There must be mildness *plus flavor and body*.

Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do. Here is why. First, we have found that these leaves have the choicest flavor. Second, our half century of experience has taught us that this is "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." Thus Edgeworth burns slow and cool in the bowl, tastes "smooth" on the tongue.

FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe. To get the real satisfaction of pipe smoking, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth about Pipes." Address, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

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plus FLAVOR**



Edgeworth is sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS



"But you ought to see the women in Looneyville."

Teacher: "Who can define collision?"
 Young 'un: "I can!"
 Teacher: "Well, what is it?"
 Young 'un: "Two things that come together suddenly."
 Teacher: "Very good. Now, can you give the class an example?"
 Young 'un: "Twins!"

SIMPLE ANATOMY

Chin—an alcoholic beverage that tastes good when mixed with orange juice.
 Glands—a quick look, a glimpse.
 Joints—nickname of the New York baseball team in the National League.
 Knees—any female person of whom you are the uncle.
 Lung—opposite of short.
 Trunk—not sober; also, an intoxicated person.
 Wrist—to sit or lie still and take things easy.

—New Yorker.

A LAMENT

*I think that I shall never see
 A pair of warm arms meant for me;
 A lovely face sharply upturned
 With the kiss with which my dreams have burned;
 An intimate look meant just for me
 Which I 'tween OTHER lovers see;
 A tender glance, a foud caress,
 To ease a bit, my loneliness;
 A girl with splendor in her hair,
 To me the fairest of the fair;
 A girl with sweet, unpainted lips;
 A girl with nice, tho slender, hips;
 A partner who can be my equal,
 To help me write to youth a sequel;
 A girl who always answers "Yes"
 When I a lunch or date suggest.
 But such is not my lot. For mine
 A "She's not home" comes o'er the line.
 An "I don't know" answers my queries.
 An "I don't know" often wearies.
 It seems that I shall NEVER see
 A pair of warm arms stretched for me;
 A lovely face sharply upturned
 Whisp'ring things for which my ears have yearned.*

—Pat.

Linger: Want to see Europe at little expense?
 Yeah.
 Linger: Well, when you get up tomorrow, jump out of bed and look in the mirror and you'll see you're up.

After she had been "keeping company" with a young man for some time, her mother asked if her suitor's intentions were serious.
 "Oh, yes, mother, but I can't make up my mind to accept him."
 "Why not?"
 "Because he doesn't believe in hell."
 "Now daughter, don't be silly. You go right ahead and marry him, and between the two of us, we'll soon convince him of his error."

Ed: Know who Russ Columbo is?
 Co-ed: Sure, he's a crooner.
 Ed: Well, what did he say as he came out of the bakery the other day?
 Co-ed: Don't know.
 Ed: Been-eatin'-dough.



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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES



RIDE 'EM COWBOY! It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are my smoke," says Eddie Woods, cowboy champion. "They never jangle my nerves."



TO BE A CHAMPION
BRONK RIDER!

*Steady Smokers
turn to Camels*

EDDIE WOODS, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede, "top hand" of the cowboy world, says:

"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

* * *

If *you* are nervous...inclined to "fly off the handle"... change to Camels. Your own nerves and taste will confirm the fact that this milder cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos, is better for steady smoking.



"I'M DEVOTED TO riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need healthy nerves. And Camels are the mildest cigarette I know!"

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos
than any other popular brand.



A
MATCHLESS
BLEND

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company

THE OLD LINE



January
1934

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“Rastus, Ah hear yo’ got a bear what’s cross-eyed. What yo’ call him?”

“Well, Ah calls him Gladly after that bear in the hymns.”

“What hymn is that?”

“You know, ‘Gladly my cross-eyed bear’.”

—Burr.

A policeman, making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough and waving his handkerchief over his head.

“Hey, what are you doing there?” asked the cop.

“Save the women and children first—I can swim!” was the answer.

—Punch Bowl.

Coed (just operated on for appendicitis): Oh, doctor, will the scar show?

Doctor: Not if you are careful.

ODE TO AN ANIMALCULE

SCRAWLED IN THE ZOOLOGY LAB.

*Pesky, green, and tim'rous beastie,
 Slopping north and south and eastie,*

*Bumping nose on here, and then
 Turning round to bump again,*

*Give me jitters while I hope to
 Keep you under microscope, you*

*Nomad of a drop of scummy
 Water, rolling on your tummy,*

*Can't you see it's not your fate to
 Go beyond this cover plate, you*

*Little blob of fits and spasms,
 Made of ninety kinds of —asms?*

*Don't you know that when you slither
 Here and there and hither-thither,*

*No one in the world would care
 If you lay and slept—RIGHT THERE?*

*Don't you know that there's not one
 Blessed thing outside that scum*

*Gives a whoop if you stay placid
 Or get soused on picric acid?*

*So, by gad, you paramoecium,
 When your portrait's reached completion,*

*Armed with towel I'm going to strike you
 Into bits—I'm too much like you.*

e.m., in Dirge.

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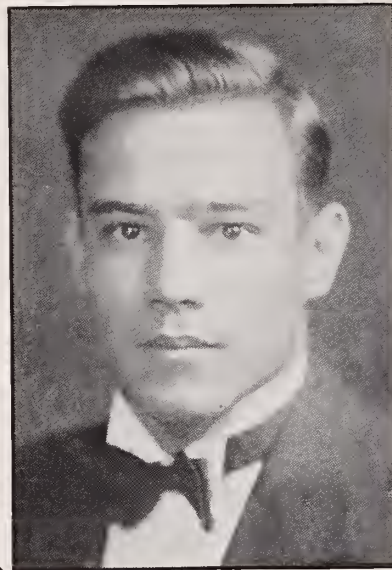
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VIRGINIA IJAMS



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Assisting

THE NEW LINE

"The LINE of least resistance."

Valse Triste

THAT annual terpsichorean tribulation—The Junior Promenade—is with us again. The very live-wire house organ of your Alma Mater, namely *The Diamond-back*, would inform you that this glorified tummyrub is the "social highlight" of the entire year.

We smile.

Oh yes, it is true that there will be house-parties and corsages, tiaras and tuxedos, swallow-tails and stiff bosoms and there shall also be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Let us now sing hymn number humpteen, "After The Ball Is Over."

For there never was a Prom that did not make as many aching hearts as palpitating ones, that did not leave a trail of broken *Promises*, that passed off pleasantly without the attendant little tragedies of corsageless shoulders, moonless intermissions, pinless bosoms, dateless stags, and stagless dates. . .

The very word Promenade itself, which even now resonates in sepulchral hollowness upon our ears, means "to walk for amusement or exercise." And there are among us unfortunate coeds to whom the Prom will mean literally that. . .

There is no justice. Proms come, and Proms go, but . . .

Tsk, tsk. You might almost think we didn't have a date for the thing!

A man of Wynning charms

We rejoice because our faith in a man has been justified.

Two years ago you scorned our admiration of this man. And when we claimed him as our patron saint, you scoffed—"Huh, nothing but lousy puns and raucous slapstick. I don't like him."

But then just the other day, a list of the ten most charming people in the world, selected by a so-called "charm expert," was published and included the following:

President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Albert Einstein, Lady Nancy Astor, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Emily Post, the Prince of Wales, the Queen of Siam, Mussolini and Ed Wynn.

So you see our pal The Perfect Fool, unable to keep out

of charm's way, is really punning around in the best of circles.

To which we cannot resist the temptation to add—
We told you soOoOoOoOoOh!

De-lyrical Tremens

Ever and anon the strain simply becomes too great and we up and say something.

Our particular arthropod in the unguent concerns the appalling lack of coherence and reason in the words to our popular songs.

Were we ever to become President, our first sweeping reform would be to place a brain trust in Tin Pan Alley.

For we'll wager an oratorio against a sonata that at the present time, if I. Q.'s were measured in dollars, one could not borrow enough money in Tin Pan Alley to buy a shop-worn harmonica.

Mr. Rudy Vallee, whom you will remember as the gentleman who has done more to alleviate faulty elimination in this country than all the stomach specialists in Paris, states in a recent magazine article that it is not uncommon for a popular song to be written in an hour's time. *Tea For Two*, says Rudy, was composed in five minutes at around three in the morning.

Accordingly, if there is any relationship between the composing time of a lyric and its intellectual value, a majestic little aria such as *Jimmy Had A Nickel* must have been dashed off in about nothing flat. And we might mention a few that would actually have set the clock back a half hour or so during composition.

Take, for example, the line from *Everything I have Is Yours* which goes like this: "I would gladly give the sun to you if the sun were only mine." Who wouldn't? When it comes to having an ember a few feet short of infinity in diameter and running a fever of five or six thousand degrees Fahrenheit hanging around the flat we'd be glad to get rid of the thing, too.

It will also be admitted that the respective rhymesters who were responsible for the words of such numbers as *Pudd'n'head Jones* and *Who's Afraid Of The, etc.*, will certainly never use their masterpieces as doctor's theses. However, do not misunderstand us to say that we would like to have science and syllogisms scattered through our dance tunes. We merely say that if the words were omitted

entirely it would not only eliminate that evil, but would also do away with crooners and pseudo vocalists . . . making the game indeed worth the candle.

This Issue . . .

Forsaking all else in the name of tradition, we present THE OLD LINE's annual Prom issue, which, coming at the time of Midyears, gave the staff an excellent reason for exemption from all examinations. Your especial attention is directed to the Contemporary Artist for this month, Sam Bates of the *Cornell Widow*, which is colloquially referred to as "The little old lady in black" (the *Widow*, not Mr. Bates); *Around The Hill*, whose scandal concentration is the direct result of Mr. Needham's hiring an apprentice; the panoramic view of The Prom at its height, gotten at great risk of life by sketchers Littman and Brooks; and the timely full-length short story by Lison Herbal, a new writer on the campus.

He: "You've a faculty for making love."
She: "Oh no—just a student body."

—Dirge.



Left at the Post

We understand that the Students' Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on house-party dates. The title will probably be, "What Every Young Lady Should NO."
—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Tony: Do you know anything about flirting?

Jack: I thought I did, but the girl I tried my system on married me.

A TOAST

Here's to the girl who steals, lies and swears—steals into your arms, lies there and swears she'll never love another.
—*Puppet.*

She (after a quarrel): Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go this instant.

He: I have one last request to make before I go.

She (sweetly, oh, very sweetly): Well, what is it?

He (brutally): Before I leave forever, would you mind getting off my lap?
—*Dodo.*

"That's a good one on Jokely."

"What's happened?"

"He had an insurance policy on the contents of his cellar and he thought it funny to put in a claim when he had burned all his coal."

"What did the company say to that?"

"They had him arrested for arson."

—*V. P. I. Skipper.*

College youths
Who boasted inhibitions
Have quit since
Repeal of prohibition.

"Oh no, dear, I'm sure he's a kind man. Why, I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched."

He: "I'm just crazy when I'm away from you."

She: "I know how it is—out of sight, out of mind."

"My wife came from a large family."

"My wife brought hers with her."

AROUND THE HILL

By BILL NEEDHAM

STOOGE JERRY TAX went a-scandal-mongering t'other day, and came back devilishly upset about Duchess Wellington's future . . . he has persistent doubts about the wisdom of this aviator complex the girl's got. Whereupon we patted the Tax head and spoke at length of the power of love and sent him dutifully on his way with a strange glow in his stoogey eye.

We should betray a confidence were we to tell of a damsel who weareth a jeweled key and a wedding ring . . . the former denoting Greek affiliations, and the latter marital ties which have existed for well-nigh a year. To be perfectly honest, we *don't* know his name, although 'tis true that hubby still is an undergraduate.

The stooge is in again—this time with an odd tale of the senior A O Pi who was "picked up" in front of Calvert Hall by an enterprising freshman possessed of a blue Ford roadster. "She gave the name 'Dorothy Harris,'" shouts this stooge irritably, "but I know Ernie Hammack when I see her!" To which we can add nothing.

Attended by Bob Ball, who writes about airplanes and things for the *Daily News*, we sidled into the Hangar Club not so long ago and wondered hucome we'd ever missed it. Drop down by Washington Airport sometime . . . ask for Bill Levy and tell him you know us . . . all of which will probably make a profound impression and double the size of the check. To do it right, tell him you know Mary Solomon, who hangs her hat and cloak in the Tri-Delt house . . . then you'll get somewhere. The doorman is dressed in helmet, goggles, and furs like a pilot, and the waiters are dressed in mechanics' white dungarees. Mary's pop, incidentally, to clear up any misunderstanding, is high mogul and muck-a-muck at Washington Airport.

Our frank and friendly advice, Gretchen, is for you to develop a change of pace, as it were. Never put yourself in a position which makes it possible for four or five of the lads to get together and, inadvertantly, compare notes. Stab a man in his ego and you make one whale of a dent in his good nature. Sit down and think about that for a minute—don't fly off the handle—and see if there's not something to it. Have a good time, but give the boys a chance to haul sail before the wind changes.

Ye gods! Beatrice Fairfax!

Stooge again: This time, it's about Sothoron's attack on the Wollman citadel . . . despite the suede Xmas jacket from a pulse-stimulator who attends a certain academy. (Certain about this stuff, Jerry? A lot of these fellas could twine me around their little fingers . . . and not even mind if the circulation was cut off!)



The author at the throttle of his steam-shovel. The Stoooge may be seen in the lower left corner painting a street-car barn

Unmailed letters: "Dear Mr. Zalesak—This is to advise you that your bill of January 1 is at hand. I am expecting money from home any day now, and I can assure you that, of all my creditors, I love you most."

Sincerely, etc.

You might call her small. We did. But if you don't think she's concentrated, you're crazy! Hickey's the name . . . "Hoodwink" Hickey . . . erroneously titled by fond parents as "Routh." You pricked the Needham bubble rather successfully, lady . . . and don't think it didn't hurt! At least give us credit for being very serious and very earnest—and let us down as easily as possible.

Reflections:

Isn't Bob (Delta Sig) King's father a judge or something in Cumberland? . . . which football and lacrosse player labeled "Sugar-foot" reads the "Life of Marie Antoinette" in bed of nights . . . d'ye sense something serious in this Snyder-McFerran affair—what with pictures on bureaus, and all that? . . . wonder where the Stooge picked this up about the "certain girl playing ping-pong in the Edlavitch-Berger-Schmidt-Buscher apartment?" . . . at a recent meeting of the Authorship Club, Dr. House up and told Dr. Hale to his face that he was a

genius . . . which is high but deserved praise . . . two chief objections to poodle dogs are (1) the word "poodle" is somehow suggestive of something absolutely idiotic, and (2) a dirty poodle looks uncommonly like a mop—and so few poodles are clean . . . look more like mud poodles . . . delving into "Stew" McCaw's love-life should be an interesting job if such things appeal to you . . . with names like "Klingsohr" and "Hannigan" forever popping up . . . and "Stew" being tied down very pleasantly by a jolly, unidentified femme who lives off-campus but who ever and anon tinkles the ATO phone.

Next time you think of it, notice the inscription on the University seal. "Fatti Maschi Parole Femine" . . . our sketchy Latin quails before it, but ever since we matriculated, we've wondered just exactly what it meant. The "Fatti Maschi" has a most intriguing sound. If 'twas "Fatti Femine Maschi," we could make a rotten guess and laugh over it, but . . .

Gettin' back to the Grill, again, the Stogie has just blown in all red and puffy around the gills. Seems he'd gone down to the beanery and paid Zal some dough on his bill—and what did Zal do but punch the register absently and say, "Thanks, Needham!" Which, when you get right down to it, is something to blow in red and puffy around the gills about.

Ere hopping into the nearest open grave, we pause en route to thank Mr. Bellman for a certain justly-earned grade we fully expected to receive and to remark that it is more or less of an honor to have received it. No blots on the escutcheon, y'know.

Professor (to class): "There's a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start."

Dope: "I guess I'll go into the deer business."

—: "Why?"

Dope: "Well, then I'll always have a few bucks on hand or at least a little doe."

He: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

She: "No, only the untied."

He: "Will you marry me?"

Heiress: "No, I'm afraid not."

He: "Oh, come on—be a support."

"Don't you find this voyage boresome?"

"Oh no. Things keep coming up every now and then."

Anxious Mother: "And is my boy really trying?"

Prof.: "Very."

Landlady: So the new boarder has found something fresh to complain about?

Cook: No, mum, it's the eggs.

Dumb: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Numb: "Where did you say you came from?"

Frat House,

January 26, 1934.

Dear Margie:

I suppose you are sound asleep while I am writing this to you. Last year I slept until noon the day after the prom and it really wasn't worth it. It never is, do you think so?

Did you have a good time last night? You probably didn't enjoy it as much as our house dance a few weeks ago. It's funny, people are always so anxious to go to the prom, but it's just so they can say that they went. Don't you think so?

I suppose you noticed that I didn't go last night. I said to my mother that there was no use in going just to be going. I told Bob to get another date, but he said he wouldn't, isn't he foolish? Say Margie did you see Bob at the dance?

How was the band last night? They're supposed to be real good but I heard them over the radio a few nights ago and I didn't care for them—too fast or something.

I wish you would drop around and see me sometime. The Dr. says it will be another week before I can walk on my ankle.

Lots of love,

Betty.

Ambitious: I'm going to be an aviator. I've been air-minded for years.

Rambunctious: I guess I'll be a garage man. I've been tow-headed all my life.

Father (reading a letter from his son, to a fond mother): "Jimmy says he has a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS



"Dammit, stop following me!"

Sam Bates, Cornell '35, yodeling all the while, sketched off the ridiculous fable of the three Swiss gentlemen who, seizing their Alpine staffs, tried to scale a mountain. The happy ending wherein they find that mountains don't have scales but that fish do is charmingly illustrated at the left. An explanation of how Mr. Bates got that way and his Bertillon measurements are given below.

THE CORNELL "WIDOW"

Dear Contemporary:

Thanks no end for considering the *Widow* in your selection of guest artists for your venerable publication. We also congratulate you on your brilliant discovery of this new and novel idea.

Perhaps a description of myself would be as good a way as any to start this alleged autobiography.

I stand five feet ten inches in my flat feet, have a nose made of putty or some like material, behind which is a series of concave and convex surfaces making up the remainder of my visage. This ensemble is crowned by a mop of hair much resembling bushes hanging over a cliff.

Now in as few words as possible, not wishing to bore you to distraction, I will sum up a few of my idiosyncrasies. Best of all I like loafing and will be present at any bull session where there is still standing room. Sometimes, however, I get off schedule and go to class, with the remote hope that some day I'll find a diploma in my hand and a meager knowledge of architecture in my head. Needless to state, I like

drawing, most of which is done in class, especially during lectures. I throw my clothes on the floor and take Saturdays off to move them to a neutral corner. I immensely like Gluyas Williams' work and maintain a colossal dislike for Thurber's stuff. I don't like beer, but will go to any extreme to get some good fifty-cent rye. I like Hal Kemp and think that Calloway makes too much noise. I refuse to hurry for any reason and can eat beefsteak at any hour of the day or night with a vengeance. I despise rain or snow in any shape or form. As to architecture, English country houses arouse my greatest interest. I prefer brunettes, but a good blonde wouldn't be at all out of the question. As to my scholastic record, it's not so hot—I might say consistently mediocre.

The above conglomeration of meaningless drivel has little or no value as an autobiography, but the paper might come in handy in starting your furnace.

I hope this will fulfill, at least in a small way your requirements. On behalf of the *Widow* and myself I wish you all the success in the world for the ensuing year.

SAM BATES, '35.

Widow
Cornell Univ.



"I want to request a number—'I Got cha Where I Want cha'."

Dean: Where are your parents?
Coed: I have none.
Dean: Where are your guardians?
Coed: I have none.
Dean: Then where are your supporters?
Coed: Sir! You are forgetting yourself!
—Loughorn.

"Is my face familiar, baby?"
"No, but it's trying to be."

—Sour Owl.

Our idea of a real criminal is a fellow who works as a blind man by day and amuses himself as a peeping Tom by night.
—Dirge.

AS TOLD BY A PROFESSOR

Well-l-l this fellow'd never had any money, and had been living in a shack all his life, so when he got a little all of a sudden he bought himself a house. A pretty big one too. He was telling one of his old neighbors about it.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell yuh how it is. We got one room to eat in an' one room to cook in an' one room jest to sit an' smoke in. An' upstairs—yeah—we got two rooms to sleep in an' a room where on one side yuh can wash all over, an' on t'other, over in th' corner, thar's a place to wash yor feet. An' when we got it it had two covers, so we took 'em off and now we got granpa's picture framed in one an' we're usin' t'other 'n fer a bread board."
—P.U.A.C.

Bunged-up Client: "I want to sue Jones for running me down with his auto, but I'm afraid he has no money."
Lawyer: "Oh, that's all right, I can use his car."

Prof.: "This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."

Judge: "What were you doing in the place when it was raided?"

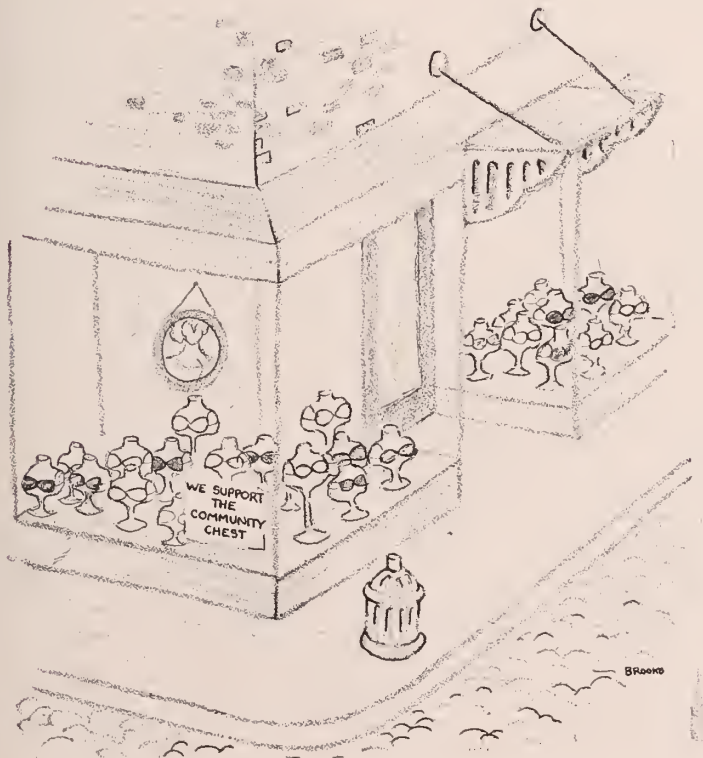
Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

"I'm sorry I ever became your wife," she said bitterly.
 "Oh," he flung back, "you were no young bird when I married you."
 "No," she retorted, "but considering what I got I was an early bird."
 —*Tid-Bits.*

Wife: "I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind reader."
 Hubby: "Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm."
 —*Judge.*

Math prof.: "Listen here, young man, are you the professor of this class?"
 Frosh: "No sir."
 Prof.: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

Doctor: I can't prescribe liquor unless I am convinced that you need it.
 Student: I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Junior Prom.
 Doctor: How much did you say you wanted?"



PROPHETIC PROMENADE PESSIMISM

*You will meet her at the station
 With a feeling of elation
 And with keen antieipation you will gaze upon her charms.*

*She'll be pretty and exciting,
 Seductive and inviting,
 And soon you will be fighting to keep her in your arms.*

*For you must compete with others,
 The alumni and the brothers,
 Introduction means abduction by the snakes.*

*When you take her to the Ball,
 You won't dance with her at all,
 You will entertain the chaperones while fraters get the breaks.*

*You'll be in a helpless trance
 While you watch the others dance,
 But you'll hope to find romance at intermission.*

*When you search for your fair date,
 You will find that you're too late,
 Some guy has reached home-plate in your position.*

*So you'll go outside to smoke
 And you'll find some chiselin' bloke
 Has snaked your babe and beat it in your hack.*

*With a tear and then a curse
 You'll get ossified or worse
 And you'll swear to break his neck when he comes back.*

*But the worst is yet to come
 For you'll find the lousy bum
 Has wrapped your iron horse around a tree.*

*And your date has cracked an arm,
 Has slightly messed her charm,
 So her face won't be a pleasant sight to see.*

*But the next night at the house
 She'll be quiet as a mouse
 And the brothers will avoid her, one and all.*

*Since she cannot dance or pet
 It's a fairly even bet
 She'll be permanently plastered to the wall.*

—*The Lehigh Burr.*



As the Art Sta S



Sees the Prom

HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE PROM

An etiquette feature designed to assist bashful students in making a suitable splash into that cesspool of society, the Junior Promenade

By MISS EMILY POST-MORTEM

(Author of "500 Ways Of Amusing One's Self At A Sorority Sunday Tea, or, The Blue Book Of Social Abuses.")

THE principle of enjoying one's self at the Prom is simply this: relax! act your age—your mental age. If this necessitates your bawling out loud for your bottle, then by all means do so. Others will be doing it, and you will be perfectly at home.

Almost every question which might arise in the mind of the bashful or inexperienced student has been answered below, but should you find yourself in some unforeseen dilemma, simply come to me with your problem at the Prom. You may find me around the punch bowl until about twelve o'clock, after which time I shall probably be under the grand piano.

Going After Your Date

If she lives in Brent Hall, wait until well after 10:30 to drive up, as being unable to escape after that hour, she will be forced to sign out then, and wait outside in the cold until you arrive. If it is raining or snowing, wait an extra five minutes before putting in an appearance. Then laugh loudly, and shout "Smatter, ya locked out?" Don't apologize.

On the other hand, if she lives in a sorority house, park your jinricksha so that the driveway is effectually blocked. Or, better still, drive right up over the lawn and jam it against the steps to the shanty in such a manner that the occupants thereof will be forced to use the rear entrance. Even if you called at 2 a.m., your girl would make you wait at least twenty minutes, so to while away the time, either sing raucously in a bearish baritone, or if a good radio program is in progress, rush up to the instrument and twiddle the

dials with a rapid and disconcerting artillery-barrage effect.

Corsages

Having found it fruitless, during my many years of experience, to say anything about corsages to the men around the time of the Prom, I will address my remarks on this vital subject to you poor, dear, girls. If your friend fails to send you a corsage, which is very likely to happen, you can get along almost as well if you rummage out an 1898 model hat and hack off the flowers. But if you do have a good corsage, you can protect it from undue wear and tear by using my method of embedding the head of a ten-penny nail in the bunch, with its point outwards.

Introductions

Let me warn you now that it is very bad form, and even worse judgment to allow yourself to be introduced to a chaperone. Be rude, if necessary, but don't permit it.

Should you see a pleasing blonde to whom you would like to be introduced, toss a penny over your left shoulder, breathe a prayer, and swallow your bank book. Then go up to her, after having first thrown a punch cup at her to attract her attention, and say: "Miss Umphwumf, I'm very glad for you to meet me. The pleasure is all yours. What did you say your name was?" Caution should be exercised.

The Grand March

While all the others are engaged in grabbing their partners and finding out just how one of these grand

marches is run, you probably will be able to at last get at that punch bowl. Or, if you know when you've had enough, you may well utilize the time as at any intermission. Need more be said?

During the Dance

Should you become marooned with a liability who makes dancing a displeasure, navigate her toward the stag line, and having selected a strategic moment and a likely victim, bump into him, mutter "Oh, are you cutting?" and then *scram*. Always first make sure, however, that the scapegoat is at least a foot shorter and fifty pounds lighter than you, and that he is not carrying concealed weapons. Even after that, think twice!

If your partner is kind of strong on avoirdupois, you might create conversation with some such pleasantry as "You certainly are light on your feet, but how about mine?"

If you are a girl and find yourself in the same predicament, the old dodge about your feet hurting is still being used, probably because it's usually true. But if that doesn't work, your only chance is to steer him over to our old friend the punch bowl and try to founder him. (My, my, if they don't have punch at the Prom my advice won't do you much good will it?)

If you are dancing with one of the campus moguls, open the conversation with: "Do you go to Maryland?" Then when he glowers "yes," follow up with "What year are you—freshman?"

If you are a man, and you are annoyed by the same guy cutting in on you too often, take the print of his thumb on your shirt front for positive

identification, and then if he comes around again, after making sure that it is he, take the print of the back of his head on the floor. It never fails.

How to Be the Hit of the Evening

Discard your date early in the evening, as he or she may cramp your style. Then be jolly, uproarious, and obnoxiously uncouth. If you want to make an impression on one of the lady chaperones, go up to her and give her a resounding whack on her bare back. Do not be satisfied that you have made an impression until it is clearly discernible as the reddened outline of your hand on the chaperonial dorsum.

Another stratagem is to start at one end of the ballroom and do a neat piece of broken-field running at full speed to the other, stiff-arming as you go, in the approved manner of a half-back.

Above all, don't take the thing seriously, and don't let anyone else do it either.

The Ride Home

What to do: Although this was written for the benefit of the bashful students, if you need any advice on this subject, you're just too darned bashful, that's all!

What not to do: And if you need any advice along this line, you're no gentleman . . . and you ain't no lady, neither!

And the romance is over when a Harvard student finds a Yale lock on his girl's door.

New Student: "My, your mess hall is well lighted!"

Old Hand: "Yes, we eat light."

"That romantic Miss Gusher says there's a secret connected with her birth."

"That's true—it's the date."

—Le Rire.

Boys, It's No Use

"Gee, Gertie, you look swell! I'm glad this is a program dance. If it weren't I wouldn't get to dance with you at all. Phew! What a dress! If I had a football team I'd make you star half-back. Ho! Ha! That color certainly is becoming. You'll make those Maryland coeds green with envy. You know every time us boys want a real good date we come to Washington. Don't ever come to Maryland, Gertie. Honestly, you'll lose all that glamor."

Jim settled back in his coat, satisfied with himself.

"Hum! You're so busy talking about your Maryland coeds that you didn't even notice that I have my hair fixed a different way."

REPORT OF THE SCHOLARSHIP CHAIRMAN

Well, fellows, we've got to get ready for initiations. I've been checking up the freshman marks, and I guess ten of the twelve will have high enough

grades to be initiated, so we'd better order the pins. The initiation fee is fifty dollars, as usual, so that gives the chapter about four hundred dollars, after we pay for the pins and the banquet. The Treasurer says we ought to have two more in the active chapter in order to balance the budget, so I wish the rushing committee would see if they can't pledge a couple more good students, so I won't have to keep worrying about marks.

Now, about the two with low marks. Spud Smith is flunking math and German. He's on the frosh basket-ball squad, so he's gotta keep eligible; besides, we need his initiation fee. Red Wilson, the other pledge, says he could pull up by mid-years, but he's not playing on any team, so we don't have to bother about him.

Now, Brother President, if there isn't anything else to bring up, I'd like to move we adjourn; there's a basket-ball game in the gym tonight. Come on, now, everybody out to the game—those that aren't going to a show.



"Wash a great fight, Mom, I'll be ri' home!"

"Bill's only books are women's looks."

It's hard to earn a bachelor's degree that way." —Argosy.

When a girl's face is her fortune, it generally runs into a good figure.

—Medley.

How is a man supposed to answer when a girl says, "Do you think I'm as silly as I appear?"

HEARD IN THE O. L. OFFICE

Ye Mag Editor: To be quite candid, my boy, I can't make out this drawing at all.

Contributor: Drawing! That's no drawing, that's writing!

SNOW-BLIND DATE

"JUDAS H. PRIEST!" bawled Kisselring Montmorency Allen in dismay and alarm, "You got me a date for the Junior Prom? Might I ast who with?"

Kisselring was known to his intimates simply as "Pete" for the sole reason that he harbored a firm and savage dislike for the more obvious appellation of "Kissy," a dislike which was respected by virtue of the fact that when the young man walked, his tangled mop of blond hair always stayed six feet from the floor, separated therefrom by a mass of muscle and bone totaling 190 in the shade.

Charlie Parsons, who was both Pete's roommate and the reason for the present aghast and twittering state of his mind, began to show cause why he had made so bold as thus to compromise his erstwhile friend.

"Her name is Ruth Winters, and—"

"Stop! Not that Winters girl who's got all the fratney guys shining up their pins! Judas, Charlie, you know what a washout I am with the women. I— I'm not going to that dance."


"Oh, yes you are," smiled Charlie assuringly. "Listen, Pete," he went on, "don't be such a timid soul when it comes to girls. They can't hurt you. You've only been to two dances this year, and both times stag. And here you are, a pretty good dancer, with a tux and a car, just going to waste. Personally, I think you owe me a vote of thanks for getting you such a swell date as late as this."

"I owe you a Bronx cheer, but let it go. I guess you meant well," moaned Pete dismally, mentally recalling the wavy golden hair, the scintillating blue eyes, and the compelling comeliness of the kinetic little parcel whom he believed would be his undoing.

"I'll introduce you to her in the Library the third hour tomorrow. You better wear your sweater with the letter on it because you gotta make a hit, y' know."

"And while you're at it, my good man, you might get me a blind date with Greta Garbo. I hear she's kind of eyesome and popular too," bitingly suggested Pete as he exhumed his boiled shirt and wing collar from his drawer and went out, violently slamming the door behind him with an air of bravado designed to cover his anxiety as to what the evening of the morrow would bring forth.

The College Administration, according to its custom in such matters, after two or three weeks of dutiful holding out on the Prom Committee, had at last dubiously consented to allow the dance to be held at a large hotel in the city, fifty miles away, a measure which was merely an ostentatious display of authority in the first place, as the anticipated hordes, which would come to dance to the expensive strains of the nationally-renowned New York



orchestra procured by the Committee, would certainly require something more roomy and palatial than the College Gym if one was to guarantee life, limb, and the pursuit of happiness to the dancers.

As the hour for the Prom approached, hundreds of cars streamed into the city from the south. The night was cold, the air crisp, and the sky very black and hazy except when the brilliant full moon managed to peek out from behind the dirty yellowish clouds which continually scurried swiftly in front of it.

Ruth Winters snuggled a little more cozily under the lap robe and looked out the window.

"Gee, Pete, just look at that moon," she said as it burst momentarily into view. "Looks as if it were hurrying to get somewhere behind those clouds, doesn't it?"

Pete stretched a neck chafed by its encircling band of starchy white and looked. Then, after first licking his lips and glancing at her nervously out of the corner of his eye, he spake—

"Yeah," he said in a fit of loquacity, and urged his car to greater speed.

After their first dance together, which Pete had gone through with robot-like precision, he received somewhat of a shock when she capably and smilingly slipped her arm through his.

Being a completely nutty tale, wherein the heroine forgets to bring her snowshoes, but doesn't need them

By LISON HERBAL



"Juu-das Priest!" he murmured.

She glanced at him inquisitively.

"Gosh, I bet I look like a smoothie," he said to himself exultantly. And, the idea beginning to appeal to him, he executed a little parade with her upon his arm, the entire length of the ballroom and return, for the benefit of the stag line. Two intermissions later, thanks to Ruth, this linking of arms was pleasurably embellished by an interlacing of fingers in the bargain. Pete began to feel a distinct admiration for one Charlie Parsons, a resilient pink cloud beneath his feet, and a warm ethereal floating feeling in his head. He pressed her hand a little more firmly.

As the music struck up again, someone brushed past him, shouting, "It's snowing like hell outside!" but Pete did not hear. He was tacitly thanking his lucky stars that he had once learned how to dance, and that knowledge was serving him so well now.

"The Administration has requested me to announce," bellowed the orchestra leader through his megaphone during the next intermission, "that because of the severe blizzard which is in progress outside all students are warned road traffic has been much impeded, and are urged to leave for the college before conditions become worse."

The Administration was rewarded for its pains with a bevy of choice, ripe, raspberries. A sophomore squeaked in a melodramatic falsetto "Pull-eeze, Dean old sock, you wouldn't turn me and muli po' lil babe out on a night like this?" From all sides came the chorus "On with the dance!"

Ruth looked questioningly at her towering companion. "Do you think we'd better go?" she asked.

Pete glanced at his watch. Two o'clock. Leave now, with one more hour of this blissful trance to go yet? Certainly not. "No," he said, "let's stay. We only have *one* more hour as it is!"

"Okey-doke," she smiled, sending his pink cloud soaring to a new altitude.

Then, as the band sounded forth again, the dance swung once more into full tempo. And all the while, the oft-consulted watches of the Administration crept steadily toward three a.m.

Promptly on the hour, the strains of the justly famous—albeit expensive—orchestra ceased, and before half of the assemblage could let go of their partners, its members had flipped their instruments into the cases and smartly snapped them shut, and had stridden from the hall.

As the elevator descended from the great ballroom, Pete's pink cloud slowly settled to earth along with it. Out under the glass canopy over the sidewalk, a group of shivering merry-makers stood waiting for cars, teeth chattering, silken skirts flapping briskly beneath abbreviated evening wraps, their backs to the sting of the flying snow, which scurried along almost horizontally before finally settling in constantly-moving, powdery drifts. Down the street a skidding taxi had gone into a clinch with a lamp post, and a half-frozen patrolman was refereeing the bout.

"You wait in the lobby while I get the car, Ruth," shouted Pete over his shoulder as he pushed through the revolving door. "Judas, some zephyr!" he gasped, bending forward against the wind, the swirling flakes sifting into his shoes and down his coat collar. "Maybe the Administration ain't so dumb."

"Cripes, it's taken us an hour just to get here to the edge of the city. This string of cars ahead of us must be a mile long," growled Pete as he drove along with the caravan of returning cars, which was forced to creep along in single file because of the swerving, ploughing antics performed by a car when turned out into the unpacked snow on the left side of the road in an attempt to pass. The snow, which continued to fall swiftly and unabatingly, was now about ten inches deep.

"Brrr! I wish this car had a heater," shivered Ruth, ambushed behind the upturned collar of her fur wrap.

"By Gad I've got an idea!" exploded Pete. "We'll turn out that new road that they've just cut through down to Portersville, and then from there back to the main road. It's not more than about five miles longer, and we'll make lots better time and get ahead of the rest of all these cars so that we can go faster."

"But they just opened that road last summer, and there aren't but two or three houses the whole twenty-five miles. Suppose the car should skid or something else should happen?" queried Ruth, a little anxiously.

"It won't skid as long as it's held in a straight line, and if we don't take the new road we won't get home before daylight. Well, here's where the new road comes in. What'll it be?"

"Well, let's try it if you think it will get us there any quicker," said Ruth in a voice that had begun to tremble with her suffering.

The car labored through the fresh, untracked snow. Pete knew that beneath those fancy but thin white gloves and those foolish little pumps that Ruth must be fairly blue with the cold, despite the lap robe. He gazed tenderly at her, but quickly and bashfully dropped his eyes when she gamely mustered a smile in return.

Pete ploughed the car on for another hour, his fingers seemingly permanently frozen into their grip around the steering wheel. He glanced at the speedometer. Only ten miles in one hour! He could see, by looking at his tracks out of the rear window that the front bumper was pushing snow along, and a steadily rising screeching whine coming from the rear wheels told him of their futile spinning as well as the spray of snow they were throwing up. As the minutes wore on, the rear tires whined more loudly, and the speedometer needle inched steadily toward zero.

Finally, at the bottom of a little hill, all further progress ceased.

"If we could just make it to the top of that hill, we might be able to keep on going," ventured Pete, a false note of hope in his voice. Whereupon the screeching of the tires began anew, but the car, perfectly isolated in a limitless desert of white and black, did not budge except to rock to and fro slightly in the fiercely buffeting wind.

"If I can back up and turn around, maybe we can drive back to help through our own tracks," said Pete, still trying to be hopeful.

"What tracks?" asked Ruth on looking through the rear window.

Pete turned his head. She was right. The wind and snow had completely obliterated all signs of a trail, and even drifts lay across the road behind them.

"Oh Pete, I was afraid this would happen!" And Ruth, almost hysterical from the cold and the two hour ordeal, began to sob.

Pete, totally nonplussed, instantly regretted his ignorance of the feminine nature. Exasperated, frozen, and exhausted, he could only stammer and kick the clutch pedal. But Pete was a man, and he soon found it impossible to resist that impulse which comes to every man in the presence of a weeping—and pretty woman. He took her in his arms.

His action had a distinctly alleviating effect. The sobs decreased in intensity, she murmured "I'm so cold," there was a sniff, and the storm was over.

But Pete, bashful though he was, was reluctant to give up the ground he had gained, so tightening his embrace he whispered: "I'm crazy about you, Ruth."

Damned if he hadn't done it! He'd told a girl he was crazy about her! He gasped at his own audacity.

"I feel the same way about you, Pete."

Time out for thirty seconds.

But subzero temperatures are peculiarly inappropriate surroundings for making love, so Pete was soon forced to leave the car in search of either shelter or some means of fighting off the cold. The snow was now abating.

In a few minutes he trudged back to the car, dragging a wooden sign behind him. "I hope she doesn't see the printing on this sign," he muttered to himself.

"There's not a house in sight, but we can make a fire out of this old sign I found the other side of the hill," he told Ruth, and removing the hood from the car and standing it upright on the ground, he placed the sign against the running board and smashed it with his feet. And then scooping away the snow behind his improvised screen, he started a fire by means of his gasoline-soaked handkerchief and his pocket lighter.

Together they huddled over the fire, while a hazy dawn broke on a world silent under its vestment of resplendent white.

As the sun rose, a five-ton truck came down the road pushing a snow plow. As Pete helped Ruth back into the the car and started the motor, he licked his lips uneasily and began:

"Say, Ruth. I, uh, lied to you last night. There is a sort of tourist home just over the hill there. I guess it was kind of selfish of me to make you stay out in the cold this way, but I had just found out what it's like to be in love, and I didn't want to let you go even for a couple of hours. I'm awful sorry, and—"

"Yes, I know, Pete. And that sign you broke up said on it: 'The Glowing Hearth Inn. Enjoy Real Southern Cooking Served Piping Hot. Steam Heat In Every Room.' I know because my aunt runs the place and I told her what to have printed on the sign."

"Well, Jehu-das Priest! And you didn't say anything—"

"For the same reason you didn't, Pete."

Additional time out—thirty seconds.

BOOKS



By GEORGE FOGG

SOME years ago there was a very popular game being played by the various newspapers and magazines of the country. It was finding answers to the question, "If you were exiled to a desert island, what fifty books would you take with you?" The answer today would be *Anthony Adverse*.

The statistics shouldn't scare one. It weighs two and three quarters pounds, and contains twelve hundred pages. The publisher claims three hundred thousand copies have been sold. During the Christmas holidays I began to investigate this economic and literary phenomenon while sitting in a train which was stuck in a snow bank in Maine.

The book is a romantic adventure story covering the life of one man from some time before his birth to his death at the age of forty-five. It covers every kind of adventure; business, pioneering in Africa and America, amorous, and political.

The first two hundred pages concern Don Luis, Duke of Vincitata, and an important man in Spain and Italy in 1775. He, an old man, had married a young English girl. The girl acquired an Irish lover and conceived by him. Don Luis was so enraged that he killed the lover, and later his wife by judiciously applied tortures before and during childbirth. The child thus born was a boy, and was deposited by Don Luis in a nunnery in northern Italy. The nuns named him Anthony, because he arrived on St. Anthony's day. For ten years the boy lived in this convent without ever seeing the outside of it.

At this time, Father Xavier, advisor to the convent, took him to be apprenticed to an English merchant, John Bonnyfeather, who, though Anthony did not know it, was his grandfather. The old merchant, recognizing a Madonna carried by Anthony, and suspecting the truth, made him his heir.

Bonnyfeather's house in Livorno, Italy, was the headquarters of an enormous shipping and trading business and in it Anthony led an active, adventurous, and exciting life. At the age of eighteen Anthony was sent by John Bonnyfeather to collect a debt of some thousands of dollars due from a Cuban trader. Anthony brought with him

some church statuary to weight his ship. One piece was a large Madonna with many folds of a garment carved from marble. Inadvertantly a bottle of red wine dropped into these complicated folds. The statue was sold, but during the process of erection in the church the bottle of wine was broken. The red wine seeping through produced the miracle of the bleeding Madonna which amazed pious Cubans for a hundred years.

The collection of his debt made it necessary for Anthony to travel to Africa and set himself up as a slave trader on the Rio Pongo. The incidents in the life of an African slave dealer bring a picture of a brilliant, active, and not particularly sordid life.

After five years here, Anthony returned to Italy to find Bonnyfeather dead and himself the heir to the property, most of which had been transferred to England. Traveling overland through Europe he narrowly escaped death at the hands of Don Luis who recognized him and wished to eliminate him. In France he entangled himself in a deal with Napoleon, then First Consul, regarding the transfer of silver from Mexico to France.

In connection with his inheritance he made a trip to England, but soon returned to France, then went to Spain on Napoleon's business, narrowly escaping Don Luis again. From Spain he went to New Orleans and married a girl whom he had known in Livorno. Several years later his wife was burned to death, and he again wandered.

This time he traveled in the western American regions, and eventually was captured by the Indians, recaptured by some Spanish soldiers, who took him to their governor-general at Santa Fe, Don Luis. Don Luis sentenced him to an insane asylum-pest house in Mexico City, where he stayed several years. Eventually a girl whom he had met in Cuba recognized, released, and married him. He died from his own axe, which rebounded from a stone encased in a tree and cut him.

This is the author's only book and is said to be founded largely on letters and papers he found in some family repository. Incidents are too numerous, too varied, and too unusual to be entirely imagination. The writing is

easy to read, smooth, and usually gay. The characters are numerous but distinctive. For one, we have the wife of a New England shipmaster whose principal enjoyment was reading the epitaphs on tombstones. She was once induced to drink a toast because, she was told, Italian courtesy would be offended if she did not. With one heavily spiked drink disposed of, she became what used to be called the life of the party.

Anthony himself, though idealized physically as a handsome blond, strong and quick, is no mere puppet for his adventures to happen to. He is clever but not cunning, suave but strong, and amorous but not sensual.

A variety of brilliantly presented historical backgrounds, the inclusion of credible and interesting characters, and a genuinely interesting hero account for the success of this book.

January's Book-of-the-Month Club selection is another adventure story, *Brazilian Adventure*, by an Englishman who claims that as an innovation in travel literature he is telling the truth.

Wife: Darling, the new maid has burned the bacon and eggs. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Hubby: Sure, bring her in.

—*Augwan.*

His eager eye caught her figure on the car. His face brightened. As she stepped off she saw him and broke into an anticipant smile. The look in his eyes made him envied by every male bystander. As they drew nearer her pace quickened. Her arms rose slowly, expectantly, as his extended.

"Oh! How happy I am to be home" she said, while making more secure her grasp.

He smiled and said, "Gee, I'm glad you're back!" A sigh escaped him. "Take this damned Peke!"



"And twenty degrees west to
the pink pajamas"

Prof.: I say, Mr. Jones, didn't you miss my class the week-end of Junior Prom?

Phi Delt: Not at all, professor, not at all.
—*Froth.*

Mugs who imitate Joseph Penner Oughta be killed in some painful manner.

SHORT STORY DEPARTMENT

Algie saw the bear.
The bear was bulgy.
The bulge was Algie.

The rain came.
The wind blew.
The boys smoked.
The bull flew.

Woman (hiring plumber): Are you a union man?

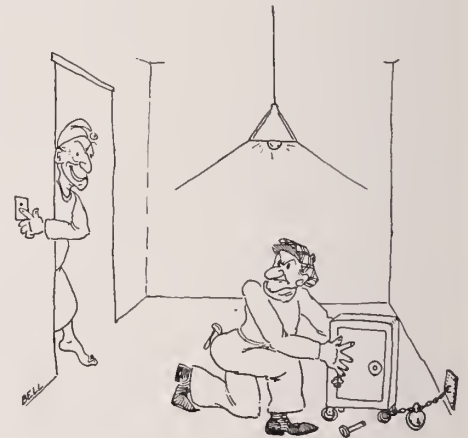
Plumber: Gosh, no! I'm Hawvard.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Dean (to frosh): "Do you know who I am?"

Frosh: "No, I don't, but if you can remember your address, I'll take you home."
—*Tiger.*

Maid (to Spring-cleaning mistress): There are half a dozen men downstairs with vacuum cleaners. They say they have appointments to give demonstrations.

Mistress: Yes, I sent for them. Put them in different rooms and tell them to get busy.
—*Humorist.*



"So you can't take it, eh?"

MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail
And looking deathly pale;
Did she see a whale?
Not at all.

She was papa's only daughter
Throwing bread upon the water
In a way she hadn't oughter—
That was all.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

PARSLEY SQUARE

A Charming Play presented by
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ACT I

TIME: February 30, 1784.

It is twilight and a heavy fog has covered London. The Queen Anne house on Parsley Square is dimly lighted. At the rise of the curtain there is the sound of rain, and the Grandfather clock strikes five o'clock and damn the Helluva Watch Co. A maid enters, crosses the stage and lights the remaining candles using old electric light bills as tapers. Duke Parsley enters.

DUKE: I say there, Sadie, fetch me a drink.

MAID: Yes sire, but what shall it be?

DUKE: An explosion.

MAID: An explosion, but what be that?

DUKE: One part gin, one part rye, two parts scotch, two parts apple jack, one part corn, and fill it the rest of the way up with soda.

MAID: Bicarbonate, sire?

(Duke lifts leg high to kick maid, but he misses and finds himself sprawled on the floor. He sheepishly picks himself up.)

DUKE: By the way, Sadie, did my niece from the states arrive today?

MAID: She did, sire. She sent a message from the "White Calf" stating she is on her way now.

DUKE: Very well! And has my son, Paul, come in yet?

(There is a commotion off stage and Paul enters. He is tall, effeminate, and very thin. In fact, he's so thin, that he once got a job in a library as a book mark.)

PAUL: I say there, pater, it was a jolly lecture you missed at the auditorium this afternoon.

DUKE: I don't like lectures. The last one I attended was given to me by your mother when I came in at five o'clock on New Year morning. It seems that my breath exploded when I lit the stove to make some black coffee.

(There is the sound of horses' hoofs and the grinding of wheels. Paul flutters to the window.)

PAUL: It's cousin Mae from the states, pater.

DUKE: Run Paul. On with your best clothes. We must make a catch of this fine fish.

(Paul exits. The Duke straightens his clothes and combs his hair.)

(The maid enters from left.)

MAID: Your niece sire, from the colonies.

(Curtain)

ACT II

(TEN SECONDS LATER)

Mae Vest is a typical 20th century night club hostess. She has been in London trying to purchase a house which will give her class. When she walks into Parsley Square, she finds out that she has stepped into the 18th century.

DUKE: Welcome my dear niece. Welcome to Parsley Square.

MAE: What's that you say Duke ol' kid? It's a swell layout ya got here. How much did it set you back?

DUKE: I'm afraid—er—that is—don't believe I understand your Yankee dialect.

MAE: It's all right, big boy, no hard feelings.

(Paul enters in blue waistcoat and pink pantaloons.)

DUKE: Paul, your cousin, Mae.

PAUL: Odds bodkins! This is a pleasure.

MAE: What's this, bull or broad?

DUKE (coughing): This is your fiancé, Mae. Er, my son. (Smiling) He takes after his mother.

MAE: We got different names for these guys in the Bronx. You know, a gal can't be too careful these days.

(Maid enters.)

MAID: Captain Carter, of the Royal Guard, to see you, sire.

DUKE: I can't be bothered now. Tell him I'm not in.

MAE: Not so fast, dearie. Captain Carter, eh? Send him in, honey. I'd like to do a little looking.

DUKE: All right. Anything cousin says.

(Carter enters.)

DUKE: Captain Carter, my niece from the states.

CAPT. *(walking towards Mae)*: Why I never dreamed that such a lovely creature could exist in the colonies.

MAE: Go on, Captie, you fascinate me.

CAPT.: Such gorgeous golden hair, big blue eyes, pearly white teeth, delicate smooth arms, such—

MAE: That's far enough Captie, this ain't no burlesque.

DUKE: Mae, you must brush up now. Your journey has been a hard one. I know the Captain will excuse you.

CAPT.: May I see you again soon? I know, you must have dinner with me. Tomorrow—perhaps.

MAE: Perhaps! In the meantime, why don't you come up and see me?

(Quick Curtain)

ACT III

(THREE WEEKS LATER)

(The Duke and Paul are in the morning room.)

DUKE: Why haven't you payed more attention to your cousin since she's been here?

PAUL: She's so strange, Pater. Always talking of night clubs, sports and easy marks, I don't understand her.

DUKE: Here she comes now. I will find out what this is all about!

(Mae walks slowly and swingingly in, and sits down.)

DUKE: Mae, what is this that you're always talking about. You know, night clubs, sports and easy marks. What kind of speech is it?

MAE: Honey, it's like this. I come from another century. Where I come from, men are made, not born. Why where I come from, you've been dead for three generations. Sounds foolish, but it's true.

DUKE: I don't understand. You are strange. What I want to know is—are you going to marry Paul?

MAE: Impossible, you see the Captain is a very fast man. We've been married nearly three weeks.

DUKE: Well peel me a grape! What's Paul going to do!

MAE: We're takin' him back to the States wid us. I'll get him a good job, give him a swell apotment overlooking Central Park. It'll be a good field for him. Come on Pauly. We're going.

(Mae shores Paul out the door and turns toward the Duke.)

MAE: Listen, big boy, if you ever come over to New Yawk, drop in at the "Hi De Ho Club" and look me up. I'll show you things you never saw before.

DUKE (absently): I doubt it.

MAE: Sorry Duke—gotta go—urgent business—got a sugar daddy now. So long you old fossil. *(She exits.)**(Duke walks slowly over to the window to watch them go. He rings for the maid. The Grandfather clock strikes midnight.)*DUKE (talking out loud to himself): Parsley Square, people come and people go . . . and when they go they've gotta go . . . urgent business . . . come to New York . . . I'll show you things—*(Maid enters)* so long you old fossil—

MAID: What's that, sire?

DUKE: Sadie, mix me up an explosion. I've got to make the 20th century.

(Quick Curtain)

AFTER THE BRAWL!

*Ah, woe is me, ah, woe is me!**I sat alone and sighed.**You made me what I am and now**You aren't satisfied.**'Twas by no wish or will of mine**Love for you came to me;**'Twas you who led me on and on,**Else now it would not be.**You kissed me and helped make the scene**That let the gossip start;**'Twas you who gave me treatment mean,**I've played a passive part.**And yet you spoke to me as if**You had some cause to hate,**You railed at me, and swore, and even**Broke a cherished date.**It isn't fair, it isn't just**That I should be abused;**No guilt is there upon my head**Nor should I be accused.**But go ahead deceitful wretch**You blue-eyed darling imp,**You haven't spunk enough to stick,**So go on, quit me, shrimp!*

JOE COTILLION.



*Three little pigs went on a toot
 One drank rye with his little snoot
 One drank gin till he was full of glee
 The last drank beer and went wee, wee,
 wee!*

“There was one innocent bystander hurt in the theater fire last night.”

“How about the fifteen chorus girls injured?”

“I repeat there was one innocent bystander hurt.”

—Penn State Froth.

He finally saved up enough money to visit his cousin in New York. There he was shown the sights and entertained royally at dinners and lunches.

“This is all fine,” he said one day, “but I miss the homely food, the homely surroundings, and a friendly word. All this hustle and bustle is terrible!”

So his cousin took him to a quiet little place known for its choice dishes of old European days.

“Ah,” he cried, “this is fine. Exactly what I want. Homely surroundings and simple food. But what about the friendly word?”

“Don't eat the eggs,” the cousin whispered.

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"How did the explosion occur?"
"The engineer was full and the boiler was empty."
—Dirge.

TO A COED

Now . . .
Every
Eve I create
Lovely visions of you.
Co-eds
Oh, how they tempt
Me . . . but I'm true!
You
Your dreamy eyes . . .
Oh, cripes they make me blue!
So . . .
Every
Eve I create
Lovely visions of you.
You're crazy to believe—
Like h— I do.

HOW MANY?

"Pretty soon is the Prom."
"What?"
"I said, Pretty soon is the Prom."
"What Prom?"
"The Junior Prom."
"What junior?"
"Any junior."
"Where?"
"Any junior at Maryland University."
"What about him?"
"Pretty soon he can go to the Prom."
"What Prom?"
"The JUNIOR Prom."
"What junior?"
"Any junior."
"Where?"
"There, THERE, and THERE!"
Thus with three shots the freshman was killed.

"You sell anti-knock gas?"
"Yes, sir."
"Let me have a pint to rub on a girl's knees."
—Widow.

A bewildered man entered a ladies' specialty shop. "I want a corset for my wife," he said.
"What bust?" asked the clerk.
"Nothin'. They just wore out."
—Scranton Scratch.

A little boy was selling newspapers, yelling as he sold—
"Great swindle! Sixty victims."
An old grouch stopped to buy one, and after looking over the headlines—
"I don't see anything about it in the paper."
"Great swindle," shouted the youth even more loudly, "Sixty-one victims."
—Drexerd.



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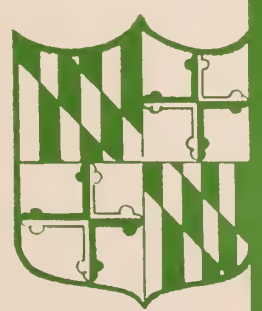
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THE OLD LINE

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**"EVEN HIS WORST
FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"**



THEY SURE DID—when they recovered! But recovering from the K.O. of that sullen, soupy pipe was harder than holing a golf ball from a sand trap!

A pipe-cleaner, an orange-and-black tin of Sir Walter Raleigh—and how his circle of admirers will widen! This happy mixture of fine Kentucky Burleys has the body that men want, with a calm fragrance that raises you in the estimation of your friends and yourself. Try it. You'll like it.

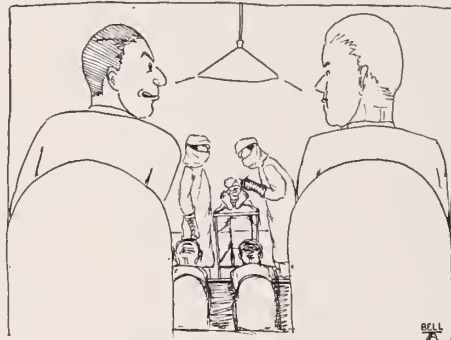
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

"I hear that Professor in biology played you a compliment last night."
"Not to my knowledge."
"No—to your beauty." —*Scope.*

"You've heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you?"
"No, how much is it a bottle?"
—*Punch Bowl.*



Med Stude: "I can't understand what he sees in her"

He: "Do you know the difference between being good and being bad?"
She: "What's the difference?"
He: "That's what I say."
—*Annapolis Log.*

Father (to daughter coming in at 3 A.M.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter (sweetly): "Good morning, Father." —*Seranton Scratch.*

"Why is a horse that can't hold its neck up like next Monday?"
"I'll bite."
"Because it's next week, silly."
—*Gargoyle.*

IDLER'S ODE

*I sing my song to the idler—
The dreamer, the waster of time,
To the man who does his damndest
To make a silly rime.*

SUNDOWN

*The road's a golden ribbon
Of soiled and trampled white;
The sun's a golden circle
Of red and purple light;
The lonely tree's a shadow,
Black against the sky;
The ear, a sacred temple
Where sit my girl and I.*

Scribe 1: Why so doleful?

Scribe 2: I wrote an article on milk and the editor condensed it.

1: Cheer up! Be thankful he didn't can it!

1st Alaskan: Is it very cold out this morning?

2nd ditto: I dunno; wait till I thaw out the thermometer. —*Exchange.*

Tomchik: I'm a helluva good boxer, but my feet don't like to stand around and watch my body get abused.

Teacher: Can you do sums?

Little Aloysius: Sum.

—*Punch Bowl.*

EGOTIST

The boy friend who, when kissing his sweetheart, murmurs that he must be the second happiest person in the world. —*Punch Bowl.*

He: I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes.

She: Why, that isn't so wonderful!

He: I'd like to see you do it.

—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

And the first realtor was King Solomon. He handled lots.

—*Annapolis Log.*

Her: "You ain't no gentleman."

Him: "You ain't no blonde."

—*The Log.*

Waiter: "Have you given your order?"

Patron: "Yes—but please change it to an entreaty." —*Voo Doo.*

THE NEW LINE

"The LINE of least resistance."

... "Oh weather, where is thy spring!"

IT is inscribed in the literature, not without adequate foundation, that during that season of the year when the earth is in the portion of its orbit immediately succeeding the vernal equinox, the propensities of young male specimens of *Homo sapiens* turn capriciously to consideration of the primal urge (shift to second).

The persevering twitter of the first robin red-breast, the vain shadow boxing of the groundhog, the seed, garden hose, and lawn-mower displays in the hardware store windows, all are but superstitious presagements of the approach of spring at best.

But when the soot and grime which has graced the front steps to the Library throughout the dark days begins to vanish, the victim of numerous downsittings and a corresponding number of uprisings, and the marble begins to take on a serge and silk-impacted sheen, then know, by the one unfailing omen, that spring has come to College Park.

Another reliable sign is the calls of the engineers from the top windows of the engineering building, opened to admit the balmy, whispering breezes from a redolent and awakening countryside. We've often wondered just whether any classes were held, or any work done on the upper floors of the slide-rule stronghold, the merry gentlemen seeming in constant attendance at the case-ments, from which they project with impartial hand lewd ribaldries, piercing cat-calls, and bits of chalk and other loose articles on the heads of the just and unjust alike.

And yet another trustworthy herald of springtide is the exodus of the library lovers who winter in the reading-room and who summer, or sinmer, as you will, at the Paint Branch spa, to the benches, or even the green grass itself, beneath the spreading branches of the great oaks. Only the grinds and scholars remain at their posts in the almost deserted Library, unmindful of the enticing beckonings of

the green paradise lying beyond the gently billowing curtains.

As for us, aside from the slight annoyance of twigs and bits of bark falling into the typewriter from the tree under which we are sitting, and the nervousness entailed by the business-like buzz of that bee that's whizzing around us, we're doing very nicely . . . Ho, hum . . .

All in all, spring, it would seem, is here.

... *Stone Instead of Bread*

It is reported that one of the fashionable newly-married ladies of the upper crust in Washington kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others.

The editor of this magazine needs bread with his shoes on, he needs bread with his overcoat on, and unless some of the good mercantile gentry of College Park see fit to extend additional credit, he will need bread without a damn thing on. And College Park, even in early spring, is no garden of Eden. Credit is a wonderful thing.

It seems so much like getting something for nothing . . . but it isn't . . . as we so bitterly and rudely found out in the end. "Ah take the cash and let the credit go," said Omar, but as for us,

we'd go him one better and let them both go. Credit *is* a wonderful thing . . .

... *The Student Mind at Play*

Our desk, being located as it is, in the precise geometrical center of the Student Center Building, affords us a vantage point from which to observe the constant flux of student journalists, student legislators, student centerites, and student loafers which trails through our office and by our desk, and more often than enough, not going by.

It is also an enviable opportunity to observe the student mind relaxed—not stiffened under a guise of intelligence as it is found in class, although not always sufficiently disguised. For example, there is on our office wall an excellent

Short Story Contest

You may never have taken Money and Credit, but you can take our word for it—

\$5 is \$5

It always was and always will be. And our \$5 is your \$5 if you write the winning Short Story for the June Issue of THE OLD LINE.

Here are the rules, and no kicking in the clinches:

1. All manuscripts must contain between 800 and 1500 words.
2. All entries must be received by May 1.
3. The name of the author should not be on the manuscript, but on a separate sheet with the title of the story.
4. Entries should be addressed to The Editor of THE OLD LINE, and sent through the Post Office.

The Judges, whose decision will be final, are Dr. Charles B. Hale, and the editor.

sketch of President Pearson, with the artist's name amply and legibly inscribed thereon. At least every member of the flux, and some twice, have asked us "Who drew that?"

And then a little south of the portrait is a door, which according to the whim of the editor of the *Reveille*, may or may not be locked, and which if the former, bars all communication between our office and the next. Members of the flux have been known to walk up to the door, pause politely with hand on knob until we finish whatever we may be doing, and then query, "Is this door locked?"

But the prize quip was uttered soon after the demolition of the famed Student Center piano by student loafers whose limit of endurance was exceeded by the incessant and mournful plinkings of one of the Student Centerites. One of the more astute of the flux, after strolling in and surveying the *pot pourri* of ivory, wood, iron, and wire, strolled back into our office and mildly and sincerely asked, "Pardon me. Did someone break that piano?"

And these are intimate glimpses of the student mind relaxed.

. . . Coin of The Greek Realu

If, as current discussion in many collegiate publications maintains, the heyday of fraternities is past, the question may be asked as to just why the fraternity system continues in such force. The figures tell the tale.

The fraternity idea, we believe, has overshot itself, and like a wave which has reached its crest and is swallowed up in its own foam, is still carried along by its momentum even as it disintegrates. The momentum behind the fraternity movement, in our opinion, is the desperate propaganda waged by the national offices, whose very abundant bread and butter comes from the enormous tribute exacted from the numerous and scattered active chapters.

Some idea of the enormity of this tribute may be gained from a glance at the local Greek situation. College Park,

which contains a relatively small number of national fraternities, yearly contributes by conservative estimate, at least sixty-five thousand dollars. Of this amount, not more than three thousand dollars is spent for jewelry, which is the only expense for which the Greek receives any tangible returns. Approximately fifty-four thousand dollars goes to national headquarters as initiation fees, and the remainder of the total is derived from yearly dues.

When one considers the very startling fact that the same local chapters could exist in the same houses, and carry on the same activities without the benefit of any national affiliations, the appalling fact becomes immediately apparent that this sixty-five thousand dollars, squeezed each year from the tiny hamlet of College Park, is spent for nothing more than prestige. In other words, the fraternity man gives up the major portion of his lodge expenses as nothing more than a toll, for which he derives no direct benefit whatsoever.

If, on the other hand, this sixty-five thousand dollars were kept on the local campus, the increase in the range of club activities, and most important, the increase in the benefits to the man who pays the bill, would be almost inconceivable.

. . . Returned For Lack of Postage

From the Stanford *Chaparral* we gleaned one of the neater methods of beating the government—if such methods may be neat. Two students, wishing to mail a letter to a local address, but either not being able, or not so inclined to spend the required three cents for postage, resorted to the following expedient: They directed the envelope in the customary manner, but in the upper left corner they again wrote the name and street number of the addressee instead of their own as the return address. When the letter was mailed, it was simply marked "Return to sender," and was accordingly sent to its intended destination.

(Inspiration by Hickey; lines by Allison)

REPROACH

*So you think that promiscuous kissing
Makes our love so much cheaper and coarse;
And attempting to get what we're missing
Will but end us in grief and remorse.
When I try, in my ardor, to hold you,
When I whisper, "I mean it all dear,"
When I think that at last I have sold you,
Must you ask, "Are you sure you're sincere?"
Of course, I don't mean what I'm saying.
My heart's not in league with my tongue,
For in sports it's not winning, but playing;
And love's just a game when we're young.*

CREDE D'AMOUR

*My motto is "Love them and leave them"—
It's good enough though it is old.
For it's best to discreetly deceive them,
And then part before love becomes cold.
Briefest pleasures, as well as illicit,
Are sweeter by far than the rest;
And a love built on faith too implicit
Is a tedious bore at the best.
Let's not waste precious time in regretting,
When our moments are only too few;
And salvation is gotten by letting
The dying flame kindle the new.*

AROUND THE HILL

By BILL NEEDHAM

*Wherein I Take an Opportunity of Describing the Plans for
the 1934 Convention of the American Association
of Creditors of W. C. H. Needham*

I AM told that there is to be a convention of my creditors in Washington some time prior to June. I have it from reliable sources.

The story goes that they have elected officers, formulated a constitution and by-laws, and intend within the year to be a power in politics. At present, there is a movement under way to secure my services as principal speaker and guest of honor at the convention. Of course it is much too early for them to approach me with the proposition, and there is the possibility that the whole thing may be another wild rumor. For one in my position, however, I feel that it would be most unfortunate for me to disregard it entirely.

Indeed, I see no reason at all why my creditors should not be permitted to hold their convention; in point of fact, it is a most commendable project and I shall be deeply honored if I am asked to officiate. There is but one item which has caused me some concern in moments of meditation on the event, and that is this question of attendance. In common with other public speakers of some prominence, I have not the slightest desire to address an empty hall where, perchance, the janitor is playing at dice with two friends in the orchestra pit. Not, of course, to imply that I have no creditors. It is a matter of record that, if someone should place all my creditors very carefully end to end they would look terribly silly and I should be considerably embarrassed.

But I feel that they owe it to me, just as I owe it to them, to guarantee a representative attendance. To that end, I am contemplating the transmission of a brief but firm note to the president—to the effect that the affair must be given all possible advance publicity. If it is necessary, I shall be quite willing to make a strategic lecture-tour covering the principal local chapters of our great Association. I do not feel that my creditors in any part of the country should be slighted and I intend to ask that delegations numbering no less than 100 be sent to the convention from every state, city, county, and town in which branches of the organization have been established. I am told that the first treasurer's report lists the total number of chapters at something over 2,500, with additions being made daily. I can scarcely put into words my deep appreciation of the splendid response which has been accorded the movement.



The author, "Liability Needham," shown defying death on the shell-swept ramparts on the Russian steppes, where his creditors were met and sustained heavy losses.

Now, as to the meeting place of the convention. There was some talk of holding the sessions in the Washington Auditorium, but brief investigation had made it evident that the seating capacity of the building could not begin to meet the requirements of the attendance which we confidently expect. I have therefore arranged to secure the Union Station Plaza where, although conditions will be somewhat crowded, the spectators will at least be able to breathe. This year's convention committee has informed me that negotiations with the Soviet Government are virtually complete for a 3-day lease on the Russian steppes, where the 1935 conclave will doubtless be held. Delegates will probably register in the famous Red Square of Moscow.

As to my convention address, I have given it some little thought over the past few days, and have composed a rough draft which I should like very much to present here for your criticism and such constructive comment as you may care to offer. Believe me, I have debated at length over the advisability of doing so, for I feared you might

object to my flaunting my success in the faces of less fortunate people who are unable to muster sufficient interest among their own creditors to secure the reaction I have obtained from mine. As I say, I have debated the point, but have concluded that the question is of enough importance to warrant the consideration of the general public.

Herewith, then, I submit the first writing of the opening remarks of the speech I hope to deliver before the gathering in June:

"Mr. President, members of the Association of American Creditors of W. C. H. Needham, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"You are met here tonight under the stars to celebrate the first general convention in the brief history of our great Association. It is with profound pleasure and gratitude that I find myself on this rostrum (Note: Sixty of my creditors who are carpenters will erect the gigantic stage from which the address will be delivered. Incidentally, I hope to arrange for both of the nation-wide broadcasting networks to carry the speech to every village and hamlet in the United States. Chapters of the Association in foreign countries will hold mass meetings on the night of the convention and hear the proceedings by means of amplifiers. Every effort will also be made to transmit the address, at least, to Admiral Byrd in the South Pole area.) and able to speak personally with every one of you. (I had thought of shaking hands with each creditor after my speech, but police authorities have suggested that the courtesy might interfere seriously with the train schedules at Union Station and I tentatively discarded the idea.)

"The A.A.C.W.C.H.N. is an organization with a splendid future. The mere fact that the President of the United States is with us this evening (I intend to make Mr. Roosevelt a member of the Association by borrowing an Army brigade for police duty and sufficient funds from the U.S. Treasury to feed the delegates for three nights.) indicates the tremendous field of expansion which is open to us.

"And in that connection, may I assure you that I intend to do everything in my power to add to the membership roster before 1935. It is a big job but I feel that, on the basis of past performance, I am capable of doing it to your satisfaction."

That's as far as I've gone on the speech, but I'm fairly certain it can be gotten into good shape by June. Criticisms will be appreciated.

"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"
 "Give her the benefit of the doubt." —Yowl.

Hale: Use the word "disguise" in a sentence.
 Jerry: "Disguise" all right, but his sox ain't so clean.



Springtime in the Rockies

WHY I NEVER JOINED A SORORITY

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.
2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.
3. My fingers have grown so much I couldn't get my class ring off and people thought I was taken.
4. I didn't want a lot of fraternity boys looking in at me o'nights.
5. I didn't look the part of the usual sister.
6. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn't want to begin now.
7. Too many men were in the habit of slapping me on the back for the comfort of the sisters.
8. I hated a dormitory and having to crawl over a lot of sisters to get to bed.
9. I don't look well in sleeveless, low-cut gowns.
10. I was born male anyway. —Orange Peel.

What do you do when you see an unusually good-looking senior?

Oh, I look awhile, then I get tired and put the mirror down. —Cambridge Revue.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION
DEPARTMENT

All students and instructors attending the university are over ten years old.

More than 100 bricks were used in the construction of the Administration Building. It has four stories counting the basement, and each story has at least one window.

There is an interesting book in the library.

The Sophomore Prom was formal.

Fraternity politics do not rule campus activities.

Somebody doesn't want final exams at this school. And somebody else doesn't want exams.

For that thirsty feeling at dances, water is good to drink provided that it does not make one sick. Water is also good for washing.

The culvert down the hill from the Library is no relation to Culvert Hall.



"Do you realize I'm your wife?"—*Esquire*

Slogan for an evening's amusement. So-fa and no father. _____ —*V. P. I. Skipper.*

Dean Spence: Taking notes! The idea! Are they trying to check up on me? _____

X: Who beat you up?

Y: You see it's this way. I took my girl to a restaurant and she found a fly in the soup. She called the waiter and said: "Get this insect out of here."

X: So what?

Y: So what? He threw me down a flight of stairs.

_____ —*Medley.*

What is a tailspin?

The last word in aviation. _____ —*Cambridge Revue.*

First: "And what did Mae West say when you kissed her?"

Second: "She told me to call on Friday, that's amateur night."

"I guess we'll make port," said the sailor as he threw in another handful of raisins. _____

"Kissing a boy good night is a custom of long standing." _____

Q: "What could be worse than a man without a country?"

A: "A country without a man." _____

Prof: "What are 'Twice Told Tales'?"

Stude: "Women's secrets." _____

1st Father: "What, your son is an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor?"

2nd Father: "No, I said he followed the medical profession." _____

The novelist claims that the best cure for hysterics is a kiss.

The only problem now is how to give a girl hysterics.

_____ —*Sun Dial.*

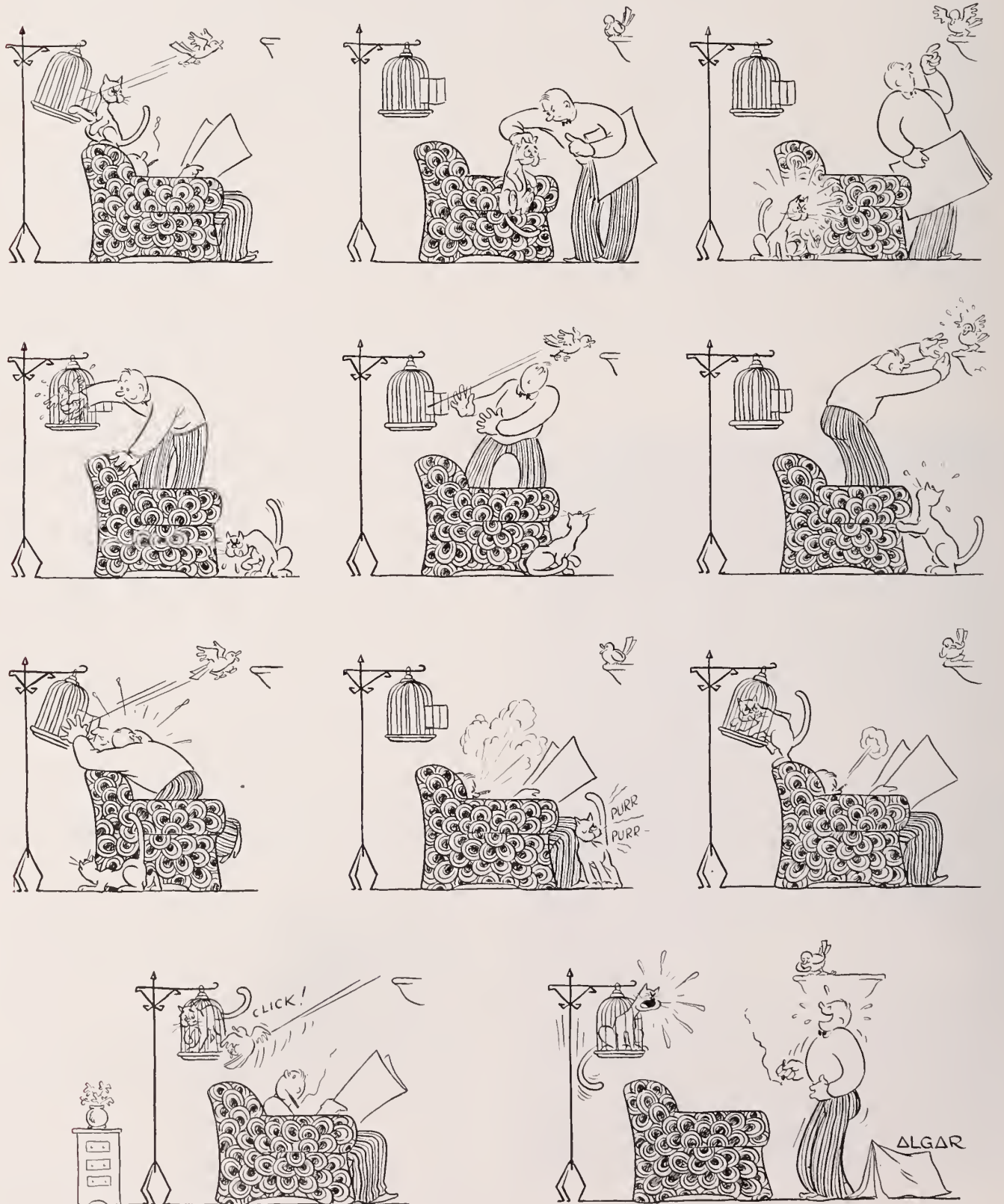
Frosh: How come you started playing ping-pong?

Soph: Well, my girl gave me a cigarette lighter, and since I stopped using matches, I thought I needed the extra exercise. _____ —*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Well, son, any college debts?

No, dad—nothing but what with diligence, economy, and self-denial you'll be able to meet. _____ —*Skipper.*

CASPAR THE CANARY



WITH OUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

JAMES ALGAR, *The Stanford Chaparral*

EDITOR'S NOTE

We herewith kill the fatted calf and two columns of questionable jokes for Stanford Chaparral's James Algar, our guest artist this issue. James, who as editor of the *Chaparral* and a nice chap, is known in his own habitat as the Head Chappie, and sent us three chapters: an eventful chapter in the doings of Casper The Canary, a chapter from his own life, and *chappicature*, no less. Thanks, James!

Dear Fellow Phi Beta:

CHAPARRAL'S Old Boy is honored to find himself included in your list of guest artists but somewhat bashful when it comes to actually facing the cold camera eye. Like early-morning showers, however, such things have to be endured on this queer globe, so here goes:

Height: seventeen hands. Weight: middleweight division with a falling off about the time each issue is due. Hair: f'goodness sakes, it's RED! Eyes: yes. Large nose and a silly grin. Wotta combination!

Ancestry: Scotch and soda—beg your pardon! Scotch and English.

Why in college: Chiefly to refrain from running up the tax rate by wearing out city sidewalks and also to achieve, acquire, rate or somehow obtain an M.A. in Journalism.

Ambitions: To be a newspaper cartoonist; to play a xylophone with four sticks in each hand; to own a hundred neckties, and to meet Greta Garbo.

Previous schooling: Kindergarten.

Hobbies: Collecting cartoon originals; tooting a second-hand clarinet; walking through mud puddles on rainy days.

Diet: Will eat anything, except



*An Algar cat-toon in the making.
Drawing by the Author.*

mushroom and fish. Have been known to consume spinach. Particularly go for baked beans, fried chicken, banana cream cake or apple pie a la mode.

Pet aversions: Forced conversation, bill collectors, bridge, Amos 'n Andy, and most dogs. Don't mind dogs in other people's laps, but wouldn't own one myself.

Women: Will absolutely flutter in presence of blondes; but also will palpitate like a '26 Ford at sight of a brunette. (Don't like red heads, heh, heh.)

Sports: Like to swim and golf. Enjoy all sports, excel in none.

Radio bugs: Like Comedian Joe Penner, that "Oh-you-nasty-man" fella; enjoy Ted Weems' theme song, *Out of the Night*; go for Fred Waring's chorus arrangements and Glenn Gray's stomp numbers. Fed up on Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn. Can get really thrilled over the *March of Time*.

Miscellaneous: Admire Cartoonists

Rollin Kirby, Ding and Dorman H. Smith. Like to drive an automobile for hours on end. Take music with my meals. Prefer Irish potatoes to sweet potatoes. Hope to tour Europe. Wouldn't carry a gun in the next war. Dislike a southern accent.

Yours for a successful year,

JAMES ALGAR, Editor,
Stanford Chaparral.

"Say, Joe, your girl looked quite tempting in that Biblical gown she was wearing last hop."

"What do you mean—Biblical gown?"

"Lo and Behold!"

Joe: "They say there's alcohol in bread."

Tom: "Yeah? Well, let's drink a little toast."

"Dorothy is getting married."

"Who is the lucky man?"

"Her father."

Knowledge of love depends on how one grasps the subject.

1: "Everything that guy makes goes to the four winds."

2: "A spendthrift, eh?"

3: "No, a parachute manufacturer."

SPRING CLEANING WITH YE MODERN GREEKS

wherein the virtues of mops, dusters, and vacuum cleaners are extolled . . . new mistletoes are hung . . . and toasts are drunk in sulphur and molasses . . .

SCOOPING College Park's leading weekly, and even the gossip-gibberers from Brent, the OLD LINE herewith presents several intimate glimpses into the home-management of the various fraternal and sisterly abodes dotting our fair campus . . . glimpses garnered while ye brethern and sorores were shaking loose the customary lethargic grip, hauling forth broom and paint-brush, rags and polish, and preparing to indulge in a bit of cleaning—spring cleaning—that bane of strong men and marital bliss which has become a national, yea verily an international, institution. The cunning li'l misses herein pictured are indulging. (Notice that "come-hither" look on the one at the extreme right. She got that way from hopping rides to Hyattsville.) The infants in curls and diapers are freshmen pledges. They are emptying the contents of a wicker refuse basket. (We *refuse* to pun on the "wicker basket," although wickerally do it). Much of this same is going on now, here; and, after prolonged snooping and quizzing, we forthwith offer for your approval or displeasure a list of some of the outstanding problems in interior decoration demanding the attention of ye goodly susteru and brethren.

A.O.PI

After the wear and tear of a hectic winter social season, the cozy little breakfast nook—that beloved haven of shipwrecked lovers—has been temporarily closed for repairs. The detour sign will direct sad-eyed couples to their provisory rendezvous. (No, not Mrs. Laughlin's room.)

SIGMA PHI SIGMA

Plans are nearing completion for the annual gala spring fire. Guitars have been purchased, and the boys will sit around and strum while flames purge the place of rats and mice that have accumulated during the winter. The committee on arrangements has done a noble bit of work. Marshmallows will be served gratis; bring your best girl and enjoy the fire-works.

PHI DELTA THETA

All attempts having failed to ascertain just who wrecked those sugar-bowls and chairs, and ate the varnish off the desk in the end room on the second floor, actives and pledges will be duly fined to cover expenses. Other than that spring here consists of dusting out the cups and preparing for the next tea party.



KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Gamma Psi chapter officially will usher in the spring with a dance around the maypole. Virginia Ijams will be the maypole.

IOTA NU DELTA

Spring never comes to this melancholy establishment. They merely throw off the extra blanket when Small needs a new wrestling mat.

KAPPA ALPHA

Money gleaned from the Minstrel will be spent for a nice new tie, several sprigs of lilacs, and a set of curling irons for Brother Yaeger. The remainder will be spent for Lifebuoy soap.

*- as we
go along*



*We believe
you'll enjoy
them*

Chesterfield they're MILDER
they TASTE BETTER

SPRING CLEANING WITH YE MODERN GREEKS—Continued

DELTA SIGMA PHI

The current spring budget has included an allotment to be spent for bridge tables. Padlocks may now be taken off the few remaining brown four-legged affairs in the Brent Rec Hall.

KAPPA DELTA

To insure against probable nocturnal foraging now that ice-cream will soon begin to be stored therein, two additional padlocks will be fastened onto the huge, shiny refrigerator occupying a goodly three-quarters of Gern-eaux's kitchenette. Fritch and Palmer are scheduled to appear in the parlor any day now in pajamas.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA

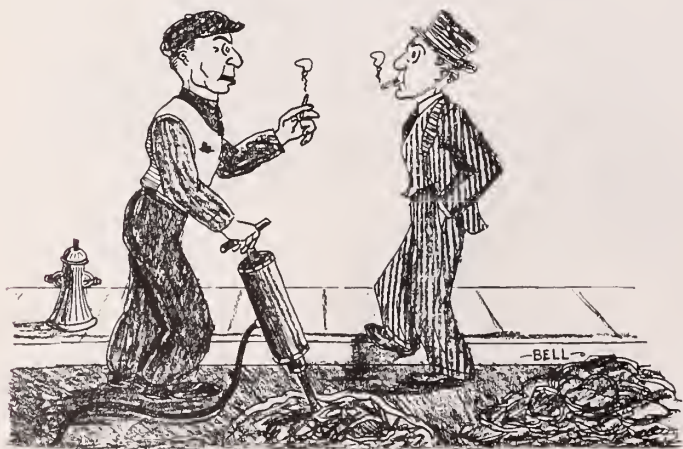
All effort here will be concentrated on refurbishing that magnificent six-car garage which has served generations of fratres in such good stead. Renovations will be completed, and this popular rendezvous will reopen, on or about next house dance.

TAU EPSILON PHI

Dredging machines, steam shovels, and clam diggers will shortly be put to work clearing mud, morass, and moat surrounding the mansion . . . and if you think that's moat ado about nothing, you should try traversing the veritable everglades from College Avenue to the doorstep.

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Here is a spirited sisterhood. Formality is the keynote. The Willard Hotel will be the scene of the doffing of winter lingerie and the donning of the new. Sulphur and molasses will be served during intermission.



"Oh yes, I'm still practicing dentistry, but I had to give up my offices."

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

Resolutions have been passed towards the annexation of the Rossbourg Club as a subchapter at the University. More money, it seems, is needed to replant the herbage in Dean Appleman's back-yard which the boys have so rudely trampled upon.

SIGMA ALPHA MU

Thirty, instead of the customary forty, orchid plants will be seeded this spring. (This national treasury business takes a helluvalot of dough.)

ALPHA XI DELTA

Petitions have been filed with the Maryland State Board of Vehicles to prohibit trolleys from hooting at crossings at two and three A.M. . . . especially during the warmer months, when windows, of necessity, have to be kept open.

PHI ALPHA

Replenishing the pantry is the big problem here. Contributions will be gratefully received. (Bacon and beans, boiled ham, and clam chowder donations are past the stage of practical jokes.)

THIETA CHI

With fervent prayers for a moratorium on Saturday nights, the pledges have begun the difficult task of renovating lounges, sofas, and other of the cushioned effects sprinkled about the parlors.

SIGMA NU

The Royal Order of the Crystal Spring has definitely decided on the Weeping Willow tree as its recognition charm.

ALPHA GAMMA RHO

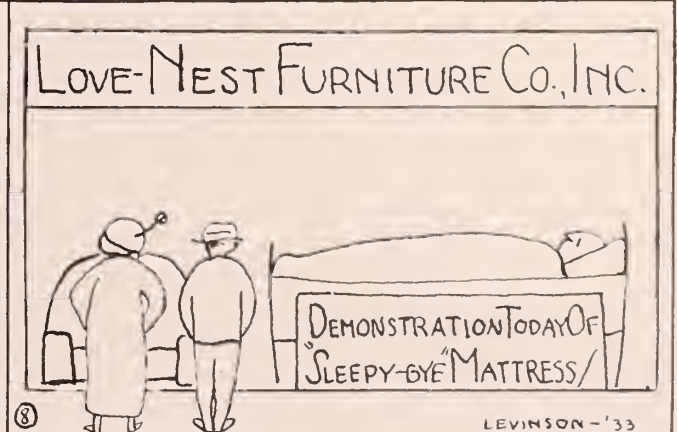
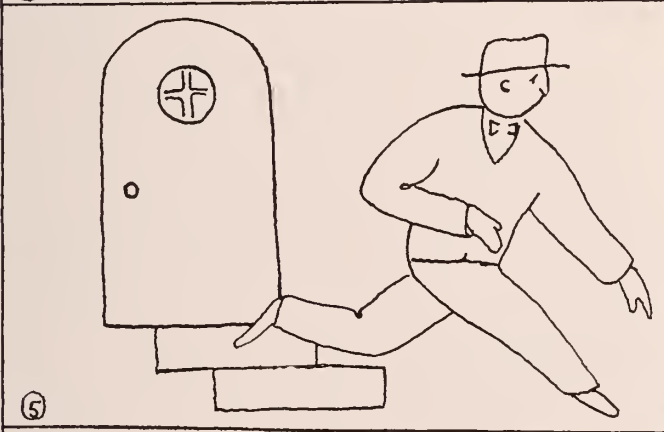
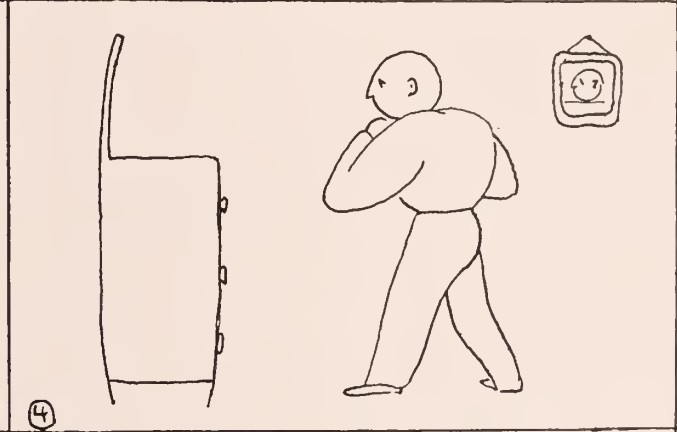
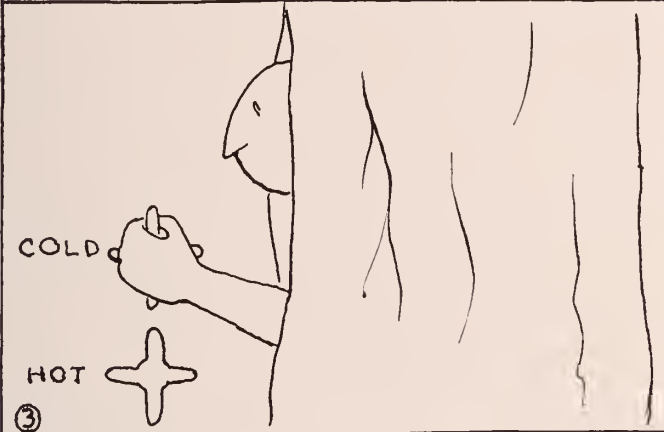
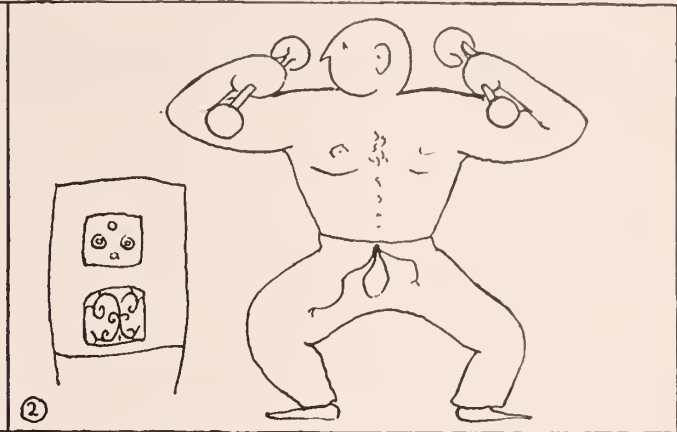
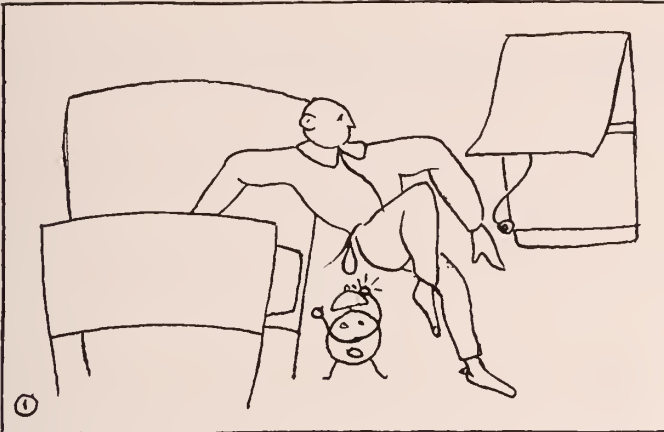
Oating time on Princeton Avenue will be officially celebrated with the sowing of the first wild crop at the next house dance. Even AGRarians must play.

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

According to the minutes of February, 1926, Epsilon Pi chapter is scheduled to throw a dance this spring . . . but outsiders will continue to doubt until they see receipted bill for refreshments.

BRENT HALL

Unofficial rumor has it that a stagger system will be put into effect soon in order to accommodate those couples who find it difficult and unhealthful to bolt their meals and dash up that long hill only to discover a waiting line, three abreast, around the building.



••• THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH •••

DEPARTMENT OF OLD BUSINESS

... Spring comes to the A. O. Pi house ... and stirs up memories of old romance ... as it blossomed when life and youth were fair ... in '33

By MARY STALLINGS

SPRING—and romance . . . all ye lads' and lassies' souls in a tumult, worried, to be sure, by ants crawling into their ears and grime getting down their backs, green stains on britches, lumps in the grass . . . sad, sweet memories of the days before repeal, when it was still considered sophisticated to drink beer, and the school still had a campus widow . . . We, too, feel the urge to cast a discreet glance backward, and, perhaps, resurrect for you some of the blossoms of last springtide, which, alas! have long since died or withered to a state of abject degeneracy . . . to begin, we remember when Stew Collins and Rosalie Grant . . . and not so long ago either—(but we must consider the holy state of wedlock now) . . . and Amy Mister missed her aim when she had Frank Ebaugh rush Kappa . . . and the Kerstetter-McChesney affair . . . Kenwood Beach, where it “piered” to them—(‘snuff, eh, Johnny?) . . . and then, Van Slyke helping “Brat” Spire with a nice, new Chevy convertible . . . and Betty Mulligan still was recovering from an attack of Krajcovicitis . . . Jarboe . . . Greely . . . Phi Sig houseparty (ies) . . . Polly Ensor . . . Ed Walter (and she still writes letters to Cambridge County) . . . Dahn . . . Hauer . . . more letters . . . rides hooked to Chevy Chase . . . and then when Colosimo and the elder Hannigan buried the hatchet (but we wouldn't say where) . . . and Margie Smith had a little (?) competition—by the name of Dot . . . when Ches Venemann took Peggy Jones to a Publications Banquet (two years ago) . . . Freddy Breuckner and Ruth Purdum . . . she, incidentally, married at the time . . . then, the big, bad Berger and the three little innocents—Reuling, Horsey, and Tuttle . . . Carolyn Vogt . . . Bucky Buscher . . . but even we Ken(t) see that's all over . . . Hester-Carroll, and the decision still contested . . . and who can forget the Audrey Jacobs-Jack Savage duo . . . according to sister Polly, still duoling . . . then Sue Short, who is still in doubt about romances that start in garages and crash in airplanes . . . and Harry Dyer's shadow cast daily over the Claffin door . . . and when Bill Needham was still a woman-hater . . . Bermuda onions coming between Beppo and Boyd . . . and the big boy from Tech High running off with our Leah Leaf . . . recalling hazy visions of Phi-Delt dining rooms with Litschert-Fritch, Erbe-Palmer somehow or other mixed up . . . Lucille Hancock . . . Ray Schmidt . . . still to be seen, on

DEPARTMENT OF NEW BUSINESS

... little puffs of knowledge ... little grains of wit ... make the little co-ed ... think the boy friend's it

By JERRY TAX

LIKE tomato juice and gin, trench-mouth and L kisses, spring always follows winter. It is inevitable. You cannot escape it. It reaches out and grabs you by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the trousers, and hustles you outdoors—to wander in the “violet-embroidered” vale, and whisper sweet nothings in pearly-tinted ears. But it is a most ordinary spring that comes to College Park this year, what with the annual influx of femininity playing the customary havoc with the social schemings of a goodly number of upperclass-women. It is, in fact, the same old thing. Even Jerry Cowherd tells me it is the same old thing. (He just orders a marshmallow sundae at the Grill at ten-minute intervals for half an hour; and when the sundae is finally served, he already has finished three peanut-butter sandwiches at the Barbecue.) So, you see, it must be the same old thing; only, all over again. Ye olde guard, however, is certainly taking it where it hurts from this Warren-Cochran-Walker-Gengnagle-Hutchinson-Higgins-Padgett crew. Even Lou Ennis, who was such a nice, studious, curly-headed youth a year ago, has fallen for one of these exemplars of female pseudo-sophistication. And it grieves me. It grieves me to such an extent that I have employed all the logic I have recently absorbed to prove to you that they (frosh coeds) are an affliction: a frosh is new; new means not old; not old means not stale; not stale means fresh; fresh means smart; a smart is a pain; a pain is an affliction; q.e.d.—frosh coeds are afflictions. But it is still the same old thing. It is still no more of an insult to wink at a man's wife than to whistle after his girl friend. Two shots of rye still make the whole world kin. And two shots of gin make the whole world wry, and etc., ad infinitum. By now, you are justifiably irked by the absence of names and scandal. And I am sorry. I watched all night for a week, but I couldn't catch any more blonde coeds in white sweaters billing and cooing in the student center. It is pitiful, a downright shame the way the filth has flown. So I constructed for you the ideal local dream-girl, consisting of Lyman McAbob's hair, Bill Needham's chin, V. G. Zalesak's ventre, George Fogg's coyness, Paul Holmes' sweetness, and Gilbert Teal's wit. And, being in the mood, I am certain you will pardon a few personal nominations: perfect-pair, Ruzicka-Turner; swellest gal, June Barnesly; swellest guy, Jimmy Crotty;

OLD BUSINESS—Continued

close observation, at the bowling alleys . . . when Ralph Watt was a big light in the AOPi house . . . Mary Solomon . . . Malcolm Johns, and petitions for bigger and better chairs at the ATO house . . . and the faculty still shivers to think of the time when Marian Bates Daniels sported Navy jewelry . . . and what a laugh those who knew had when Whitey Hauver said his sadly skinned anatomy was caused by . . . well any number of reasons, roller-skating being the best . . . what tricks one's memory plays . . . Our cardiac regions pulsate with anguish when we think of how we . . . but tears fill our eyes, we are no longer able to see to type . . . Oh! the pain of it all! . . . Guess we'll have to glance across to the next column, and cheer ourselves with the thought that there are many, many crabs in the river, and when one ducks away, you can always try for the next one . . .



"Lady, I told you we'd water your geraniums when we get through here!"

SOME PITHY SAYINGS

The line of conversation was as interesting as a laundry ticket.
 Impressionable as a new sheet of carbon paper.
 As new as a peeled egg.
 He who laughs—lasts.
 As hard to catch as a waiter's eye.
 He looked like an accident going somewhere to happen.

She's a suicide blonde—dyed by her own hand.
 Many a girl is sought for her pa value.
 "What's your idea of civilization," the Prince of Wales recently was asked.
 "It's a good idea," he replied.
 "Somebody ought to start it."

NEW BUSINESS—Continued

and, noblest-roman-of-them-all, Josephus Montgomery Tomchik (ducky lad!). One of the boys mistook some of my green ink for ereme de menthe the other day, and blurted out that his folks were now in the iron and steel business—his mother irons, and his father steals. It is pleasant to find a wag like that now and then. That is not the same old thing; although this is. Some poet fella once said something about a promise made being a debt unpaid, so I must apologize to ye goodly Kappa Deltas, one and all. If you were all like Helen Klingsolr, sisters, I could do this verbally, but I am forever abashed into silence by your unloquacious mien. Helen is a swell girl. You should all strive to be like Helen. I think this will fill up a column, Herb. I could make a crack about Van Slyke, but Bob Graves says he will punch me on the nose if I do that. And I am in no condition to receive punches on the nose. In fact, I am in condition for nothing else but sleep. Already Somnus knocks at both horn and ivory gates. Cool sheets beckon. It is spring, Herbie. Maybe tomorrow Alice will smile on me. G'night.

Sitting around the Beta house, they were swapping lies. "When I was up in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away." "Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and, as is my habit, I stopped to stroke his head. And I'm telling you, his whiskers were still wet."—Pelican.

"Up-ss-daisy," said the old lady upon seeing a little girl fall down.
 "Up-ss-daisy, hell," said the little girl, "I'm hurt."

A noted critic, when sent books by two pestering would-be authors, made the following comment in returning the volumes:
 "The covers of your book are too far apart."
 "I lost no time in reading your volume."

LOBSTER . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

WISCRACK YOURSELF A FREE BOX OF LIFE SAVERS!

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of THE OLD LINE and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

Farmer: Be this the Woman's Exchange?

Woman: Yes.

Farmer: Be ye the woman?

Woman: Yes.

Farmer: Well, then I think I'll keep Maggie.

—Battalion.

"Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman's estate?"

"Spring it."

"He left 500 towels, 200 cakes of soap, three dozen plated spoons and eleven pounds of hotel door keys."

"Where did you learn to be such an excellent swimmer?"

"I served several years as a traffic cop in Venice."

"What's your idea of good clean sport?"

"Swimming."

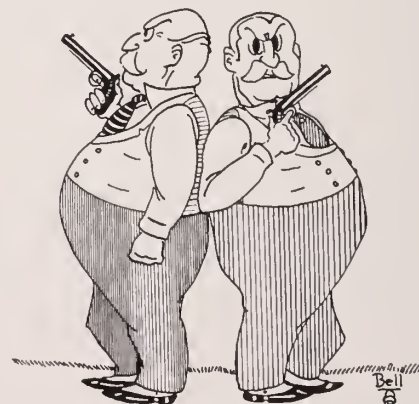
Insurance man: Have you ever had appendicitis?

Prospect: Well, I was operated on one time, but I have never been quite sure whether it was appendicitis or just curiosity.

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Makes a girl healthy
But not very wise.

THE KISS

A kiss is a peculiar proposition—of no use to one, yet bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it; the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married women, hope; and to an old maid, charity.



"Well, Sir Ronald Ribbington Throstlewaite III, for the last time; did you, or did you not call me a sissy?"

BOOKS



By GEORGE FOGG

There is an old story about a public official who decided that attending and making speeches at a large number of small gatherings was too much of a waste of his time. To get out of this work he hired a double whose sole instruction was to keep quiet whenever possible, but if called upon to make a speech to say "So much has already been said on this subject, and on the whole so well said, that I feel there is nothing I can add." That is how I feel about the only outstanding popular book of the last few months, Sinclair Lewis' *Work of Art*.

The fact that most of what has been said on this particular subject has been in the nature of a thorough panning of the book is also very pleasing—and soundly justified.

Close followers of Walter Winchell may be able to detect personal portraits in Vicki Baum's new novel of Hollywood—*Falling Star*. Except for the obvious anachronism it might seem like an episode between Rudolph Valentino and Greta Garbo.

This is probably one of the most sordid or hard-boiled stories of the time. Every act of the movie colony, according to Vicki Baum, is dictated either by publicity, priority in pictures, or vanity, and the chances of someone's doing something because it is right, kind, or friendly are too remote for consideration.

The story centers about the return of a foreign actress, whose accent had barred her from talking movies. She has spent much time and money in getting good vocal effects and perfect English, and at the opening of the story is hunting for a chance to regain the star's position she held in the silent movies.

Her first chance comes when she arranges to attend a fantastic Hollywood premiere on the arm of a famous male star, called Oliver Dent. The publicity enables the actress, Donka Morescu, to demonstrate her new voice and English, and to get back in the pictures. A more or less desultory, but none the less hectic, relationship develops between Donka and Dent, the intensity of which rises and falls with the change of their respective artistic fortunes.

Finally Oliver Dent becomes ill in New York and seems about to die, yet the fact is kept from Donka so that she

will continue to work on the picture rather than try to go to Dent's hospital. Eventually she learns of the condition of Dent, but works day and night to finish the picture before taking a plane to New York. She arrives in New York two hours after his death. In the meantime, a discarded star has found in the publicity attendant upon Dent's illness a chance to get back in the public eye.

After Dent's death, his funeral is stage-managed by the film company and measures of publicity are doled out to the various mourners in relation to their value to the company's future pictures. The discarded actress is reinstated because it seems that she will fit well into a new story which has just been bought. Donka stays in the films, but not as a star.

Atmosphere of the movie colony and production stages works all through the story. For instance, at the premiere five persons are injured and faint. The company's press agent regrets that none are seriously injured, and mentions that the picture needs a death in the crowd at the premiere to use for publicity purposes.

A pair of young extras make up the personnel of a subplot. They are getting along fine until the young man gets a really good part. Then he turns out the girl, who has no apparent alternative than to resort to that ancient profession.

For those who like that hard-boiled spirit carried over into detective stories there is *The Thin Man* by Dashiell Hammet, who wrote the *Glass Key* and others of the Hemingway type. An extraordinarily complex crime is solved by means of practically continuous swearing and the consumption of incredible amounts of gin. The style in which it is written confuses rather than helps the reader who is primarily interested in who killed whom.

The April Book-of-the-month selection is called *Seven Gothic Tales* by Isak Dinesen. A Gothic tale, for those who do not remember their Elements of Literature course, is one with a great deal of adventure and horror. They are likely to be full of haunted castles, sadists, and other elements of a nightmare.

Statistics on *Anthony Adverse* continue. Sales to date

amount to five hundred tons. Will someone kindly figure out how many acres of forest have been denuded to provide the paper?

Numerous "Hitler Horror" books are coming out. Feuchtwanger sorrows over the fate of a German Jewish family; L. C. N. Stone has *German Family*; and other less prominent writers are adding to the list. Most of them read as though the Gothic influence had extended into the field of controversial fiction.

It's hard to believe, but Gertrude Stein's freak opera *Four Saints in Three Acts* has been published with all the usual notes about it's being a "challenge."

"It looks like I'm a failure," said the Indian's bloodhound.

"Here I'm in the woods, alone, and without a red cent."
—Dirge.

Student: These university professors don't know a thing! Why, not a one of them could teach and get away with it anywhere else. They're just dumb. Why, they ought to get a whole new teaching staff.

Other: Yeh, I flunked too.
—Scope.

A college boy to whom his mother sent a jar of brandied cherries, wrote her as follows:

"Dear Mother: I do not care particularly for brandied cherries, but I certainly appreciated the spirit in which they were sent."

She is only a bottle-maker's daughter, but you can't stopper.

—Purple Parrot.

Prof: "What is the greatest Greek Tragedy?"

Stude: "Sigma Nu."

—Rammer Jammer.

Prof: Did you say that I was a learned jackass, Freshman?

Frosh: No, sir. I said you were a burro of information.
—Skipper.

"Did you hear what the burglar who broke into the fraternity house got?"

"Yeh, pledged."
—Pelican.

"Have you taken surveying?"

"No, I never even looked through a transom."
—Skipper.

Prof: Now we have finished the second half of Macauley's essays.

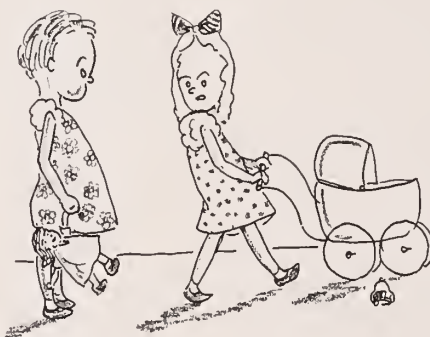
Frosh: Gee, I thought we were all through.
—Widow.

I know hundreds and hundreds of girls,

But the dumbest is Lillian Dare,
She thinks the eternal triangle
Is something that babies wear.

—Pelican.

Flaming youth has disappeared rapidly since there has been no money to burn.



"Mother's having company, and I have to go home and make precocious remarks"

Dr. Hale: Robert Burns wrote "To a Fieldmouse."

Frosh: Did he get an answer?

"I haven't slept for days."

"What's the matter?"

"I sleep at night."

—Cambridge Revue.

"I'm forgetting women."

"So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."

—California Pelican.

We know of a ball player who was so cross-eyed that when the pitcher tossed to first base three times, he struck out.
—Stone Mill.

LES FEMMES

Girls are like street cars—
They take you for a ride.
And then drop you.

Girls are like street cars—
You have to catch them
As they come.

Girls are like street cars—
When they are inconsistent
You miss them.

Girls are like street cars—
There is always another
Coming along.

"What makes you think that you will be a success in college?"

"I always beat the reading time in the magazines."

Prof: "Why don't you put a period after kiss?"

Student: "I never stop there."

To miss a kiss from a kissing miss
Is not a miss at all—
But to kiss a miss who does not kiss
Is the very best of all.

A politician is a man who stands for what he thinks others will fall for.

When a young man asked the colored maid, "Do you know anything of my sister's whereabouts?" the reply was, "No sir, but I thinks der in the wash."

A CO-ED'S GLOSSARY OF MILITARY TERMS

(Comprising the sum total of the knowledge garnered by a femme after several week-end trips to Annapolis and West Point)

Armory—Italian folk song (often sung as Ah! Marie).

Barracks—Unsheathed hewing instrument.

Brig—Stuck-up fellow.

Commandant (sing.)—One of Moses' ten rules.

Commandants (plur.)—Invitation to the waltz.

Drill—Something that sends shivers up and down your back.

Exam—Former actor.

Furlough—Something made by a plow.

Gold braid—Eskimo exhibition of marching.

Guard house—A thing very unstable and flimsy.

Gun—Past participle of go.

Hop—Opposite of down.

Howitzer—Word to be used when inquiring about your drag's sister.

Mess—Catholic Church service.

Plebes—Word of interrogation—"May I plebes have this dance?"

Sentry—One hundred years.

Sword—Kind or type (He's a nice sword of fellow).

West Pointer—Guy who decorates waistcoats.

—Pointer.

"Can you help me select a gift for a wealthy old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?"

"How about some floor wax?" —Pelican.

Man held for Shooting Girl in West End.

Was she looking East? —Boston Globe.

King Arthur: How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot: "Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first class mail." —Siren.

Lady: "Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little Boy: "Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?" —Punch Bowl.

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the inmate on the first floor of the insane asylum. —Frivol.

A double hit!



SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

SAM: Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

SUE: That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

SUE: So what?

SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

SAM: Right.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Lorus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS

THE SPORT LINE

Any athletic depression that may have existed is over as far as Spring schedules for the varsity lacrosse, baseball, track and tennis teams are concerned. Forty-four events in all, more than half of them at College Park and some of the other most attractive ones with Navy and Hopkins, so accessible as to be really "home" affairs.

And did you notice that Harvard and Yale both will invade College Park, April 7th and 28th, respectively, for lacrosse tilts. Something really unusual to have two members of the "Big Three" visit, especially in one pastime. And Cornell will help open the baseball campaign on April 6th.

And besides the varsity events, there will be a lot of competition for the frosh teams, not to speak of Roy Mackert's intra-muralites flocking the fields and the Spring footballers spiking the turf for quite a spell.

And it also "leaks" out from the athletic office that the boxing and basket-ball lists for the 1934-35 campaign may be expected to provide a dish "fit to sit before the king."

Incidentally, the Spring teams which should be able to hold their own in most any company when they get in trim, were pretty well snowbound in the early part of March and did a lot of work indoors that they ordinarily do on the greensward.

* * *

Have you been down to the football practice field and taken a look as to just how John E. (Jack) Faber shapes up as an honest-to-goodness head grid coach? "Curley" Byrd has shoved the job completely on Jack's shoulders, with Roy Mackert giving ample support as the line mentor. They appear to be a "good pair to draw" to—a couple of aces in our opinion. And, then too, they still will get a lot of "moral," and doubtless mental, support from H. C. B.

* * *

Unostentatious Buckey Buscher got some deserved recognition recently when he was picked on both the all-State and all-District of Columbia basket-ball teams as one of the guards. It might be mentioned, incidentally, that he led the baseball team in hitting last Spring and every one still remembers how he "backed up that line" and led in the interference during the 1933 grid campaign. Buckey is one of those steady, dependable fellows who seldom get the full credit due them.

* * *

Maybe our lacrosse players should get a 7-inch letter the size of the ones that go to the football men only, instead of the 6-inch kind that is awarded to the stickmen and other varsity athletes.

An argument in favor of it was given when a prominent former OLD LINE athlete was in conversation with a young lady at a Southern Maryland resort last summer. It was repeated to us the other day as follows:

She: "I see you have a small 'M.' It's too bad you couldn't make the varsity team."

He: "I did. I was all-America in lacrosse last year."

She: "Why, I didn't know they played lacrosse at Marlboro."

He: "They don't. I played at the University of Maryland."

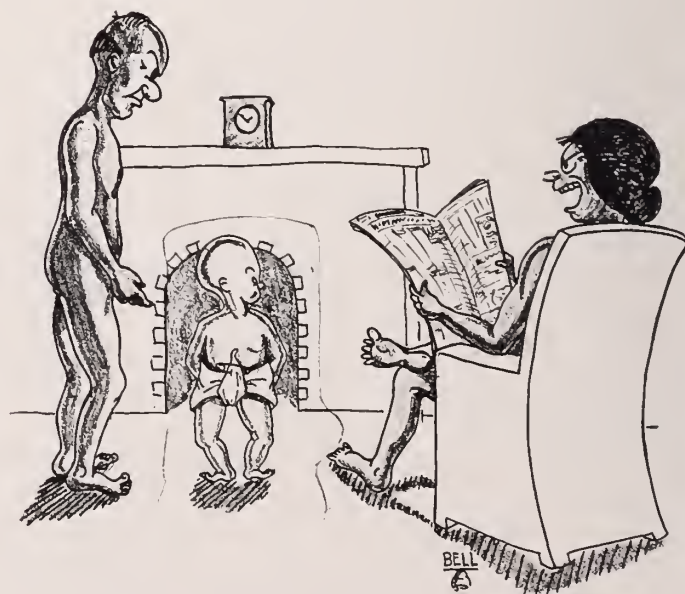
She: "Oh!"

* * *

Here's a suggestion for the members of the boxing team. Why continue in school when you may join the Navy?

Just peruse the following excerpt from the *Catapult*, the official publication of the Battleship *Maryland*, with which *The Diamondback* has formed contact:

"'Cagy' Cagle, our popular light-heavyweight, ended in second position and received a diamond ring. 'Wop' Chiramonte was fourth in line and was presented with a gold wrist watch. 'Mike' Kutscherousky was ninth on the list and received an overcoat, a pair of gloves and a scarf. The winners of the contests were 'Lefty' Mills and Jenkins. Each of these men received an automobile."



Mother: "I don't care what the cult says!"

A VEST POCKET ESSAY ON NOW
AND THEN

CONTRARY to Grandpa's belief, scientists now tell us we are hardier and stronger and bigger than our ancestors. In the old days a man's downfall came from "Wine, Women and Song," but to the modern youth these are only slightly toxic.

In fact, some of the stuff "right off the boat" now gargled by festive youth would have been turned down by a sword swallower whose wife was a snake charmer. When it comes to songs, what's the choice between a modern "hi de hi" wail like a ghost in a high wind, and an ancient chant of "Polly Wolly Doodle all the Day?"

However, in an old time "Post Office" party the neckin' was done in shifts and a kiss tasted of nothing but the girl. Now you're liable to get any flavor. In fact, a well-equipped modern miss has a lipstick containing a sedative or a stimulant, depending on the blood pressure of her date.

Grandma wore more clothes to go in swimming than her hardy granddaughter wears on a winter day. It took an acre of cotton and the wool of three sheep to keep Grandma clothed, while a couple of silk worms working part time can do the same job now. She held onto her youth with whale-bone stays and sun-bonnets, but the modern damsel holds her youth without artificial aids—just a strangle hold.

Men worked 12 hours a day and rested. Now they work 8 hours a day and 4 more at night playing bridge, so it adds up the same. Grandpa felt disgraced if there was a mortgage on the home, while grandson brags if he has less than two. But why argue the claims and foibles of different ages.

* * *

However, most of us think a centipede with fallen arches has less trouble getting along than we do, and we do yearn for the good old days. That probably was the period when Dad paid the bills, Mother did the cooking, and we had the fun. Yet, today the old

scenic but dangerous curves are replacing the right angle turns and straight lines of the "boyish bob" era.

"Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better," is becoming a national chant again. No longer is money flippantly called "chicken feed," "mazuma," "bucks" or "jack." In fact, some folks get peevisish when coin of the realm is called funny names or spoken of with disrespect.

A skirt is now a noun instead of an abbreviation, and the wearer is no longer a chicken, flapper, or moll, but a girl or a lady. "Yes, we have no bananas" is a weird dream of the past, a "Technocrat" is only a name, and the blatant "Oh Yeah!" is fast fading. Men are again scratching regular matches on the seat of their pants and smoking "barnyard meerschaums" instead of tailor-made coffin nails.

In many towns, the old street cleaner is back on the job, making the rounds of the hitching posts that were parking spaces. Buying things we didn't need with money we didn't have is a past indiscretion. Since our boom era backfired on us, our burned fingers have slowly healed; our seared eyes are less cocked and soon our cracked lips will permit a happy grin without pain. It was a strange interlude of dippy, delightful, delirium—but what a headache it left.

We are relearning that opportunity knocks; it doesn't drive up, honk and invite the whole family for a joy ride, expenses paid.

Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle: "Wanted—Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1." —*Ala. Rammer-Jammer.*

Young father (looking at triplets the nurse has just brought out): "Hummm! We'll take the one in the middle.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"I usually get my stuff from an awful lot of people—who promised somebody else they would keep it a secret," says a nationally known columnist.

Most girls have skin they love to re-touch. American fair sex, hoping to be fairer, spends more than two billion dollars each year in cosmetics.

Mae West, in *I'm No Angel*, climbed the ladder of success wrong by wrong.

One touch of scandal makes the whole world chin.

A woman has two views of a secret. Either it's not worth keeping, or it's too good to keep.

The stork is the bird with the big bill.

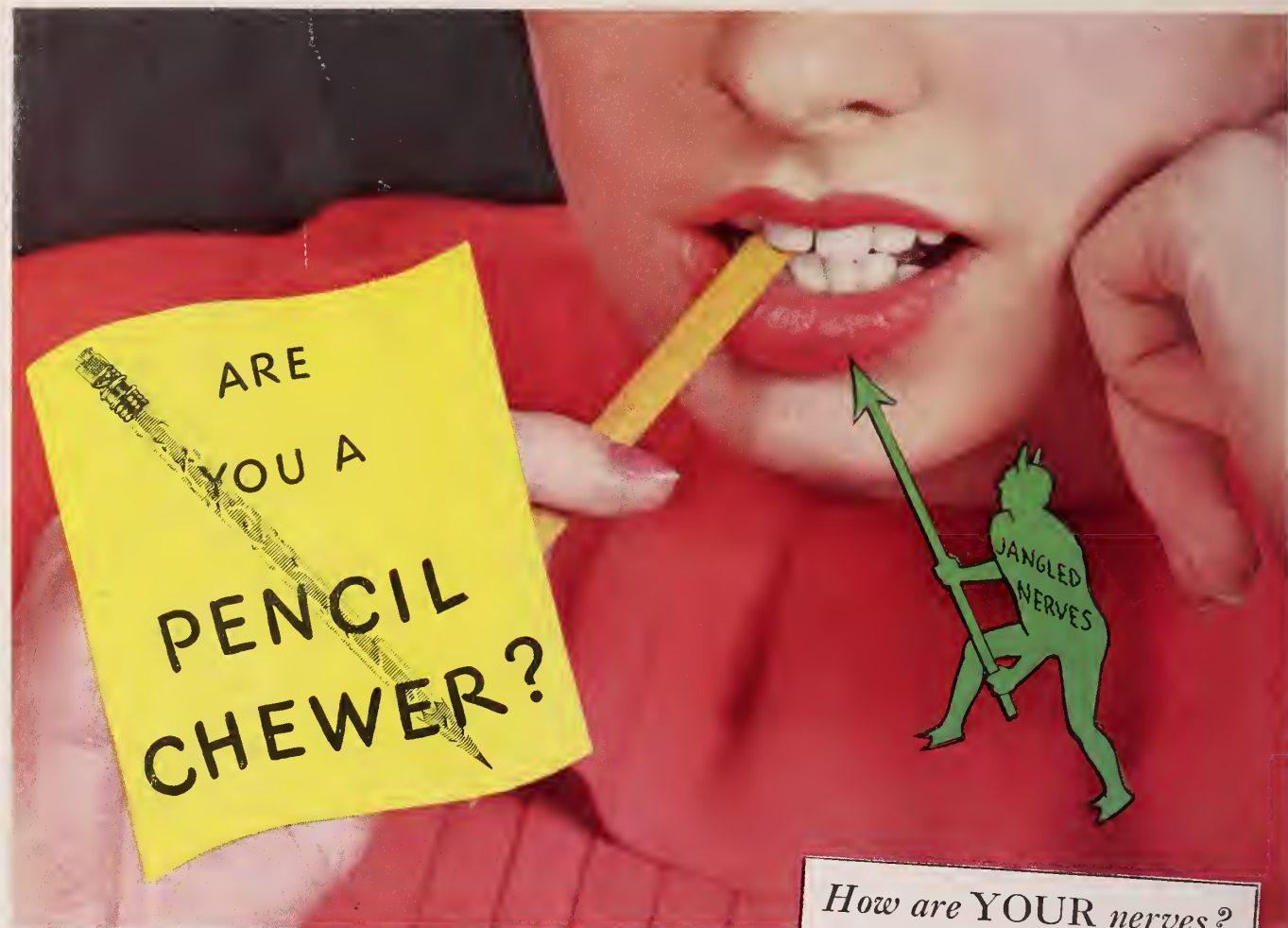
The secret of repartee is repertoire.

This came from Chicago. It seems that the junior boys of a settlement house there were rehearsing "Treasure Island," and found themselves without enough guns for the defense of the stockade scene. Next night one of the youths showed up with a bulky newspaper package. It contained seven .32-caliber automatics. "We can use 'em for the rehearsals," he said, "but not for the show. The men gotta have 'em back Saturday night."

Too often they get married nowadays for better or worse—but not for good.

A noted chef, asked the recipe for his equally famous corn beef hash, replied: "There is no recipe, the stuff simply accumulates."

About the only difference, if any, between the old dime novel and the one of today is \$1.90.



Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don't—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for *jangled nerves*.

And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your smoke, particularly if you are a steady smoker.

For remember, Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how many you smoke.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

How are YOUR nerves?
TRY THIS TEST



See how speedily you can complete this test. With your left hand (or with your right hand, if you are left-handed) unbutton your vest beginning at the top. Now button it again, beginning at the top. If you use more than one hand you are disqualified. Average time for six-button vest is 12 seconds.

Jack Summers (Camel smoker), national professional squash racquets champion, completed the test in 9 seconds.

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CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

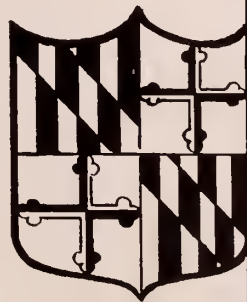
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

THE
OLD



TERP-CENTENARY NUMBER

JUNE - 1934



LINKS

ARE YOU
A
KEY
JUGGLER?



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Watch out for the signs of jangled nerves

You've noticed other people's nervous habits—and wondered probably why such people didn't learn to control themselves.

But have you ever stopped to think that *you*, too, may have habits that are just as irritating to other people as those of the key juggler or coin jingler are to you?

And more important than that, those habits are a sign of jangled

nerves. And jangled nerves are the signal to stop and check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos *never* jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.



How are YOUR nerves? THIS FREE BOOK WILL TELL YOU

Shows 20 ways to test nerves—all illustrated. Instructive and amusing! Try them on your friends—see if *you* have healthy nerves yourself ... Mail order-blank below with fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 116-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name _____ (Print Name)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

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THE OLD LINE

FOUNDED 1930

VOL. 4

JUNE, 1934

No. 5

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THE NEW LINE

"The LINE of least resistance."

. . . *Terp-centenary*

MANY, many gallons of water have bubbled through the middle of the cow pasture which cradles Paint Branch since the Ark and the Dove, a combination strangely reminiscent of a biblical gentleman named Noah, sailed somewhat hesitantly up the Chesapeake three hundred years ago.

Gosh! Three hundred years ago? It seems more like three centuries. But that, as the poet was wont to intone, was "*on-lee the beginnin'*, folks, *on-lee the beginnin'!*"

Yes, as we remember, it must have been in the spring of 1634, because the cornerstone to Morrill Hall was laid the following year, and Morrill Hall just has Early Seventeenth Century written in its every line—in fact, the very staircases seem to shout Pre-paleolithic at one. Ever have a staircase shout, "Pre-paleolithic," at you as you were going up? Novel experience.

But getting back to the Terp-centenary, plaques have been unveiled, speeches declaimed, and countless trees planted, all in commemoration of Maryland's three hundredth anniversary. The Old Line sees fit to add its customary two bits' worth . . . and herewith dedicates its June Issue to the founders of the State of Maryland.

. . . "*The Wearing of The Green*"

As much as we dislike stooping to the level of editorial writing, we find the temptation a little too much to resist after the very first glimpse of the photograph on the cover.

For despite all the painstaking plans of an architect who is paid from University funds, despite all the efforts of the Administration and O. D. K., which sets aside "Campus Days" as reminders to stick to the straight and narrow paths, and despite all the sun and showers of a Maryland climate which will grow grass on a tin roof if given half a chance, far too many discordant, ugly, bald spots mar the beauty of what might otherwise be Maryland's crowning glory.

Just suppose that you were an ambitious, tender little blade of grass, struggling to push above the earthly level in order to be seen and admired of men. We'll wager you'd find life a sordid problem, too, were you repeatedly trodden under the grinding heels of those who forget that the University abandoned cross-country as a sport two years ago.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, we hold that Maryland is NOT a "cow college," but the stigma will be hard to erase so long as students continue their

pastoral ramblings, free and untrammelled, across what ought to be lush and verdant hillsides.

. . . *Plus Fours*

Even the professors realize that June has, after an old and accustomed habit, rolled around again.

However, June days hereabouts savor less and less each year of their storied rarity. Each Commencement sees more and more disappointed noses pressed against the outside of the windows of the Coliseum. The respective owners of the disappointed noses are subsequently known the following September as "Five-Year Planners."

We beg your pardon for mentioning the subject again, but we admit right out that we have an axe to grind. From our very freshman days we were earmarked for a fifth year of undergraduate study, and we seek to feather our nest—to raise the station of the Stalins ere our coming.

Pity the plight of this ever-increasing host of social M.A.'s! for these unfortunate *miserables* are neither graduates nor undergraduates, neither scholars nor profligates. The furious four-year merry-go-round is over, and yet like Aesop's fabled fox with his grapes, they cast yearning eyes toward the slender roll of sheepskin which dangles just out of reach. They rest in a sort of purgatory, utterly betwixt and between.

So, with an eye to making things comfy for the declining years of our own scholastic career, we propose a sort of Junior Graduate School for those who failed to get the brass ring on the first time around. After all, the State provides homes for the aged and infirm; why not make some provision for these intellectual decrepits, who, like the poor, we always have with us? This little Junior Graduates' School would have its own dean, who would be retired at the age of thirty, or as soon as he became unable to bound around of an evening with the best of his students. Classes would be from eleven until two, with none on Saturdays and rainy days. Graduation would be guaranteed at the end of the fifth year, provided one's attendance record was fifty per cent or above.

We hope the Administration will give the matter its earliest consideration.

. . . *Genealogy of a Joke*

"Originality these days is nothing but undetected plagiarism," plagiarized someone or other, evidently a person of discernment. Anyhow, it is a sort of gentle plagiarism, whether detected or undetected, which enables the colle-



Do you ladies mind if I don't smoke?

giate humor magazine industry to hang by its own bootstraps, so to speak.

The industry is conducted much on the order of the famous cat and rat enterprise, wherein the entrepreneur would raise both cats and rats, allowing the cats to wax fat on some of the rats, skinning some of the cats, selling the skins, and allowing the rest of the rats to in turn wax fat and multiply on the carcasses of the cats, *ad infinitum*. Doggoned if it doesn't work, though, with the college magazines, their joke columns subsisting on each other year after year, and wholly on each other.

By means of a system of begging, borrowing, or stealing, the gags flit from campus to campus. Each humor editor patiently wades through his exchanges, clipping here and purloining there, until he either has enough lineage to send to the printer or he runs out of paste.

And therein lies the enigma. There's always a new generation of cats and rats, but where do the new jokes—if and when any—come from? For that matter, where do the old ones come from in the first place?

The only theory that we've been able to dope out so far by which the same horde of jokes might be self-perpetuating is an evolutionary one, based on Darwin's famous postulate of natural selection. That is to say, the gags are handed down, being changed slightly en route to suit each habitat—environmental adaptation, as the ecologists call it—until finally it is entirely a new joke and can start all over again.

Etiquette among the jokesmiths demands that each of the hoary chestnuts be branded with the credit line of the mag from which it was lifted. However, the infallible sign that a quip has reached its last legs—that it is ready for reincarnation—is indicated when it is merely labeled

“exchange,” rather than by the name of the periodical that gave it birth.

Magazines which come out at about the same time are remarkably parallel in humor content, such a collection of gags being known to an old joke geneologist, such as ourself, as a generation. Fact is, they are so parallel that after reading the first few mags that come in at the beginning of the month we can listen to the first three words of any joke and recite the rest of it verbatim in all of the books which come later.

Such an accomplishment has its price, however. The radio comedians are notoriously loose fingered about getting their supply of laughs, and like a theater usher after a forty-week run of a sensational hit, we can no longer laugh.

Country Gentleman: “Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?”

Senator from Kentucky: “Sir, I am a member of Congress.”

C. G.: “That's all right. I'll trust you.” —*Loy.*

Pity the absent-minded shoplifter who was trying to pick up a ring for his girl and got the bracelets.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



Professor: “Behave, dear: Remember, we're the chaperones.”



W.C. Sullivan

Reprinted from *ESQUIRE*

Oh, Professor! I thought you stratosphere men would be different.

BOUNDING THE HILL

or The Greatest Game in the World

being somewhat of a summary of the course of love, true or otherwise, the march of social events, and of who's been who on the hill in '33-'34

By YE STOUGE

WITH a fresh pile of kerchiefs, a gallon of tomato juice, and a carton of cigarettes, we resumed residence on the sofa in the Dbk. Office in the early fall of '33 and discovered that Bill Needham was to be at the helm for another year. Bill is Maryland's most misunderstood male. If you want to know the truth about him, don't go to any of the sorority houses, but come to the Stouge. He'll tell you.

Betting about this time was anywhere from 20 to 50 to 1, with no takers, that the frosh co-ed situation would be as complicated as in years previous. Two weeks after classes began, no one had the audacity to even offer a bet.

Our conscientious objector case went to the Supreme Court, and ROTC uniforms were distributed in the basement of the Gym-Armory. A note in College Park's leading weekly read: "Bids will be opened within the next few days for the construction of a new Arts and Sciences building and another women's dormitory." And right then and there someone snickered. The Opera Club began to put the final touches on their production slated for some time in April. Ruzicka and Turner were again to be seen on the bypaths. And Lou Ennis succumbed to the Snake.

Despite the annual "gloomy outlook," we again took St. John's into camp easily, 20-0. The AOPis and Keller dragged the initial Annapolis hop. Here several snickered. Creeca dated a foursome. Testudo discovered the dimples in Annie Bourke's knees. Warren started down a long line with MacCubbin. And another Barnsley went Kappa.

Earl Edwards broke his nose for the tenth time. With their customary effluvium of cheek, our freshmen sounded off. Boyd and Leaf were thrown off the Rendezvous floor. "Corky" picked a sponsor. McCann began to get herself campussed. Benner scored against Duke. Ortensio married. Pictures of "Maryland's Co-ed Cheerleaders" began to appear. Amy sighed at Dorrance. And Betty started to worry about that Revue.

Lieutenant Harmony strewed cigars and candy about the campus. Hammerlund dated Schuh. The Opera was still rehearsing. Williams conducted third-degree proceedings anent floor-floodings in Silvester. Mitchell lost

half a mustache. And the May Queen married the professor.

Something white and bloud caught the eye at the KD Revue. After a hectic season, we quietly chose Buckey Buscher Maryland's premier football man. Sugrue became an official Crystal Springer. The other Buscher won the most thrilling basketball game for Maryland by scoring twice in the closing minutes. Terps, 37; Duke, 33. And with much ceremony we burnt up one semester's worth of notes.

Stew McCaw got a tough break at University Night, but came back nobly and won a medal and a championship. A New York columnist picks us a beauty queen. Bill blew up about progressive education and final exams, and paid the customary penalty. We checked hats at the best dance of the year—the Sophomore Prom. Brueckner wore a red tie to a dance. George and Ruth were discovered writing love notes in the Library. And Pete King was smitten.

Gengnagle and Ireland split—for an hour and ten minutes. We began to munch celery. Peggy Graham wrote a story. Dot Claffin moved to Baltimore. Kinnamon and Ennis visited the Eastern Shore. And Kreiter sported the first Easter bonnet.

Contrary to all the vulgar prophets, Turner and Hines still were going strong; and still are, we trust.

We noticed that Willie Wolf always touched third base on his way in from the field. Ruble showed us what pluck and backbone meant, and what it could accomplish. We somewhat meekly renewed one of the most pleasant friendships we've ever been blessed by . . . with Betty Ehle. The warm weather definitely set in.

And here we are now, pounding out this stuff . . . stuff that no one with a grain of sense will ever re-read . . . stuff primed for a cynical, stupid student body . . . stuff you should be kicked squarely for having read thus far . . . stuff and nonsense.

And so, flicking the one remaining kerchief into the laundry-bag, draining the final ooze of tomato juice, and lighting the last, crumpled cigarette, we pop off a few aspirins and prepare for a hot summer session.

UN - ZWEI - THREE

Prize-Winning Entry in The Old Line's Short Story Contest, Submitted by

RALPH RUFFNER, '35

OLD mother Marie sat in front of her lonely cottage and gazed sadly over the barren fields which lay before her. These fields had not always been barren; nay, for many years they had given life to tall waving wheat and oats under the skillful coaxing of her three sons. Yes, her three boys, and now they were all at the front, and she, sitting at home waiting and dreading the postman's call, expecting each day to receive the news that one of her boys was gone.

For a moment a fierce resentment welled up in her heart against war and its provocators, but Mother Marie was old; the next moment the fire died down, and she again was taken up with the waiting, waiting.

"If only I knew that one of my boys had to go, and the others would be safe, then I think that I would feel better, for though I would miss the one terribly, I would still have the other two—I can sacrifice one," she mused to herself.

After saying these words the old mother heard a clanking noise from the road, and as she raised her head she saw a strange and dreadful figure come to a halt before her. It was a giant man clad in old armor and holding in his right hand a great sword which dripped blood.

"I am War," the figure spoke, "and I heard your wish of a few minutes ago. You have three sons at the front. One of them must die. I will give you an hour to decide which one is to die, and the other two will be safe. Else I know not what may happen to any of them."

With these words the warrior turned and walked over the hillside. The first feeling in Mother Marie's heart was one of great joy, but she immediately recalled that the figure had said that she was to pick the one which was to die.

"Mon Dieu," she muttered, and thought of tall, bearded Jean, her oldest, and the father of her grandchildren—"but Jean, he was our pillar of strength after papa died, and he never knew joy in his youth; he fought his way through the world, and we followed through the openings which he had made—and there is Suzanne his silent wife, how she loves him, and how she would miss him—and his little ones, two grave-eyed lads—ah, Mon Dieu, it cannot be Jean, no, no!"



RUFFNER

Then her thoughts turned to Paul. Paul the talented one. He had always loved to sing, had Paul. And papa had said just before he died:

"Mama, take care of that Paul. Some day he will be famous, and the name of Chauvron will be famous, too. Ah, how he can sing!"

And Paul had sung his father's favorite hymn as the old man quietly died. No it could not be her tall, slender Paul; he was not hers, he belonged to the world, to fill the ears and hearts of people with his wonderful singing.

So then she thought of her baby, Francois. It was only yesterday that she had watched the curly-haired lad imitate his two brothers as they went about the farm doing their work.

It was only yesterday that she had held Francois to her bosom at night and had gently sung to him the old peasant lullabies, while watching his soft blue eyes become covered with their delicate eyelids. Her baby; yet old enough to fight, to kill and be killed. How young he had looked trudging away with his two older brothers to the army. Never, never, never—not her baby, not her Francois.

But there were no more. And she had to pick one. Torn by anguish, Mother Marie turned her tear-stained face to heaven, and as she prayed, the old heart which loved the three boys so equally gently slowed its throbbing, and the old mother's weary spirit found its release.

On the front line, after the hell and smoke and groans and madness of battle, a charge was over. On the field, among thousands of other bodies, lay three side by side.

Jean, heavy-bearded Jean, lay on his back, and in his heart, the great heart of son, brother and father, there still quivered a bayonet shaft—cold, lifeless lay his body.

And close by him lay Paul. Tall, slender, handsome Paul, with his mouth still open; for the heavy knife had cut his throat just as he was in the middle of the singing of the glorious old hymn which he had sung to his father—the hymn which had then so consoled the old man as he lay dying, and which just now had inspired his fellow soldiers to victory. Paul lay silent, the talented one; not now would the world hear his wonderful voice, not now would he become famous—for his beautiful throat was cut, and his spirit had flown—cold, lifeless lay his body.



A little in front of Paul lay a third body. A slim youngster, whose curly hair was stained with his own blood, whose soft, blue eyes with the delicate, transparent lids were now closed forever, whose ears would never more listen to peasant lullabies—cold, lifeless lay his body.

And when old Sergeant Grish, who stood on the field

of battle, looked up in the sky, he muttered half to himself and half aloud.

“Those clouds up yonder look a great deal like an old woman leading three men, one a boy, one tall and slender, and one heavy and bearded, but parbleu! I have too much imagination for an old soldier.”

“Troubled with your throat, eh! Ever gargled with salt water?”

“Yes. I was nearly drowned while swimming last summer.”

—*Boston Transcript.*

Samson knew how to advertise. He took two columns and brought down the house.

—*Tid-Bits.*

An economist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little and who goes on knowing more and more about less, until finally he knows practically everything about nothing; whereas a professor, on the other hand, is a man who knows a very little about a great deal and keeps on knowing less and less about more, until finally he knows practically nothing about everything.

—*Omaha Journal-Stockman.*

A fingerprint expert's daughter is like dynamite—it's better to handle her with gloves on!

English professor: “What is daylight saving?”

Freshman: “I really don't think it's saving a thing, sir.”



Gregory d'Allesio

Did you have an appointment?

Reprinted from ESQUIRE

GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER!

Story Given Honorable Mention in The Old Line Contest, Written by

RUTH JEHL

NOW that you've seen *Berkeley Square*, will you admit that the Footlight Club has remarkable talent?" asked James O'Riley.

"Uh-huh."

"How did our acting and the beautiful girls please you?"

"O. K." Keith frowned to the contrary.

James unfolded his lanky extremities and arose to gaze at his roommate slumped on the edge of the bed. "Girls are like teachers," he propounded. "The less you worry about them, the more they'll pester you. Just use psychology and imagine Doris did go to the play with you."

"Who said anything about girls?" asserted Keith vehemently, throwing a pillow at his chum. "I was—er—inventing improvements for *Berkeley Square*. We know too much about the past already. The future is what I am interested in—say a visit from my great granddaughter."

"That's an idea," grinned James, "but when I smell genius burning, I retire. I'll match you for which one of us flunks that quiz the hardest tomorrow."

The next morning Keith sat in the library, his French book open in front of him. He was engaged in the standardized routine of glancing toward the door to note who was entering, to the right to see how much Dick had studied, to the left to see whether Doris had joined her girl friend yet, and up to the clock to compute the exact number of minutes before the next class would start. Someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up into a pair of mischievous eyes surrounded by dark, curly hair but belonging to a girl he had never seen before.

"Here I am," she announced.

"So I see," agreed Keith.

"Didn't I hear you wish to see your great granddaughter?"

"My—what?"

"You are beholding your female descendant of the third generation."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" Keith jumped to his feet feeling a great desire to escape from this optical illusion which he suspected had been brought on by too much studying. He instinctively led the way toward the Library steps, trying to recall the Sprowls psychology that James was always quoting. The illusion should have disappeared by this time, but she was still with him when he opened the outer door.

"Why, where's the Band Stand?" she asked in a puzzled voice. "Or hasn't it been built yet?"

Keith looked at her incredulously. "See here," he said, "are you really from the future, and if so, how did you get here? Don't tell me the folks of 2034 are in the habit of sneaking up on us like this."

"Oh, no! We don't have to. We use the Get-Ahead-Of-Yourself Telescope to see into the past."

"You don't mean to say you've invented a telescope strong enough to prove Einstein's theory about curved space."

"Of course. My dad, your grandson you know, built me a Magnetic Rocket which is attracted by light rays and therefore is drawn into the past. This is my first visit with it."

"Sa-a-ay,—wait until I tell Mr. Brechbill! Where is the rocket?"

"That is the sad part. It crashed into the cupola of Morrill Hall. Wasn't that the building that was destroyed by a mysterious fire in 1935? We use the spot for our landing field now because it is near the Infirmary. Can you take me to New York before lunch to get new ball bearings for the rocket?"

"Do you think I own an aeroplane?"

"Well, we can take the Stratosphere Express at twenty."

"The what?"

"Oh, botheration! Hasn't it started to run yet? What year is this, anyway?"

"1934, I think," answered Keith, not sure of anything any more.

"Let's see. That's when the alphabetical soup attempted to extinguish the baby depression," went on the girl.

"This is no baby depression!" Keith was sure of himself there.

"Oh, yes, it is. The Dark Ages were full of depressions until the Reformation in 1960 when the International Army stepped in and took control of the world. Of course, there was a small civil war between the Orient and the Occident but the International President smoothed out the difficulties."

"Speaking of Presidents, will Roosevelt be re-elected?"

"That's a secret. It wouldn't be fair to tell you something that would give you an advantage over the other people in 1934, now would it?" Keith didn't answer, but

as he hurried to class he became more and more suspicious that she did not know.

James O'Riley was scratching his head. It wasn't often that James did this, for it called attention to his already too prominent flaming locks. But James was worried about his chum, Keith. The boy was altogether too nervous. He muttered in his sleep about telescopes, international armies and great granddaughters. James was consulting literature on the psychology of girl relatives when someone knocked. Since he had heard of mental telepathy, he was not surprised to see the girl relative.

"Where's Keith?" she entreated. "I was driving his car, and I went only fifty-eight miles an hour. His car is an antique; so it can't help being a little slow. A policeman chased me. Naturally, I went eighty."

"Naturally," snorted James.

"The old ear wouldn't steer like any car I ever drove. It went into the Reflector Pool, and can you imagine, the policeman wanted to arrest me! He refused to let me see the committee."

"What committee?"

"I mean the committee that judges traffic offenses, of course. They couldn't prove that I was an incompetent driver."

The red head privately believed there was plenty of proof of that. At that moment an irate Irish policeman burst into the room.

"That girl—running off with my motorcycle—" His eyes were riveted to O'Riley's fiery locks, and his hand went to his own brick-red hair. "Buddy," he drawled, "I make it a point never to bother people with red hair, but that girl needs a guardian." James ran his fingers

through his hair thoughtfully. "Maybe it's some good after all," he reflected.

The relative thanked him. "Tell Keith to get an aeroplane," were her parting words.

When Keith heard the story he howled mournfully. "That girl finds more ways to get into trouble than a two-year-old. Yesterday she asked the Dean for a course in love-making, and when he told her there was no such thing, she jumped on the University for being behind the times."

"I suppose it wouldn't cheer you up to know that your Doris was out with Bill last night," said James.

"And me falling in love with my great granddaughter!" muttered Keith.

James O'Riley ran for a psychology book.

Keith was sitting on the great University forum, the Library steps. He was reflecting upon the perturbing problems of springtime. Someone tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up into the mischievous eyes of the relative. "I've come to say good-bye, Keith," she said. "I didn't really think my methods would work so well, and I'm sorry if I caused you any trouble, but you see our class in Problems in Love-Making was studying the methods of love-making in the past, and I wanted to try them out in the past. I'm going home now."

Keith was disillusioned. "Problems in Love-Making!"

"—And because I feel sorry for you," she was continuing, "I'm going to tell you one of the secrets of the future. Your Doris will say 'yes' to you if you ask her, because I've seen enough of her college pictures to know that she is my great grandmother."



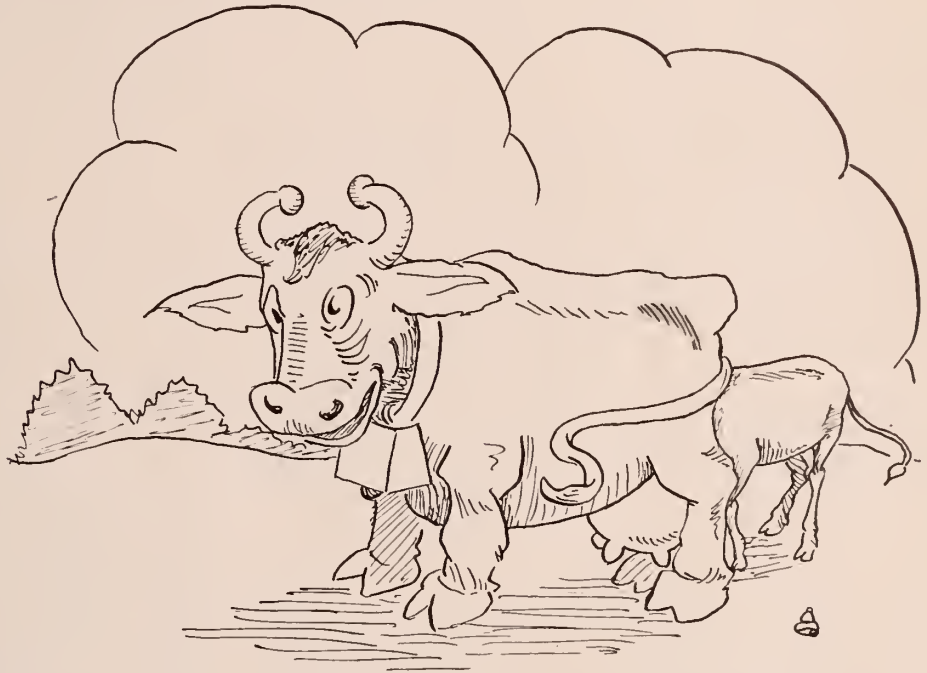
Guide: "Boy, that's some twister!" Tourist: "You're telling me!"

IS Maryland a COW COLLEGE!

"Yes, and no," says this eminent writer, who spent twelve years in the wilds of Tasmania gathering material for his well-known book, "A Manual of Modern Methods Relative to Evading Payment of Street Car Fares." . . . (Scribbler's—\$3.50)

By PERCY FLAHDGE, N.G., F.E.R.A.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In an attempt to refute the startling declaration made by an undergraduate last fall, and which has had all of College Park in a clamorous uproar ever since, to the effect that "Maryland is a cow college," the Old Line called upon Dr. Flahdge, who gained wide fame in the campaign of '82 for his ability to confuse election issues. His inside knowledge of cows is a result of his long years of experience in a Chicago abattoir.)



EVER since the first time that I had heard about "cow colleges," I had been curious no end to observe just how one would go about educating one of the bally beasts. So you see, I lost no time in snapping up The Old Line people when they told me to find out whether Maryland was a jolly old bovine institution, don't y' know.

Being a bit hot and thirsty, as soon as I arrived on the campus I made for the first building I saw, a three-story white structure with a lot of windows perched right on the blooming boulevard. Stumbling in, picture my delight at finding a spacious cafe with tables and a blinking bar! Seating myself at a table, I cried out in my very best continental style:

"Garcon! Bring me a Scotch and soda, with just oodles and oodles of ice."

"Sorry, sir," replied the boy, "but the only kind of sodas we have are ice cream sodas. We also have sweet milk, buttermilk, chocolate milk, milkshakes, ice cream, and some very excellent water."

Egad! My very worst fears were confirmed. Just after I had blushed a cheese over the garcon's head and stormed out, a blatant, impudent "moo-o-o-o-o!" floated in from somewhere back of the building. I was utterly inconsolable, and all for telling the Old Line then and there that their blimy school was not only a cow college, but that the inmates were milksops. But I succeeded in

controlling myself, for I am a veritable Tartar when aroused, and I know I should have *cowed* the editor to his very core.

So I started out to make a survey of the campus. First I went to the office of the president.

"President Pearson," I began, "some rotter has up and said that Maryland is a cow college. Have you any statement to make?"

"Only that it sounds much more like bull to me," he shot back. But just as he spoke, one of the creatures down at the dairy bellowed again, so I really don't know yet whether he meant that the report was altogether erroneous, or that it should have said bull college.

I proceeded from there to the office of the vice-president.

"Mr. Byrd," I began, "some rotter has up and said that Maryland is a cow college. Have you any statement to make?"

The vice-president stiffened, and then drew himself up haughtily. His eyes flashing fire, he paused a moment dramatically, and then—

"MOO-O-O-O-O!" he roared. I left rather hurriedly.

You can readily see that I was making no progress whatsoever in my great quest, so I next consulted Dr.

Walter Henry Edward Jaeger, a historian of no mean merit, I was led to believe, and a person who expressed himself caudally and frankly on any occasion.

"Dr. Jaeger," I began, "some rotter has up and said that Maryland is a cow college. Have you any statement to make?"

The good doctor smiled a sweet smile. Putting his hand companionably on my shoulder, he looked me in the eye and said—

"A gross insinuation. Most malicious and unkind——"

Ah! Now I was getting somewhere.

"It is my opinion that the Maryland co-eds are most comely and attractive," he continued.

I rather had my doubts that the appearance of the co-eds had anything to do with the blinking place being called a cow college, in fact, I thought that he was spoofing me. But he had given me a jolly idea, so I started out again, this time to the office of the Dean of Women.

"Dean Stamp," I began, "some rotter has up and said that Maryland is a cow college. Have you any statement——?"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Flahdge's manuscript goes no farther than this. It was found on his strangled body lying beside the Old Library. The manner of his death is not known. We have printed what he wrote for what it may be worth.)

A CAUTIOUS WRITER

In order to escape the stern censorship department of this illustrious institution, the following is submitted. Blanks are left to be filled out at your pleasure.

If I Could — One Hour with you.

If I — you.

— on a Log, a — my dog.

— your neighbor.

A little — each morning, a little — each night.

A thousand good —.

Good-night, little girl of my —.

— in the morning.

Why do I Dream those —.

Flying down to —.

Melody of —.

Oh, you — man!

The last —.

When — gets in your eyes.

— ought to be in pictures.

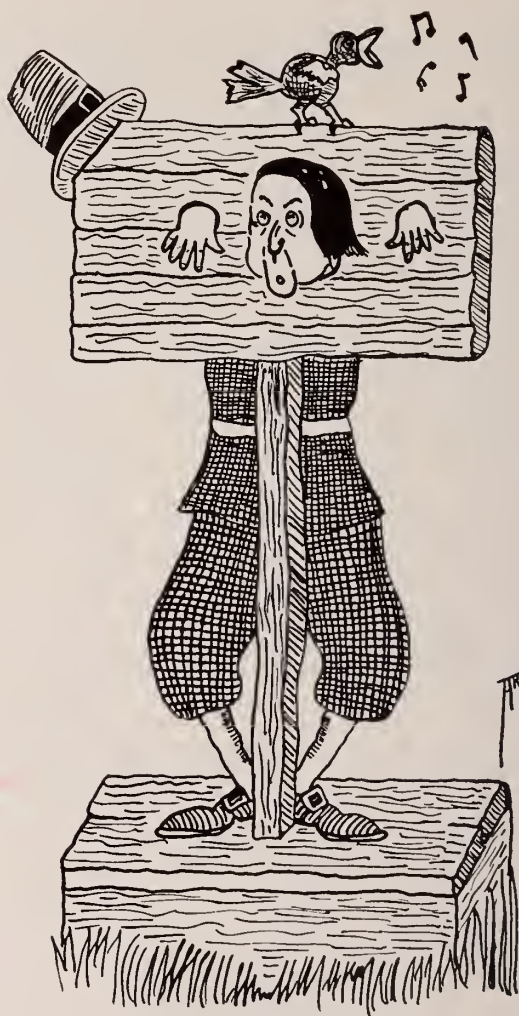
There's an — in the pines.

The — you saved for me.

Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."

Sten.: "Did I say I wouldn't?"

—Banter.



"Why won't you marry me?" said the sculptor to the millionaire's daughter.

"Because," she answered coolly, "you're just another chiseler."

—Chaparral.

Fond Parent (who makes unexpected visit): "Is this where Mr. Bill Jones lives?"

Landlady (very accommodating): "Yes, this is the place. Just bring him right in."

—Silver Spruce.

He courted a gem of a girl,
And told her that she was his pearl;
But when they were married
Her ma came and tarried.
(He doesn't like mother-of-pearl).

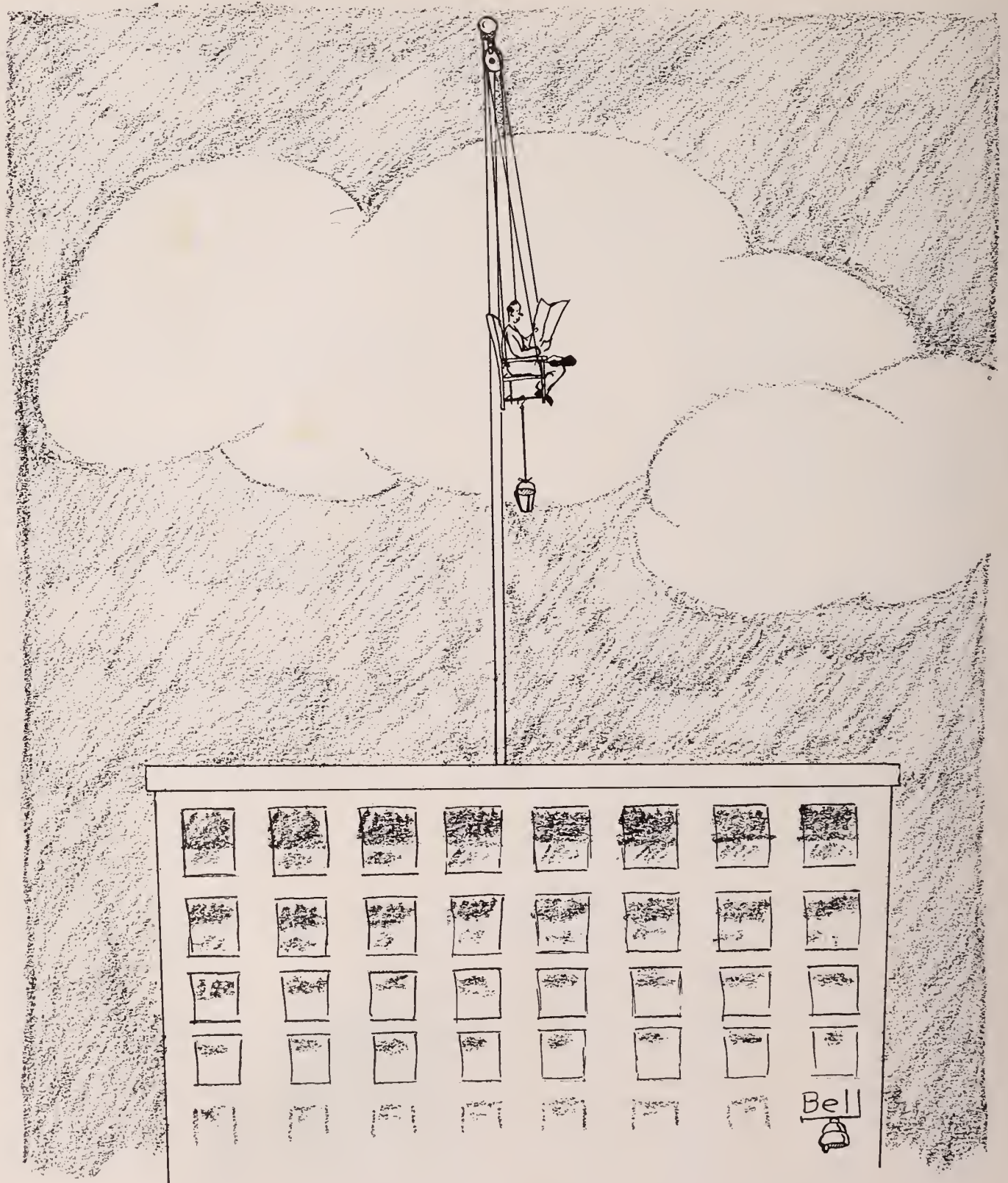
—Silver Spruce.

SENIOR CLASS SURVEY

THE only reason this has been printed is because it's become a tradition with the Old Line. It represents the general level of intelligence of our senior class, and as such isn't worth the paper it's printed on. May we call to your rapt attention the fact that unanimous replies were received to two of our questions. All were agreed that it was better to have halitosis than no breath at all; and that an excellent plan for beautifying the campus was to build underground tunnels for co-eds.

The official tabulations follow:

1. Do you expect to graduate from the University of Maryland, or some institution of learning?
Dunno: 50%.
Won't tell: 50%.
2. Do you intend to get a job after Commencement?
No: 99-99/100%.
Yes: (The class dunce).
3. What did you get the most out of at College Park?
A. O. Pi House.
Gallon jugs.
Junior Prom.
4. What is your opinion of necking?
Dunno yet: 10%.
None of your business: 90%.
5. What has been your favorite classroom amusement during your four years?
Cribbing.
Sleeping.
Cribbing and sleeping.
6. What is your favorite home remedy?
Rock and rye.
Alcohol rub.
Alcohol without rub.
7. What is your favorite drink?
Milk.
Tea.
Buttermilk.
8. What is your favorite cuss-word? (The exclamation marks are our own, the dear children being somewhat bashful.)
Oh, dear!
Golly!
Gracious me!
9. Which has been your favorite rendezvous?
Phi Delt dining room.
A. T. O. Garage.
Press box in stadium.
10. Which was the year's most successful social function?
Delta Sig Sailor's Ball.
Sigma Nu script struggle.
A. O. Pi Fancy dress fiasco.
11. Which group of campus girls make the best dates?
Washington girls.
Baltimore girls.
Home Ec girls.
12. If you had your choice, would you come here again?
100%: (Censored).
000%: (Ditto).
13. What could the University get along best without?
Freshmen.
Classes.
Senior Survey.
14. Which is the campus' most beautiful spot?
Press box at 2 A. M.
EE 125.
EE 127
15. Would you marry for money?
Yes! !
Uh huh!
Yeah.
16. Would you have preferred to have gone to a non-coed school?
No! !
Certainly not!
Naw.



“Shipwreck” Kelly has a death in the family

*It was with a great deal of regret that we yielded
to the demands of the censor in regard to
Elder's cartoon. It was not drawn
wisely but just too well.*

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

THE V. P. I. SKIPPER

J. D. ELDER, *Art Editor*

EDITOR'S NOTE

As the last of our series of articles and drawings by artists on other college magazines, we present J. D. Elder, of the *V. P. I. Skipper*. Elder's drawing was really a very nice one, and we're sorry that you can't see it, but after all . . . heh, heh! But, we did print his write-up, so thanks, Elder!

ELDER, IN THE EYES OF HIS ELDER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

My Art Editor, Mr. J. D. Elder, afflicted with an inferiority complex, and has asked me to write you a letter in his stead. I don't exactly understand whether you are trying to steal him from me or what, but anyway I shall give you what particulars I can and hope for the best.

But this epistle was not to concern me; all this merely leads up to the fact that the first time I ever came across



Elder, in his own eyes.

Elder his salivary glands were in a state of wild secretion. You see, like the famous character of the "funnies," this gentleman has a consuming passion for that delectable morsel known to the initiate as a *hamburger*. And the first time I saw him he was in momentary anticipation of sinking a tooth into one of these delicious articles. Because of this propensity for hamburger, Elder is known intimately as "Wimpy."

Besides the occasion for his nickname, there are several interesting biographical facts which should be recorded about Wimpy: First, he was born in Brooklyn, New York, and raised in Hopewell, Va. And, of course, in keeping with the town of his upbringing, his favorite avocation is sleeping. For recreation, Wimpy occasionally does a bit of drawing and sketching, but he would much prefer to be seated on a river bank waiting

for a fish to snag his hook.

However, Wimpy does now and then become oppressed by a burst of energy, which he dissipates by indulging in a bit of gentle football, or a little light tennis, or perhaps a few rounds of baseball. In extreme cases he has been known to chase the Sea Hag, who lives no nearer the sea than Roanoke. But it's all in the cause of art—without having lived richly and thoroughly,

one could hardly expect to draw raeily, and Wimpy's great ambition is to be a rare cartoonist.

V. P. I., in case you are unacquainted with the *mores* thereof, is run by a peculiar system, known as "applied suction," and the most successful members of its body are called "suction hounds." Wimpy has never been of these. Despite a slight efficiency in military and social graces, he

has so far been able to preserve his rank of private, but his friends live in deadly fear that at any time he will pass from them to the limbo of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. But still we hope for the best.

Thus ends the saga of Wimpy. May it find favor in your sight and delight your reading and that of your friends and relatives.

Cordially yours,
J. H. WILLS, JR., *Editor*



Untied: "Is that wife of yours hard to please?"
Tied: "Dunno—I've never tried."

DIARY OF A CO-ED

Sun. May 6; Boy friend stayed in the house until 10:30½. Saw the house pres. snooping again. Minus one late leave.

Mon. May 7; Took a shower at 6:48. Should have waited two minutes longer. Another late leave "shot."

Tues. May 8; Came downstairs at 11:01 in pajamas and ran into an "at home" of housemothers. What a break!

Wed. May 9; Acting not exactly proper in the "Rec." hall, according to the housemother. The boy friend and I given our walking papers.

Thurs. May 10; Date didn't show up until after 10:30. Had to wait outside in the rain.

Fri. May 11; Coughed out loud during quiet hour. Third time up before council this semester. Got two weeks. Can write my thesis now.

Sat. May 12; Signed out for Congressional late leave. Went to movies instead. House pres. there, too. She'd better not turn me in now.

Sun. May 13; Church because the rest of the sorority was going. Later went riding. Fifteen minutes late. Had a flat. There are too many "flats," so to council again.

Three weeks.

Mon. May 14; Wore no stockings to a tea. Dean of Women frowned. Here's hoping she forgets my name.

Tues. May 15; Two hours late from late leave. Climbed in window and sneaked up the stairs. Campused again. Gosh!

Wed. May 16; Chased out of the library by Mr. Fogg. Darn his soul. Received a call after 10:30 from phone booth down the hall. Conversation stopped by housemother, before he could ask me to his frat formal.

Thurs. May 17; Had a date with a freshman. He thought I'd never been kissed before.

Fri. May 18; Signed out for formal dance. Wasn't going to dance. Pinned a skirt around the bottom of my dress, so as to get by housemother. It worked.

Sat. May 19; Threw a brick at Mr. Blitch's showwindow. Am now comfortably situated at home.

Tues. May 22; Recalled to attend a meeting of the W. S. G. A.—upon request—was told that I would have to remain after graduation next year to finish my punishment.

"Mary has a wonderful husband."

"Yes, howzat?"

"Why, he helps her do all the housework. Monday he washed the dishes with her, Tuesday he dusted with her, and tomorrow he's going to mop the floor with her."

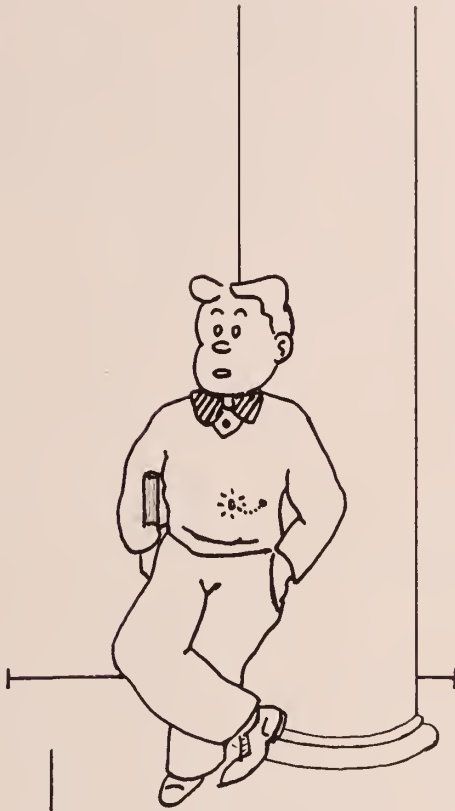
Freshman: "What kind of chicken is this?"

Senior: "Aviation; all wings and landing gear."

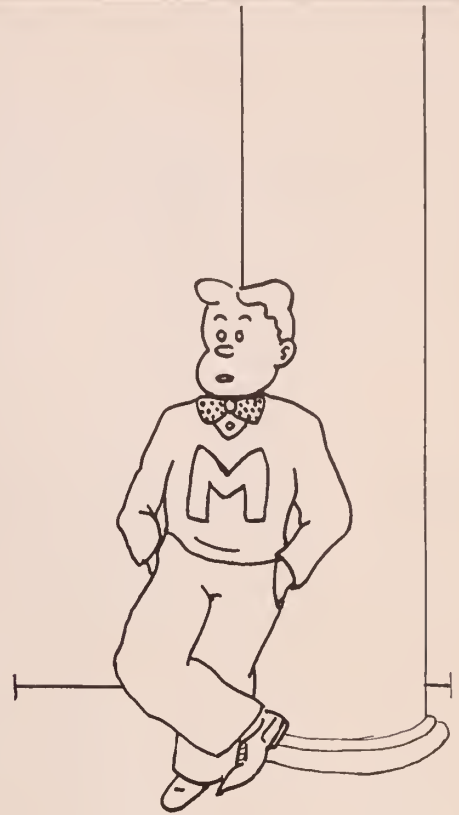
News flash from Turkey—Arab sheik calls his baby camel "Cellophane," because she is a new addition to the pack.
—Skipper.



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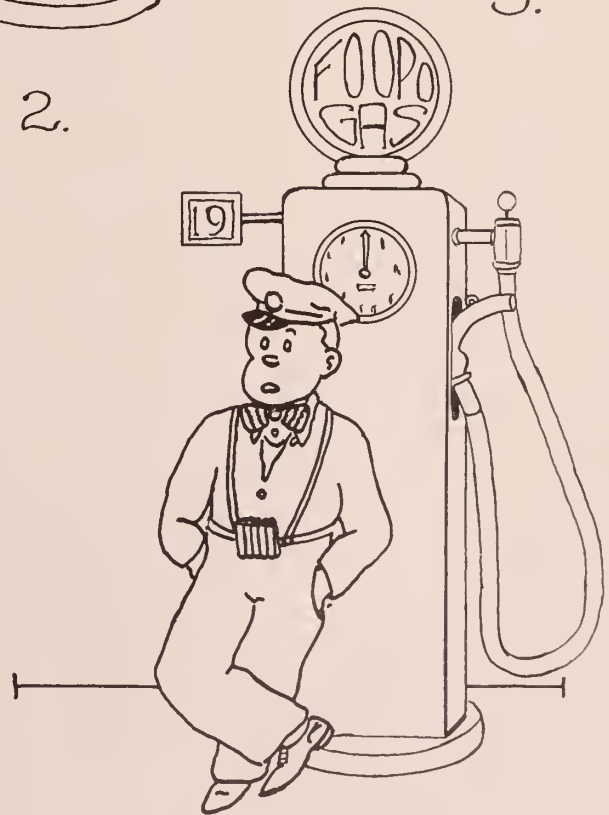
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3.



4.



5.

Collegiate ladder of success

BOOKS



By GEORGE FOGG

OF the current runners-up to *Anthony Adverse* one is about Chicago, and the other is about a hospital for the insane. We will first take up the one about Chicago.

Within This Present takes its title from an epigram of Marcus Aurelius to the effect that the past is gone and the future unseen, consequently, all life lies within this present. In it Margaret Ayer Barnes has traced the effects of the depression on a family whose ramifications extend into every level of Chicago society from bank presidents to bootleggers.

There is an old grandmother whose memory extends back to the great Chicago fire, but the principal characters are a girl named Sally and a man named Alan. Alan enlisted at the beginning of the war and just before he saw service he married Sally. Sally stayed at home, and Alan went to war.

The picture of how we at home felt and acted during the war—the furtive notion that every other person was a spy; the indignation of even our intelligent people over hopelessly impossible stories to the effect that the Germans were cutting the population of Belgium up into little pieces; the fantastic caricatures of the Kaiser—are enough now to make us a little ashamed. Some of the political slogans are also little empty now. All of this does not prevent an appreciation and understanding of the real heroism and patriotic sacrifice which the war involved.

Equally silly is our reaction to the prosperity of 1928 and 1929. Miss Barnes looks into the mind of those who planned those unnecessary skyscrapers and laid out those never-to-be-occupied subdivisions and shows you why they thought they were wise. It is a great advantage, of course, in a story of this type to be writing well after the events rather than close to them.

Sally and Alan do more than animate the economic picture. After the crash, Alan falls in love with a married girl named Maisie. When Maisie got a divorce, Alan decides he ought to divorce Sally and marry her. However, before he can accomplish this Maisie marries someone else, leaving Alan and Sally in a most unpleasant predicament. A further crisis in the family bank draws Alan and

Sally together again.

There is a large number of characters, mostly members of the Sewall family, which makes it sometimes difficult to keep the threads of the story straight, but it is an excellent story of us as we have been these last ten or fifteen years.

In *Private Worlds*, Phyllis Bottome, an English-American novelist, has produced a rather mixed novel of unusual characters and motives. The background is an English psychopathic hospital, and the principal characters are doctors in it. The tale begins with the resignation of the head of the institution, and the consequent jockeying for the position as his successor. The staff of the hospital are hoping for Dr. Macgregor, but the board appoints an outsider. The result is that Dr. Macgregor and his friend, a woman psychiatrist, Dr. Jane Everest, have made up their minds to hate the newcomer enthusiastically. The first official act of the incoming head, Dr. Drummond, is to announce that he is not in favor of women doctors, and that he intends to limit Dr. Everest's activities to the women patients.

At times, it seems as though the staff of doctors was on the verge of becoming more insane than the patients. Brooding over wrongs, fearing persecution, and even contemplating suicide are acts of the characters which the author skillfully describes in parallel with the cases of some of the patients.

The result is, of course, that the female doctor and the new head of the institution eventually become somewhat more than reconciled to each other, and the story ends happily.

Why this tale, not very unusual in plot, should become so popular is difficult to determine, unless there is to be a cycle of plays and stories of insane asylums. Technical terms intrude occasionally, case histories are given, sometimes in detail, and methods of treatment constitute a good part of the background of the story, but none of the patients is an important character in the plot.

For light summer reading you might try *A Guide to Civilized Loafing*, by H. A. Overstreet. *Murder in the*
(Cont'd on page 20)



Chesterfield
M^{rs} Smith?

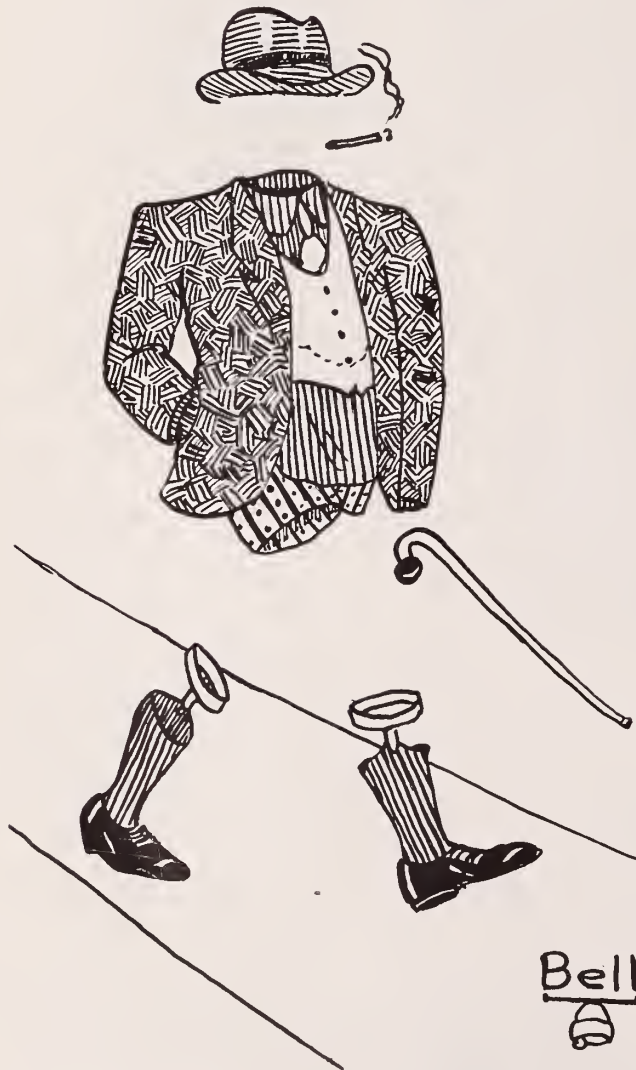


Yes, thank you
M^r Smith!

They Satisfy

Calais Coach is a good but not unusual mystery by Agatha Christie.

There will probably be a good deal of talk about *Merchants of Death*, which claims to be an expose of the methods of munitions manufacturers. Its advertising boasts that "it names names," but in actuality, few names are mentioned in any very serious connection.



The Invisible Man falls victim to absent-mindedness.

HE: "Do you know the difference between being good and being bad?"

SHE: "What's the difference?"

HE: "That's what I say."

—Log.

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slipped foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

—Texas Longhorn.

Our friend Jack is a swell egg, but he is cursed with the last name of Specknoodle. A happy sort, he manages to bear up under his misfortune pretty well. One day last summer, however, he came dangerously close to cracking. Being on Long Island, he called on a friend there, who attempted to introduce him to her aunt, down from New England, for a visit. The old lady was stone deaf.

"Auntie," the girl screamed, "this is Mr. Specknoodle!"

"What did you say?" asked Auntie with a puzzled frown.

"I said, *this is Mr. Specknoodle!*"

With an apologetic smile, the dear old soul said, "I'm sorry, but do you know, it sounds just as though you were saying Specknoodle."

—Widow.

Graduation Terms Buyer: "Please send suit; if any good, I'll send check."

Supply Store: "Please send check; if any good, I'll send suit."

"Yeah, I've got eyes just like my father."

"Oh, I see, Pop eyed."

—Long Horn.

*Mary had a little dress,
A dainty bit and airy!
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But gosh, how it showed Mary.*

"Say, Minnie," bawled the old man from the head of the stairs. "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, Pa," replied the dear girl. (Pause.)

Don says, "Yes, if you are at all sleepy, go to bed by all means."

SHE UNDERSTOOD

He (nervously): "Er, er, Margaret, er, there has been something trembling on my lips for the last six months."
She: "Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

PROGRESSIVE

Sammy: Mamma, did God make Freshmen?"
Mamma: "Yes, dear."
Sammy: "And Sophomores, too?"
Mamma: "Yes."
Sammy: "And Juniors, too?"
Mamma: "Certainly."
Sammy: "And then Seniors?"
Mamma: "Yes, yes, dear."
Sammy: "He is improving right along, isn't he?"
—*Silver Spruce.*

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"
"Some of them do."
"Why?"
"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across." —*Boston Transcript.*

Orderly (running through hospital): "Whiskey, quick, a woman fainted."
(Receives whiskey, takes a long drink.)
"It always did affect me to see a woman faint."
—*Medley.*

Young son: "Hello, Dad, just ran up to say good-bye."
The "head" of the house: "Sorry, sonny; but mother ran up and said good-bye a minute ago. I'm broke."

John (in shoe store): "I want a pair of alligator skin shoes."
Salesman: "They don't kill alligators that big any more."

"Jack, what causes those marks on your nose?"
"Glasses."
"Glasses of what?"

There was a sweet baby named Bulah,
Whose beau was employed by a juhla.
He gave her a ring,
Diamonds, pearls, everything,
And now the poor guy's in the culah.

Can pipe tobacco have SEX APPEAL?

JILL: "M-m-m. That pipe smells good!"

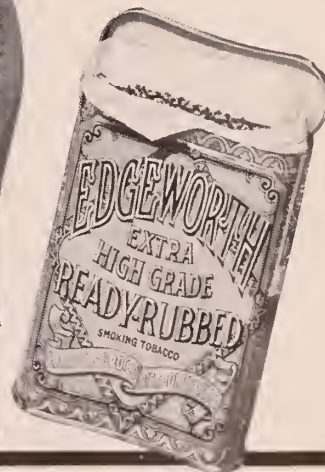
JACK: "It is good. But I thought most girls disliked pipes."

JILL: "Maybe it depends on what a man puts into a pipe."

JACK: "A good point. There's *Edgeworth* in this one. It's my idea of a man's smoke."

Maybe we're stretching a point to claim sex appeal for Edgeworth. But the fact remains, most girls do like its aroma. It is, as Jack says, a man's smoke. Mild, yes—in fact, it's made from the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant. But it's not tasteless, flavorless, because it's mild. Edgeworth is skilfully blended to bring out the rich, full-bodied flavor of the choicest Burley.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum pocked tins. Lorus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS



The machine age catches up with the boys on the boulevard

He put his arm about her waist,
The arm was long and slim,
But he drew it quickly back again,
And was heard to murmur,
"Dog gone that pin."

He sipped sweet nectar from her lips
As under the moon they sat.
And he wondered if any other fellow
Had ever drunk from a mug like that.

They lingered at the front yard gate.
The moon was full above.
He took his darling's hand in his
And fondly told his love.

"To be parted from you, sweetness,
Grieves my heart.
While you are absent, darling,
The hours will hold for me no light.
How can I live without thee, love,
Until tomorrow night?"

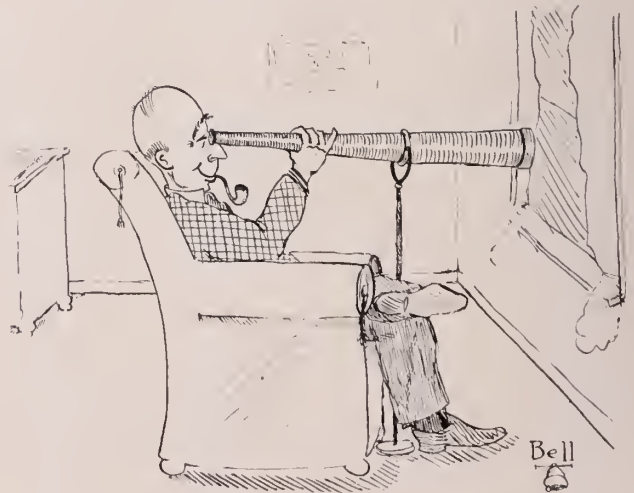
"Oh, Reba, I would that you and I could meet
In a pugilistic fray.
Then I'd rush into a clinch
And never break away."

The lad stood on the moonlit porch,
His head was in a whirl
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl.

THEY ALL FALL

A maiden passed with silken hose,
Well suited for display;
A spinster puckered up her nose,
And turned her head away.
The maiden went her way content,
The men all stopped to stare.
The spinster saw, and then she went
And bought herself a pair.

—Silver Spruce.



The astronomer spends a quiet evening at home

"You have such a small mouth, Mr. Smith."
"I know it; it ought to be on a girl's face."

THE PARADE GOES BY

*Little Terp, the Terrapin,
Sitting in the sun,
Winks his eye and smiles a bit,
Watching all the fun.*

*What's the meaning of that grin,
Little Terp—you Terrapin?*

*Graduates in cap and gown,
Filing slowly by;
"There's a Freshman look," says Terp,
"Dancing in each eye."*

*"Say, there's something funny here,
I see it more and more!
Many faces in this line
I have seen before.*

*"Hear the problems of the day—
Finals still, I know!
Same old problems that I heard
Three hundred years ago.*

*"Morrill Hall is standing yet—
Relic of the past!
Pins of each fraternity
Change their wearers fast.*

*Blondes and redheads, brunettes, too;
Terp, with noddings slow,
Says, "They looked the same to me*

*Three hundred years ago."
Sleeping now, I see him grin—
Little Terp, the Terrapin.*

—JANE HOLST.

Some mean old maid, without a doubt,
Who'd never tasted of bliss.
Was the first to start that lie about
The microbes in a kiss.
—Silver Spruce.



*Tsk, Tsk! That's the second time that magazine salesman
has gotten here first*

Voice in the dark (indignantly): "You had no business to kiss me."

Bill: "But, dear, it wasn't business—it was pleasure."

Bob: "She has the prettiest mouth in the whole world."

Dick: "Oh, I don't know. I'd put mine up against it."

Ask a girl to talk
. . . if she's talkative.
Ask a girl to walk
. . . if she's walkative.

Ask a girl to dance
. . . it's permissible,
But never ASK to kiss her
. . . if she's kissable.

—Puppet.

In the "good old days" it was the little red schoolhouse. Today it's the schoolhouse in the red.

A style expert says that small ankles indicate a small brain. Why worry? If a girl has small ankles she doesn't care whether she has any brain or not.

She was only a professor's daughter, but she knew all the answers.

—Pastime.

"How's McKenzie in the high jump? Any good?"

"No. He can hardly clear his throat."
—Waupus.

DEPRESSION IS FLAUNTED

Jesse M. Holderby, '22, and Mrs. Holderby, who now reside in Madison, Wis., not long ago sent some of their friends a birth announcement which reflected the spirit of the times to an unusual degree.

On the inside of the cover was a picture of a Blue Eagle carrying a plump baby as storks are wont to do, and clutching the well-known bolts of lightning embellished with the slogans, "NRA Producer," and "We Have Done Our Part."

The message within read: "Announcing for the first time the 1934 Holderby model. Inspired by Charles J. Designed by Jesse M. Produced by Jean P. This job, which we have christened the 'Phylis Marie' is equipped with complete accessories and comes in but one deluxe body style. Specifications: weight, 5 lbs., 14.5 oz.; wheelbase, 18½ inches; built-in loud-speaker, free squealing, water-cooled engine, economical feed, double bawl bearings, screamlined body, changeable seat covers. We assure the public that there will be no other new models released during the balance of the current year. Released 11:58 P. M., February 22, 1934. The Holderby Company, Madison."

—Montana Collegian.

Lady Visitor (pointing to picture of Sir Galahad): "That is certainly a beautiful picture."

Pledge (proudly): "Yes, that's one of the old boys, I've forgotten his name."

She's young and pure and innocent,
And she knows naught of men;
She never drinks, nor smokes, nor swears—
And she is almost ten!

"Is this card table well made?"
"Yes, indeed; you can bet on it."

It makes a
Fellow
Feel cheap when
He recites on the
Wrong question in
Class, or tells
The prof. he didn't
Understand the
Lesson;
And it makes him feel
Cheap when he cusses
Before his girl,
Or takes
Her out
To
Dinner,
And spills soup
On
Her dress, but
When he feels
The
Cheapest is
When he
Goes after some
"Femme" to take her to a
Dance, and gets out in
The dark night, and
Finds he doesn't know her
ADDRESS, AND
CAN'T FIND
ANYONE
WHO DOES.

Ike: Not going to bed are you, Mike?
Mike: No, stupid, just getting ready
so I can dress in the morning.

Author: I don't know how to kill my
chief character.
Friend: Read your play to him.

It is only natural to look sheepish
after being fleeced.

A prim old lady was given the first
glass of whisky she ever had. After
sipping it for a moment, she looked up
with a puzzled air.

"How odd!" she murmured. "It
tastes just like the medicine my hus-
band has been taking for the last
twelve years."

"THAT'S A FUNNY-
SMELLING CRATER!"



THE crater's quite clean and ship-
shape, thank you, Captain. That
gagging gas is belching from the
smouldering cinder-box in the tour-
ist's jaw. Why doesn't the young
man toss his pouch of granulated lava
into the sea, send the deck steward
for "One pack of pipe cleaners . . .
and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh"?

This calm mixture of Kentucky
Burleys is definitely milder and more
fragrant. It's well aged and slower
burning. It's delightfully gentle to
your tongue, fragrantly delightful to
your nose . . . and others. Try it—the
chances are 67 to 1 you'll prefer it.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-46.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



LIFE SAVERS: "Stepping out?"

HIGH HAT: "My good fellow, we're calling on the future Missus."

LIFE SAVERS: "Better take me along."

HIGH HAT: "And what will you do?"

LIFE SAVERS: "Take your breath away, ol' top."

FOR A NEW THRILL . . . SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

The first prize in the Life Savers' Joke Contest, consisting of one box of assorted Life Savers flavors, as announced in last issue, goes to

RUTH BROWN, '36

for the following joke:

Mother: "She's a very nicely reared girl, don't you think?"

Overobserving son: "Yeah, she don't look so bad from the front, either."



Here it is

a New **PORTABLE**

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- An Underwood of your own! A Portable to go with you wherever you go to write whatever you feel like writing whenever the spirit moves you.
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“It’s toasted”

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NOT the top leaves—they’re under-developed—
they are harsh!

They Taste Better

NOT the bottom leaves—they’re inferior in
quality—coarse and sandy!

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APR 14 1936

OCT 15 1936

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JAN 21 1937

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FEB 7 1937

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